

Crossing the 45th Parallel

Woods of Ypres

To pass between, these winter walls,
While traveling at night,
Taken by reflection,
I mine my life
The trees have seen me come this way,
Many times at any hours.
They stand on both sides,
And greet me, as I pass.
A time and place, where winter begins,
I see inspiring sights.
Reminiscent of years gone by,
I mine my life.
I am, being expected,
By those who are waiting at home.
Taking caution,
Knowing I'm guided by white lines covered in snow.
On occasion I pass through,
From the life I build,
To the life I knew.
Only the trees would have seen,
Who held the wheel.
Only they would have seen,
When I grew tired of travel.
Only the trees would have seen,
Who held the wheel.
Only they would have seen,
When I lost control.
In desperate times, in such desperation,
This long road traveled once left me behind.
Now used, for gaining momentum,
The theme of it all,
Defines my life.