

Expedition's Prelude: A North American Odyssey

In the heart of a dreamer, a journey takes shape,
A grand expedition, an escape.
Across North America's vast domain,
From sun-drenched beaches to plains of rain.

Maps sprawl across the table wide,
Marking a path for the long, joyous ride.
Fall's tapestry in the East unfolds,
Winter's majesty in the North holds.

Each point on the map, a story to tell,
Of cities, forests, where spirits dwell.
The thrill of vistas yet unseen,
From azure coasts to valleys green.

Planning for seasons, a dance of time,
Fall's leafy trails, winter's frosty climb.
Spring's bloom waits in the journey's wake,
Each phase, a new memory to make.

The gear is gathered, each detail keen,
For trekking, skiing, and places in between.
The excitement of cultures, people to meet,
From bustling cities to quiet retreats.

With each step, a discovery anew,
Of oneself, of the world, in a view.
This tapestry of travel, rich and vast,
In each moment, lifetime's contrast.

Adventures planned under autumn's moon,
Departure awaits, can't come too soon.
The road calls with its endless allure,
In every mile, life's essence pure.




Thom Barrett