

Alaskan Road Warrior: Winter's Prelude

In the land where Northern Lights play,
A road warrior finds his way.
Through the vast, untamed Alaskan wild,
Nature's rugged, unspoiled child.

His steed, a truck of steel and might,
Cuts through the day and into the night.
Mountains loom like silent giants,
In this realm, he's self-reliant.

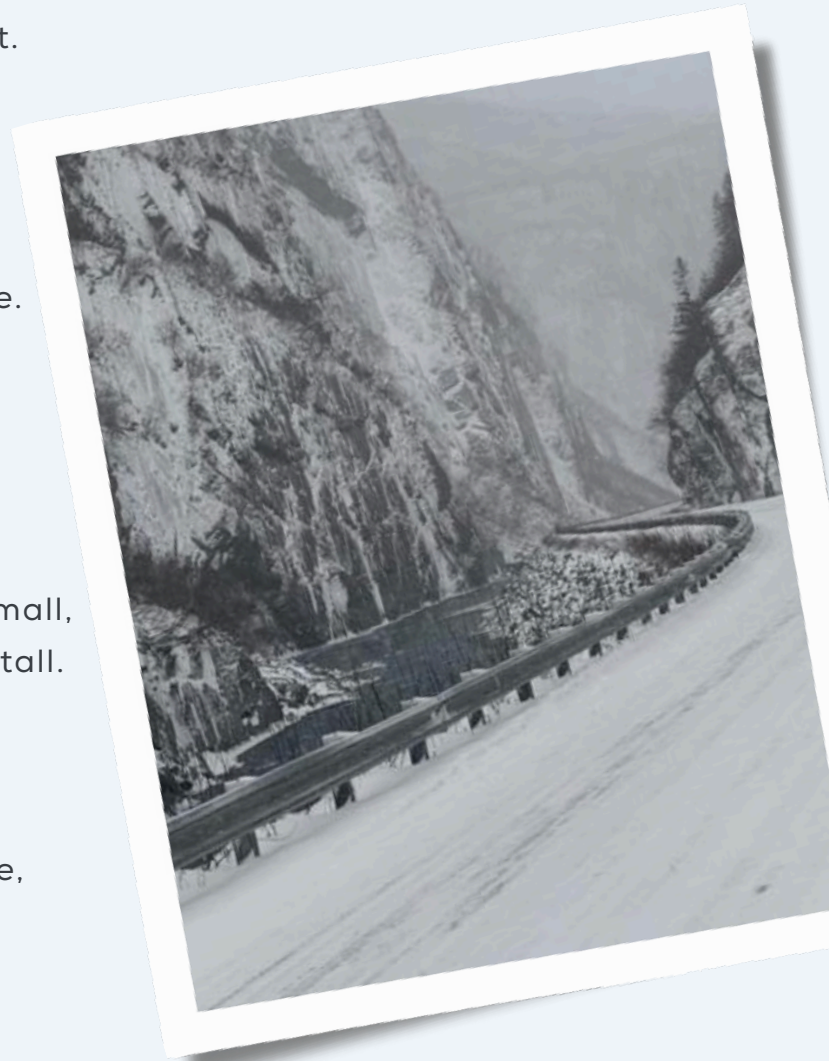
The road, a ribbon through the trees,
Twists and turns with the greatest ease.
Each mile, a new discovery,
Alaska's heart, vast and free.

As winter whispers in the air,
The landscape dons a snowy flare.
He drives through towns, sparse and small,
Where the spirit of the frontier stands tall.

The oncoming cold, a daunting guest,
Puts the road warrior to the test.
Yet, in this challenge, he finds his peace,
In the wilderness, all worries cease.

Through the taiga, over streams,
His journey, like a waking dream.
The Northern Lights, a guiding blaze,
In Alaska's winter, endless days.

In this journey, there's a truth he's found,
In the wild, where life abounds.
The road warrior, in his quest,
Lives each day to its fullest.




Thom Barrett