

First Journey: Alaska Highway in Fall

In autumn's embrace, where the wild calls,
A road warrior heeds, to where horizon falls.
On the Alaska Highway, paths unfold,
A story of solitude, bravely told.

Wheels roll on tarmac, aged yet firm,
Through landscapes that make the heart squirm.
Mountains draped in auburn hues,
Nature's canvas, broad and diffuse.

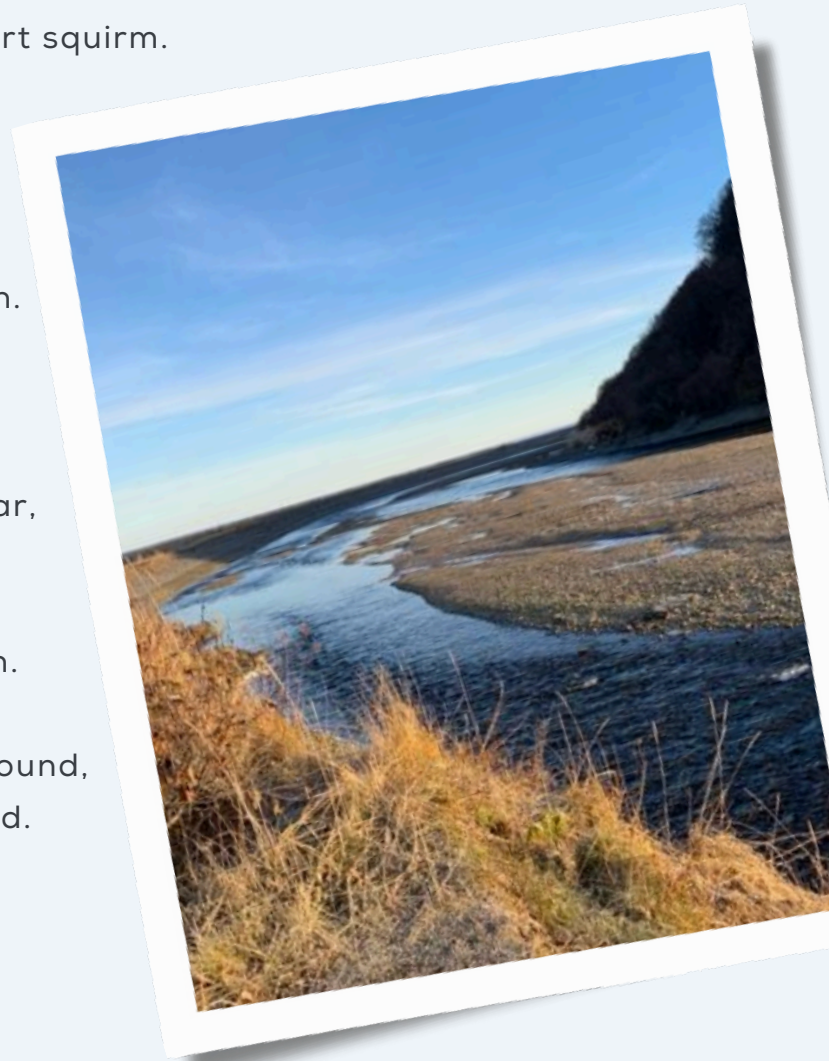
The road stretches, endless, serene,
In the midst of a world so vast, so clean.
With each mile, a quiet peace,
In this wilderness, all worries cease.

Yet, in this solitude, there's a subtle fear,
Of the remoteness, so starkly clear.
Miles from the nearest soul or town,
In this vastness, one could easily drown.

But in this journey, there's a strength found,
In the echoing silence, a profound sound.
The road warrior, alone yet bold,
Finds a connection, deep and old.

The fall's crisp air, the eagle's flight,
Add layers to this tranquil plight.
The Alaska Highway, winding, long,
Sings to the heart a siren song.

It's more than a route; it's a passage of soul,
In the beauty of fall, he finds his role.
A warrior of roads, in landscapes immense,
Where peace and worry strike a balance intense.




Thom Barrett