

## **Cross Country**

*Pushing forward and upward on my skis*

*I see the contrasting colours of the mountain*

*Pure white snow, dark black rocks an abstract painting surrounding me.*

*I smell the faint scent of gum leaves*

*Warmed by the close sun, brushing my face as I move forward.*

*I feel the wet spray of snow*

*Melt as it flies into my heavy boots, seeping into my socks.*

*I taste the cold metallic air*

*Bitter in my mouth as I breathe heavily into my red woollen scarf.*

*I hear snow crunch like brittle toffee*

*As my skis hit the ice covered ground and the wind whips my hair*

*I turn to the valley far below and know,*

*My reward is waiting.*

*Madelaine Enright*