**Katahdin**

The serenity that comes

From grit and sweat,

Mud

Caked on boot treads,

Muscles screaming

In opposition, heart

Whooping from joy and exertion,

Huffing

Like the moose that have

Roamed the land for eternity.

Walk the same paths

Of those past.

And yet,

As the wind rips the soul

Free of the body,

Soaring above with hawks and clouds,

This world becomes distinct,

Alone,

Desolate:

The way it was always meant to be.