

down the winding road, part 2

By midnight

The road winds, as all roads do. Stars shine on open fields and vast plains all the same, and my journey stretches ever onwards.

I continue moving, all the same. My lantern battles against ever-encroaching darkness, shining its light upon the path in front of me. I must keep moving.

The sun rises again. Its light eclipses that of my lantern, and I stop under the light of the dawn.

Tides ebb and flow under purview of the pale moonlight. I smile, and I do not think I would mind if there was anyone here to see it.

I rest at the edge of a tall peak, and view the road stretching out far below. I cannot see where I came from, nor can I see where I journey to. I rest at the edge of the tall peak.