

down the winding road, part 1

By midnight

It gets old sometimes, waiting for things to happen. The skies break and mend themselves again, and things stay the same.

A pond ripples in the forest, ever-clear and shimmering. Its waters reflect my face - or perhaps it belongs to someone else now.

A rock breaks the surface, thrown by my own hand. I cannot bear its image.

Sunlight filters through the trees, beaming from the setting sun. It shines on my face, though there is nobody here to see it.

I rise from my place at the water's edge, and slowly begin down the road.