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Mr. Marks

English 8

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### Winter day

A cold noisy morning

Ski boots stomping,

Boards falling,

My alarm loudly ringing

Beside my head.

Van doors slam,

With a stampede of

Middle school children

Running to grab their skis.

The uphill walk,

Fully clothed,

And sweating,

Before the start

Of our training.

Cold air freezing my cheeks,  
My fingertips numb,  
And my eyes are a flowing river.

But the beat of a gate,  
To the rhythm of my breathe,  
Pulls me back,  
And back again  
On a cold winter day.