

## **Winter Road**

*The sun is setting through the blackened branches of winter trees.*

*With sweet music entering me,*

*I am slowly leaving who I was just minutes before.*

*I am transforming, metamorphosing into another me.*

*But when the music is interrupted, I hear the reality outside of this cocoon I am wrapped in,  
and I am abruptly transported to my role of only who I am to others.*

*I see my husband in the rearview mirror, shaking his head at our children –*

*he's mouthing the words born of frustration and I think I'll listen just a bit longer.*

*The man serenading me feels much more appealing, he's singing to me, crooning.*

*I am in his world now.*

*The horizon is streaked with shades of crimson as we wind down the country road  
toward our destination.*

*I have only minutes to soak in the spiraling ballad floating in my ears.*

*With a glimpse out the frosty window, we approach the flurry of lights ahead.*

*Half-hearted despair has greeted me and suddenly I am lost once again.*