

This Feeling

by Julia LeBlanc

I buckle up my bindings as the chilly winter air blows fiercely at my face.

I yank my neck warmer up and pull my goggles down to protect my eyes from the cold.

I ease myself down my favorite trail, knowing that it leads me on an adventure.

I glide through the rich powder and mutter to myself "toe turn, heel turn, toe turn."

I lean forward to gain more speed, preparing myself for the glade run ahead.

I inhale a big deep breath and enter through the trees, feeling peaceful and happy.

I guide my board out of the woods, and a huge smile spreads across my face.

I skim across the groomed snow like I'm floating in a pool, so carefree.

I gaze out straight ahead, inspired by the wall of untamed mountains ahead of me.

I lock this picture in my mind, and will pull it out to refresh me when times are tough.

I race to the bottom wishing this trail was never-ending.

I retrace my steps and ride down more snowy, groomed trails over and over again.

I feel like a bird soaring through the air, so free, no worries, no fears.

I know that this feeling will stay with me long after my snowboard is put away.