Ice Skating

The warm air disappears from me when I step into the cold breeze. Every time I take a step my hair blows in the wind. I have been waiting for the perfect time and with this wintery weather I know it's the right time. When I get to the bottom of the big, tall sledding hill my mind slows. I sit in the cold snow to take off my big, clunky boots and replace them with my slim ice skates. I tie both in double knots and fix up the straps. I slowly stand tall as the sharp blades slice the ground.

A small crack when I hit the ice. Slowly but surely, I glide on the rough ice. It takes a minute to get going but I get there. When flying the wind zips through my hair, hits my face and blows my thoughts away! Spinning and jumping with a grin on my face I feel happy! Though I'm going fast but the faster I go the slower things get. Doing this makes me calm, it makes me happy. When I slow down to a stop to listen to the world, I faintly hear kids laughing with joy and my skates on the ice and my thoughts my twisting twirling thoughts. I start back up again and my twisting twirling thoughts slow as I go faster. My life is calling but I can't go back yet. I look up and the world around me looks like a snow globe that just got shaken.

The snow seems to get colder and colder, and the wind is blowing harder and harder. The skates on the ice sound right with the slushes and sloshes of the melted snow. As I go faster and faster my thoughts drift farther and farther away. Gliding on the cold ice feels right. The sun slowly sets, I can't believe that I have been skating almost all day! I have found that ice skating clears my thoughts and lets me drift away on the ice!