

A forsaken tundra,
Inhabited by the few
Who can withstand weary winters.
Creatures scatter from my character
And plants watch the clouds pass by,
As I weave through foot-high snow,
Making my way to the ocean.

Rocks bedazzled with shining crystals,
Trees decorated with a winter white,
And I gaze at the beauty
Of the Siberian landscape
With no one around
To share the moment with.
A biome with nothing, yet it fills my soul.

The sky, of a midnight blue, is dotted with stars
That watch me through the clouds
That walk across the stratosphere.
I admire the aurora
That dances in the background,
With emerald lights
And an amethyst river.

The icy air pierces the barren land
And the winds sing softly,

Chords of acrimonious nature,
Diminished to the ear.
It accompanies me throughout my walk
To the Arctic ocean,
Where I yearn to be.

I see the ocean at a distance
And I know my eyes do not deceive me.
Adrenaline powers me to keep moving,
And I make it to the rocky shore.
I lay on the nearby snow,
Staring at the sky,
Knowing that my dream has been achieved.