Postcard Paragraph/Poem

An eight hour car ride in a Subaru packed tight with luggage, my mother, father, brother, and I. We left early in the morning before the sun even rose to arrive at our final destination of Gatlinburg, Tennessee. I fall asleep quickly in the car, my neck bent at an angle not comfortable for most people but nestled safely in the crook between the headrest and the window with the stretched seatbelt pressing against my cheek was a relaxing position for me. We arrived at our condo in what felt like minutes to my sleeping self, we unloaded our car in the crisp fall air, a slight breeze blowing through the trees, and the scent of crushed leaves and dew. We took the first of many rides out into the mountains, we stopped at different spots along the roadside to get out and take pictures and walk along the trails. Even though I hated being outside in nature I loved the freshness of the mountainside and though we were far from home I was used to it and one moment in the woods sticks out the most. We walked down to a small creek, bubbling over rocks under a bridge. My mother, brother and I bent down and put our lips to the stream and drank the cool water. Fresh mountain water tasted like the feeling you get when you are chewing mint gum and drinking a cold drink. We were all laughing and splashing in the water until my brother picked up a small slimy lizard from a rock and we all left the creek and went back to the car.

Car packed with family on an early morning journey

Sands of sleep fade away feeling like hours were mere minutes

The beautiful fall air in the mountains of Tennessee

Traveling down curving road, blurs of reds, oranges, and browns pass by

Stopping at a creek for a drink, icy mountain water both cool and refreshing

Tiny lizard’s home disturbed and back to the car we go