

Snowballs to throw

I got up and went out to go play in the snow
There were snowballs to make and snowballs to throw

Targets were found
The enemy was conquered
It felt good to get out and play in the snow

Targets came and targets went
as the years of my life came and were spent

My fiercest enemies in the battles I won
became my best friends as time went on

Some enemies were found in high school math
Some were found on my college path

Some were people, so tiring and dull
Some were projects I could not make roll

Sometimes I won
but I never lost
I had been beaten
I had never quit

Eyes on the horizon, I continually scan
for my next target. Where will I land?

And even though I am near the time
when I am weak and long past my prime

I drift off to sleep, just once more
knowing my life had not been a bore

As I close my eyes I realize
There's one more hill, I see the next prize