

Wayfarer

by lorin via jill - Jungle Drum Newswire *Saturday, May 23 2015, 7:52am*

international / poetry / post

this road
must lead somewhere
tho it has become a track in
this dense forest,
so faint is the trail
without focus and vigilance
one is easily lost

i must not be distracted or lured
off course by exquisite wild flowers,
aromatic fruits and perfumed herbs
or repelled by grotesque shapes
and gnarled forms,
the path will lead me out
into the open spaces,
warm breeze and
the dazzling light of day
if i remain true to it

it is rumoured that many have taken
this path but i think not
as it seems tailored for this traveller,
it is peculiar to me, my path
tho it may lead to a common destination
this road is meant for me

at times easy at other times
difficult each phase poses its own
unique challenges,
it's that uniqueness
that indicates this path is mine alone

should i lose track i would be utterly lost
previous experience has taught me
not to meander as it has taken
greater effort to return to my course

light pierces the trees
the track has led me out
of the darkness into
open grass fields
speckled with tiny flowers

all moving in rhythm
with the wind
but the track is now imperceptible
in this expansive beauty
i seem to have lost my course
the grasses have not been trodden
underfoot or paw, i am perplexed
but i know the way is sure

turning slowly around one
feature becomes apparent
in the distance,
at first a mountain
then a cloud
now reflected sunlight
tho the reflector is
indistinct due to the brilliance
of the light it reflects
yet this one outstanding feature
becomes a beacon or signpost
and so the path was not lost
after all only adapted to suit
the new terrain

i make for the source of light,
as i walk the pressed grass returns
to its previous supple and
upright position leaving no hint
or trace that anything has passed

i am refreshed in the open
and begin to stride to my destination
easily making up for lost time
navigating the dark forest

it seems i have covered leagues in minutes
tho years were spent in darkness

i stand before a large quartz
jutting from a cliff
no longer glowing in the light
the perspective has changed
tho the crystal continues to reveal
the way

the apex of its natural form
indicates the way i must follow
if i am to complete my journey

it points to a peak in the distance
one that seems familiar

the sight of it lifts my heart
and eases the longing of my soul
i know that is where i must go

when i finally arrive
i am overwhelmed
by all the familiar sights,
scents and sounds
and the unmistakable warmth
of home,
it becomes apparent
that this is the exact
place i began my journey
back Home

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1627.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-582.html>