

Walking

by rayn via jill - Inverse Times *Tuesday, May 14 2019, 9:18pm*

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an irresistible urge to walk possessed me

gone were the days when i crawled
on knees and hands, watching my fingers
merge with grass and leaves, i had not yet separated

i remember

dressed in heavy coat against the snows and cold
i took a step of my own volition two feet moving
by another force tho i was unbalanced, falling forward but erect

victory swept over me and filled my being
until a wall interrupted my progress
tho i could not stop,
walking alone was too intoxicating

i slammed hard into the wall and laughed -- so very young

i have been walking alone
and slamming into walls ever since

i remember my first victory,
the joy of it

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-620.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-954.html>