

## Wayfarer

by lorin *Saturday, May 23 2015, 6:34am*

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

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1627.html>