

A Path

It

Once was a road through a beautiful wood, now
Reclaimed, serenely, as only she could. With
Lingering hints of a logging long past, the
Scarring has softened and mem'ries recast.

Now

Rising, now falling, now crossing a brook,
Reflecting the course of a path I once took.
Strangely familiar as if to portend a
Rendezvous coming, perhaps 'round the bend.
I hasten to see: Might it be an old friend?

But

Now comes to view a tall sentinel pine, while
Others lie fallen in peaceful recline. The
Stately, yet graceful lone guard of the glen stands
Watchful and knowing, the actions of men.

Wish I were wise to its secrets well-kept, for
Many have passed o'er the stones I just stepped.
Hoping for insight I pause to reflect
Amidst this great beauty, a timeless effect.
But somehow uneasy, I become circumspect.

A

Fork lies ahead with a choice to be made,
One towards more sunlight, the other more shade.
Unknowns await either route that I choose, but
Undaunted I follow the voice of my muse.

Fragrant the air now, my spirit refreshed, the
Flowers in bloom and with colors I'm blessed. In
Nature's own mirror my joy springs anew:
Enduring a lifetime? If only I knew.

A

Valley quite wooded now beckons me in. The
Darkness reminds me of things that have been. But
Tranquil I go for I know in my heart this
Path hath no end, Nay! Only a start.

I

Once took a path through a beautiful wood,
Uplifting my soul, as only she could. With
Fragrances ling'ring of memories past, I've
Found the contentment I've longed for at last.