

THE JOURNEY ©

Direction unknown, path unseen
Where have I been, where?
Is it to street corners filled, or
Farm fields abandoned?
Is it to museums from afar, or
Attics of memories?
It is not to far places that we need to go,
To peer down deep wells.
We can journey around the block
To be filled with answers.
Exotic need not be a sun-soaked sand,
Nor a rain forest abused.
It can be the beauty of stars,
The wonderful smell of Spring rain.
Close your eyes and see all the sights
You long to explore.
Feel them, taste their tangy sweetness.
Turn the pages either back or forth,
In each chapter of your memory to be.
Challenge your untapped senses;
Allow your imagination to break free.
Journey, Journey beyond here and now,
Reach beyond knowns and discovered.
The more we journey, the more we try,
To create, to unlock, to suppose.

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