

# Paths

We all have different paths  
Traveling many roads  
Winding trails  
Over highways and by ways of life  
Flying the friendly skies  
Some leading into the abyss  
That seems to be going nowhere

A blank stare accompanying the faces  
Of some in races  
They have long forgotten when the  
race began

You slow to a trot and later pick up  
speed  
Again and again  
An endless cycle  
Until you blow a tire

Crawling, Walking, Trotting, Running  
Climbing our way through life's  
obstacle course  
Without protection  
No bubble  
No bumpers  
No body guard  
No shield  
No yield signs at the corner of every  
rural intersection  
A recipe for infractions  
Interjections that cause confusion  
when inevitable  
collisions ensue

It's a wonder anyone survives  
Relationship entanglements that  
Make you wanna holler  
Throw up both your hands

Man I'm tired  
But must keep traveling  
On to where? I know not

I chose the Road Less Traveled  
One of solitude  
Solidifying my status as another  
Hermitress

At least I've got the words I learned as  
a child  
Reminding me while I ponder the paths  
I've traveled  
The roads I've taken  
The trials I've incurred on the trails of  
LIFE

I sit cross legged in a corner  
I breath, I focus, I think of nothing but  
mindfulness

How much time do I have left?

I open my eyes  
I Declare !  
I sing .....  
"Yes Jesus Loves Me  
Yes Jesus Loves Me "

I get up  
And I proceed on my path

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