

Paths

Found in May 2012 when cleaning
out my old wallet from 1986

Each path leads to another path
And that one to a third,
And on and on path leads to path
Until the way seems blurred.

The beauty of *this* path lies in
Its trodden permanence--
It beckons us to wear it thin
While traveling whence to hence.

This path winds gently left and right
As if ignoring straight--
Perhaps its founder had no sight
Or trod it very late.

Or did he follow waves of sound
That most folks fail to hear,
Which led him up and down and round
As far-off goals came near?

How paths begin we'll never know
(The woods will never say),
But all who have a place to go
Are thankful for The Way.

Copyright © 1986 by Alan Harris. All rights reserved.
From *An Everywhere Oasis* at www.alharris.com