

The Traveler

Bound to the blind search of north
A traveler formless
To wander the scape of the land
I called upon forces
Upon beasts and tides
On time and places far.
“Who am I?” I ask the Wind
Whose sonorous whisper weaves cold fingers
And gently spreads the chill.
“You are nothing
The grit beneath my feet
An atom in my breath
As any tree limb
As any mountainside
Though smaller, barely there
But always there
In a way I will never remember.”
To a mournful cave I walk
Towards the gaping maw
Which breathes unknowns long lost.
“Who am I?” I ask the rock hollow
Who breathes an echo thrice
An haunts its words from shapeless black.
“Who are you, who are you
You come here to find out, you come
Perhaps you are alive, you are perhaps
And I have no spirit within, within
So let me swallow you up, let me
There are things in here are lost
In there you may find solace, find
Once your bones are hollow and thin, so thin.”
In retreat from empty black, I stroll
Towards the swaying sea
In pulse deep blue and gentle rugged.
“Who am I?” I ask the waves
Who sigh and moan and sing
Wraparound whispers amid hushed breeze.
“You are small
So very small
A miniature mind negligible
Finite unlike me
I, endless
Endless life-giver
Endless life-taker
And then you, so small.”
I travel not far
Lifting my eyes to see
Gathered mists, the curtained skies.
“Who am I?” I ask the clouds
Who zeul down in shame
Though ceaseless to drift above.

“Why you are trapped, poor thing
You see, you walk on two feet
When you could wish for wings
And fly
Fly, be free like we
Imprisoned, you are
Tethered, limited indeed
A sorrowful life you must lead.”
A mile’s meander
Finds me a forest
Unknowns amongst the creaking trunks.
“Who am I?” I ask the trees
Whose open leaves, they rustle
A welcome hold.
“Friend, rest a while
Wander further, do not
Settle amid mosses deep
For listen, we know
From our roots it is spoken
Reaches you on slight breeze
For you seem to be a one who dreams
A dreamer, yes you are.”
Between twist-trunks there is a wolf
A wolf, there is just one
Amber-eyed, the stormcloud pelt.
“Who am I?” I ask the wolf
Who snarls and curls black lips
Though does not move one paw ahead.
“You are fear
Danger, mistrust
I have no faith in you
Plead you stay away
Away from wolves, remain you
Alone am I, because of your kind
Wolf’s howl, shelter to seek
You, a terrible creature.”
When wolf is far
And dark is near
Large eyes peer down above.
“Who am I?” I ask an owl
Who stares all-seeing in the black
And hoots a reply so curious
“Who? Who are you?
I see you, who are you?
For never is when one walks these woods
Never at this waking-time
Who are you, you say to me
I’ve never seen a thing like you
What an interesting thing, indeed
Who! You are new!”
Though what said the wind, the cave,
The sea, the clouds
The forest, wolf and owl
Is false, for I do not believe.

And so, to forget what said the many I asked
Forgetting what they may have wondered
I look over my shoulder, to see
The tales left in my footstep path
The writing, letters in flow.
My journey is written as roots
The roots I trail behind
But not to turn back, and I let go
I carry on.
Ahead I see the hills and gulleys
Rivers and woods unknown.
I want to know if it is beautiful
I want to make it so.
So I walk
And I walk
I breathe the season's scent
And occasionally I stop
Pause to look behind, my footsteps
At the path I never walk again
And I ask "Who am I?"
Until my footprints reply
And I turn around again
Sometimes to change direction
At other times, go on ahead.
For here in the wild, the unknown
The unpaved and the endless
I trek towards and perhaps through the
Places I see and decide are most
Beautiful
And fearless march
For freedom is a personal thing
And still the land stretches ahead.