

What We Find Along The Way

Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves.
Rilke

In the cold, quiet hours before dawn,
I feel my way
through the shadows of this house.

The window frames a glow
more bright next to the night
still
within these rooms.

A pale half moon is pressed against tender sky
flushed pink in anticipation of morning.

Leaning on the windowsill,
I awaken in this light.

Grateful
to be free
from knowing
the intricacies of lunar cycles,
timed moonrises,
alarms set to random hours of shooting stars.
Free from religious clocks
designating with overarching hands
which stage precedes the other—
as if this journey must always be linear.

Perhaps astronomy and catechism
distract us from the mystery.

Amid constant questioning,
demands for definitions,
the weight of analysis and charted goals,
I stand still.
Unprotected by compasses and scripts,
I awaken in this beauty.