

My Journal

exploring paths on the journey

The woods go on for miles,

I know,

and the road beyond my vision
curves along a cooling stream
into a meadow green.

The paths I wander match
the thoughts I ponder,
both familiar -

but both living, growing, and
slowly changing.

It is odd somehow as

I view the scenery around me -
that as I watch
the well-known landscape
a change is going
on.

I feel that this is true
and, in time,

I will be able to see
that I was right . . .
but not for now.

*For
now,
the area looks the
same
as it has for years
except for
some
rather
subtle changes
I note . . .*

Summer, 1982 • JEANNE HICKS BARNETT