

Pilgrimage.

She wandered off the road
And slept in ditches with
Rats and cats who don't have a home.

She walked along the shores,
Seeing her face in the blue mirror
And thinking about everything that had been.

She found unexpected bonds and
People you only meet far off the road.
She found herself forgiving.

She sank on her knees
In that chapel in the desert.
And prayed for water.

She walked the path
Along tall old trees and blooming flowers.
Grass so luscious that the rats
Sank in it and weren't seen.

She saw the flimsy light
Of the sun raising her head
Over endlessness of land
And caressing the world.

She wandered off road
And she found what she needed
In the greenness and dryness,
In water and hot sweat.

She found survival in every cell
And beauty in every sand corn.
She found rebirth in snakes
And melody in grasshoppers.

She found duty in the way her knees bend
And her muscles ached to every challenge.
She found bloom in the way her skin blistered under the blazing sun
And healed itself again.

She found patience in the slow growth of trees,
And courage in the love dance of manakins.
She found resilience in little ants,
And freedom in choosing to go on or give up.

She found worthiness while looking
At the earth enveloped in morning light
And esperance in the falling sun
And rising moon that shed his light.

She slept in ditches and kept the rats warm
That were rejected by their mates.
She found fellowship among
The wanderers and the searchers.

She caught a glimpse of that mystic
Transcendence in this desert that she roamed.