

The Journey to Me

Jagged

Their points pierce the places I walk

When the rain comes

The rounded ones become slippery

I fear falling

Being broken in such a way

That I will not be able to walk any longer

The pieces of myself will lay

Scattered across the rocks

And I...I will no longer be recognizable

Not even to myself

But I press on

Become familiar with the rocks

As though they are friends

Who I am becomes more defined

My shape emerging like soft light

After clouds are dispersed

The shadow of my young self is with me now

Her flowing scarf billowing in the wind

I have stopped trying to rid myself of her

I let her softened shadow

Show me where the light is

Offers me the gift of returned child-likeness

Joined to the emerging woman I am becoming

She, too, has become my friend

Yet - I lead her now instead of she leading me

It is better this way

We both agree

Painting by Gail Thornley
Poem by Debbie Laginskie

