

Crossing the River

Choice.

It revisits me,

especially near Autumn,

The road I never took.

I gaze across the field at the river that winds through the lush valley;
the one I never dared to cross.

Hearing.

Deep in the heart.

A whisper without words.

Beckoning from beyond the river;

outside the border of little woods, fields, streams;

wild lands, mountains, life beyond safety.

A gentle wind and still small voice.

Dream.

Always of the sea.

Music in the lapsing waves that break softly on white shores,
echoing a distant melody I once heard.

Faded but ever present.

Gray-blue horizon. Swift sunrise.

Calling me.

Regret.

Ground blanketed in snow.

Dying embers of the fire; crackling wood and dimming flame.

Staring out the window from the comfort of my chair.

Biting wind through leafless trees.

Listening to its breath.

The voice grows stronger.

Hope.
Delicious rain in perfect measure.
Plentiful fruit trees in the orchard rows.
Rich, green lawn and golden flowers.
I breathe deeply the fragrance of mortality.
Bathing in life and new choices.
I walk toward the river.