

Branching Roots

by B.C.

Where I am I know.
But how I got here is a mystery.
There have been many forks on the path.
Many tough decisions did I consider.
There were many times when the path
curved and bended
so I could not see the next length.
Many times where I thought I had made a mistake.
But even to trod in the wild, blazing
your own trail is still a direction or way.

Sometimes this can be a shortcut
or it can be a long diversion.
Things are much clearer when you have reached
something familiar to your destination.
And when you need it most
there will always be some grand and apparent sign
to take you the whole way,
like a monumental tree or some rock.
All I know is that I am happy
about where I am at the moment.
I am closer to my final destination—
a long journey but the experiences of worry,
faith and success have improved
my navigating skills. I am a seasoned traveler
in the prime of my youth.

Remember your milestones,
and how you choose them. Make new ones
and more risky and courageous choices
because you may be pleasantly surprised.
Never stop your journey for too long
so that you fall into a deep slumber.
Continue at all costs.
It will ultimately be worthwhile.
Nature is alive, there will be many helpful
signs to guide you through nature's bosom.
Many people are waiting for you
at your destination.
Do not think about your bad choices
and let it teach you to find more
rewarding and faster avenues.

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