paths

have a way of twisting

turning

taking us from the one

walked most often

then branching off another

yet I find myself walking

softly now

not with just wood legs

but something deeper

connected

to the earth

who birthed us

then there’s the calling

sounding faintly familiar

like loons in the evening

lake water lapping

trees shake their branches

welcome back

 joyce rain anderson

 7.19.2020