

Between the peat bank and the peregrine



There are times,
More times than we care to admit,
When the path can no longer be called a path,
When it is more an intention than a route.

We stumble and curse,
Unsteadied by the untamed,
Untarmaced loam.

Progress is a difficult word,
To apply to the suck of boggy indifference.
Always a pressing on and a holding back.

We thread our way
Between the peat bank and the peregrine.
Such constraint, such freedom in constraint,
such freedom.

Oh my journey
You are so beautiful
So taxing and so beautiful.

I am in love once more
With the arduous ardour of movement.
And all that unfolds effortfully around me
and within.