

As a child I walked in fields of marigolds  
Feeling the sunshine kiss my skin  
I walked and walked till dawn through raging rivers  
Unkept acres, the tallest redwoods  
I walked till my feet blistered, my legs cramped,  
Yet my heart soared

imagery

I was most definitely not bored

personification

alliteration

exaggeration

As a child I walked in among the giant rocks

Wind whispering, egging me on,  
Swirling all around me  
But it didn't make me dizzy  
Instead I was calmly propelled forward  
Legend has it that these rocks are the heads of forgotten ghosts  
So walking among them feels holy, like you're in their thoughts, part of their history  
You can know what they know  
An erode pathway to wisdom

giddy more like it liked

allusion

analogy

As a child I stood at the base of the mountain, green and lush  
Smelling that great mix of pine and composting leaves  
I started to climb in the stillness  
Me, quiet, walking

add

euphony

- 1.
- 2) compare

Through the rivers of my dreams  
Buoyed by their limitless power

As a child I splashed at the base of the waterfall  
Rinsing and renewing myself  
Baptism and rebirth  
And the searing power of gravity

yes as a child I walked

What was I walking to?  
I only recall the feeling of possibility  
The feeling that whatever was five minutes away, over that hill, down that dirt road  
Would be better, more scenic, more able to take my mind away from here.  
From now. For now.

I never met anyone on my walks  
Always alone  
Always solitude my sole companion  
Always just the quiet air, breathing in and out

breathing

What started as a childhood obsession with some sort of imaginary pilgrimage  
Continued in my mind into adulthood  
Walking those waking dreamscapes  
The ones I paint every time I remember where I walked as a child

as a child I once walked