

Even Rocks will move

Nov. 1, 2016

Sauve draft 3, poem 1 - revising for performance techniques, a title, and making sure I have done the task

title:

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 and my legs cramped,  
Yet, my humble heart soared  
I was most definitely NOT bored

[mmm]  
you know that mmm  
feeling when you  
stop, look up,  
close your eyes +  
feel its warmth  
[emphasize]

meaning /  
stanza / sc  
is:

As a child I walked in among the giant rocks  
That wily wind whispering, egging me on  
It swirled all around me  
But ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> didn't make me dizzy  
Giddy ~~was~~ more like it  
~~And I was~~ calmly, gleefully propelled forward -  
Legend has it that these rocks are the heads of forgotten ghosts  
Walking among them feels holy, possessed  
As though in their thoughts, part of their history  
An ESP of sorts having access to what they know  
If you know how to listen, ~~that is~~  
An eerie, eroded pathway to instant wisdom

you're  
or telepathy  
ripe for those  
who  
done  
ripe for the taking

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, the quiet, walking, ~~in stillness~~  
I splashed at the base of the waterfall  
Rinsing and renewing myself,  
~~The cycle~~ of baptism and rebirth  
Awed by the searing power of gravity

unintimidated by their size + height  
rinse +  
spin cycle, repeat

Through the rivers of my dreams, I walked and walked  
Buoyed by their limitless power

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Whatever 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, and me, breathing it in, breathing it out

nature is where  
find yourself  
forward motion is progress  
challenge self + grow?

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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  
as a child I walked.

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This poem teaches us that the journey  
of self-discovery is never-ending.

That self discovery is a journey,  
not a destination