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

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 all 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

As a child I stood at the base of the mountain, green and lush

Smelling that great mix pine and composting leaves

I started to climb in the stillness

Me, quiet, walking

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

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.

I never met anyone on my walks

Always alone

Always solitude my sole companion

Always just the quiet air, breathing in and out

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