Oct. 28, 2016

Sauve draft 2, poem 1 – revising based on literary techniques and spoken word conventions, see my revisions by hand on my draft 1

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

As a child I walked in among the giant rocks

That wily wind whispering, egging me on

It swirling all around me

But it 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

An eerie, eroded pathway to instant wisdom

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

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

Through the rivers of my dreams, I walked and walked

Buoyed by their limitless power

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 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

as a child I walked.