

## THE JOURNEY

Above the mountains  
the Geese turn into  
the light again  
Painting their  
black silhouettes  
on an open sky.  
Sometimes everything  
has to be  
inscribed across  
the heavens  
so you can find  
the one line  
already written  
inside you.  
Sometimes it takes  
a great sky  
to find that  
small, bright  
and indescribable  
wedge of freedom  
in your own heart.  
Sometimes with  
the bones of the black  
sticks left when the fire  
has gone out  
someone has written  
something new  
in the ashes  
of your life.  
You are not leaving  
You are arriving.

-David Whyte  
from The House of Belonging