

I walk my walk on planet earth and face the
obstacles in my path.
Some I have put there by my own ignorance.
Some I have planted by my wrath.
It may take a lifetime to get wise.
Wise enough to remove them all.
It may take several tries and in the process I may stall.
I can only hope that I achieve the goal I set and that I don't
deceive myself or I shall return to finish the walk I started.
Not content to be dearly departed, but reborn again to find
my way through another life and another day, the one left
behind interpreting the one I left behind.
Walking to clarify a left over memory recalled again
within my mind.
A dream, perhaps, of distant faces and hazy places.
Like peering through a thick veil of fog unable to
discern the faintest outline of the bog.
Shape and form that don't appear and yet, at times,
it seems so clear.
A glimmer comes to mind.
A strobe flash of light brings it all too near, then gone,
like a wisp of wind.
I am left with a scent of another time like ancient incense.
It wafts my nostrils and curls around my nose tickling me
into distant recollection. A mere thought of those things
that may have been.
But worlds exist in mere thoughts full of cities and villages
and towns and people and their feelings and their senses.
So many people.
Where do they all come from and what is their
purpose in being.
I meet a few in my walk.
We become attracted as we talk and with those I feel
a common bond I grow close to and feel fond of.
Some attach themselves to me and I lead them around
unknowingly or I allow myself to be led resisting and com-
plaining fed by the indecision the walk is taking.
Sleeping sound and not awaking until a crisis strikes with
pain and bonds are broken that can't remain.
Friendships fail and loveships die as people
part and say goodbye.
Some spend lifetimes in denial creating barriers like
magnetic poles that repel us forward to far flung
goals giving the impression that independence has been

achieved but in reality only conceived by the very
insistence to be apart from some past that looms present
in the heart every walking moment.
More clutter.
More debris to be free of.
Our souls walk through life like giant lint balls collecting
emotional lint of all shapes and sizes from every aspect
of the life we live.
We even compare the lint we gather with other souls and
sometimes swap and trade as we take and give.
Some poor souls drag lints of token behind them tethered
with emotional chains that cannot be broken.
Lint of anger.
Lint of despair.
Lint of pride.
Lint of fear.
All emotions cling to souls that shape their being
and play out roles.
So much stuff.
So much clutter.
The lint we carry from the gutter.
So much debris.
How does one free oneself.
By walking.
Walking forward.
Walking forward facing on.
Every day to learn upon the past mistakes.
To live.
To give.
Walking free.
Walking so that others may be.
Let the lint fall from the ball.
Let it lie when it does fall.
One piece at a time.
Until the radiant flower of light starts to glow.
Until the debris around us cracks and a glimmer
does show through.
Walk free until the light blossoms into
the soul flower we all are.
Shining clear.
Strong beacons that appear.
Burning rays of laser bright piercing through the midnight
until all the world is alight with love.

Walk My Walk From 'Cosmic Debris'

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