

Topic: potpourri

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Journeys

By Morri Namasté

In the distance of my years I cover myself with time.

Like a blanket which enfolds me with the comforting layers of my life.

What can I tell you except that I have gone everywhere and nowhere.

What can I tell you except that I have not yet begun my journey now that it is almost through.

All that I ever was and am yet to be lies somewhere deep within me.

I am a young boy traveling east

with the eagle who teaches to see far and wide.

As the eagle took its distance it was heard to say, "There is a time for rising above so that you do not think your small world too important. There is a time for turning your vision to the sky."

I am a young girl travelling west

with the bear who teaches to look deeply within oneself.

The bear stood alone and said, "There is a time for being alone so that you do not take on the appearance of your friends and family. There is a time for being at home with yourself."

I am an old man traveling north

with the buffalo who teaches wisdom.

As the buffalo faded from view he cried back, "There is a time for believing nothing so that you do not speak what you have already heard. There is a time for remaining quiet."

I am an old woman traveling south
with the mouse who teaches the wonders of limitations.

The mouse lay close to the ground and said, "There is a time for taking comfort in small things
so that you don't feel forgotten in the night. There is a time for enjoying the little things so
frequently overlooked."

That is the way it was and that is the way it shall continue.

The Eagle. The Bear. The Buffalo. The Mouse.
In all directions joining to form the circle of life.

I am the Eagle.

The small world laughs at my deeds but the great sky keeps to itself my dreams of immortality.

I am the Bear.

In my solitude I resemble the wind. I blow the clouds together so they form images of my
friends.

I am the Buffalo.

My voice echoes on the prairie. All that I have learned in life I share with the fire.

I am the Mouse.

My life is beneath my nose. Each time I journey towards the horizon I find a hole instead.

Go figure.