The Journey

The Journey by David Whyte

> 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

first, 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. Even as the light fades quickly now, you are arriving.

from David Whyte's House of Belonging