

# 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.*

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from David Whyte's [House of Belonging](#)