

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](#)