

# 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

small, 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 the book: House of Belonging by David Whyte