

## A Daily Journey

And we walked  
on the foggy low-lit trail  
Burned at the edges,  
Rising, stride by stride,  
slow then quick  
Then slow.

With gratitude—  
Each step became  
More deliberate—  
More lifted—  
More alive—  
More amore—

Leading to that rare place that rests  
In the body's marrow,  
The mind's eye,  
The heart's heart,  
And the soul of all.

And the messages went out  
With warmth and precision  
To those who matter most.

Back where we came from—  
Out to the brilliance—  
Back to the reckoning—  
Out to the stars—  
Back to the morning—  
Out to the uplift—  
Back to the heart—  
Out through the body—

And they returned—  
Knowing that both sending  
And receiving  
Completes the electrified circuit.  
Both arcs of the orbit  
Are necessary to be 'round.

The journey of gratitude  
Requires equal measures of  
Giving and receiving,  
and  
Defies the gravity  
of life's misty limits.  
This law,  
This secret,  
This whisper,  
This gift,  
Is consciousness born.

— Steven Morris