



Poet's own image

## **All Paths**

All paths lead me here:  
Where endless horizons  
Meet tracks so well-trodden,  
And questions abound ...  
To ebb or to flow?  
To wave or to drown?  
To sink or to swim?  
Dilemmas unfaced.

All paths lead me here:  
Where walking books bring me,  
A holey-souled pilgrim  
All sea breeze-slapped face  
And saline-spray tears.  
Futures less certain  
Than those which have passed  
Wash out on the tide.

All paths lead me here:  
Where storm-weathered bridge  
Meets saltwater dreams,  
Beach-pebbled nightmares,  
White horseback escapes,  
Deep contemplation,  
Fleet-footed endings  
And fresh-faced new starts.

All paths lead me here.  
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