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Poem - spoken word

Without even noticing

He lived in a land called fear

afraid to cross the border

to find peace

he wandered for a long time

through the darkest forest

Feeling alone he shouted out

no answer

no nothing

He kept on walking

and then

- without even noticing

he had crossed the border

He stood in awe

and looked at his feet

as they had never moved at all

As the sun set

he looked back

the border was farther away

and so was his fear

All felt new and still frightening

like most new things feel

the comfort of what once
scared him began to disintegrate

And from it grew a new kind of hope
a new kind of look at life

He knew - that he might return to that dark land
but he also knew - he could return to this peaceful place

As it all was a state of mind

It felt good to feel this way
since it was a long time
since he'd last felt that way

It tasted like a slice of fresh baked pie

- and oh! Had he longed for that

Still in the process - still stumbling
and sometimes deeply insecure

but with the knowing of his own
strength it all seemed a bit easier

And from it grew a new kind of hope
a new kind of look

- at life

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