

Scout

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This terrain is unfamiliar
long vistas of green and golden fields
and to the side dark ravines
quicken alertness and care
to avoid hollow fruitless depths.

A gathering of souls
beckons me back to be among them
to tell of my journey, my vision.

But I carry with me shades of the ravine
attached as doubt.
Someone told me to be myself.
An odd order,
for who else could I be?

Still...
just about the time I think I know
my self
it is eroded by swift waters
sweeping by and into me.

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