A Hero’s Journey

Know that if you wanted to find yourself
Back where you started
The only course you can follow is your own
Though you will come to see
That a wise mapmaker
Has suggested a route.

Take water for this sweet relief
Your throat will need
Sore from trying on voices
Tired from telling the same old stories
Dressed up this way and that
Often for ears, too busy to hear.

From someone who loves you
Take a string to mark your way
By the time you reach center
And start around again
You will begin to see
The beauty of your own thread
As it weaves and tangles with others.

Assume a dignified position
With each humiliation that you admit
You will stand braver
The closer you come to lying flat on the ground
The higher you will be able to hold your head.

Watch closely for hints
To a hidden plot line
Looking back you will see that
What was essential was always there.
Learn to read a map, or at the very least
Carry one should you be moved to learn.

When you get back to the beginning
And it looks largely unchanged
Don't drown in your despair.
There is no end to the beauty and sameness.

Never surrender to fear
It is right that you should tremble in the presence of such power.
You are, after all, at the river source.
In the stillness, you will know why you've come.
You will know that you are here.

Missy Nicholson