**Go in Flow with the Way**

Go in flow with the Way –

Though the grasses sometimes cut,

Though the smell of the crushed

Leaves may allude your memory,

Though the moment of remembrance

Is too fleeting to grasp

And your footsteps only widen the Way.

Go in Flow with the Way –

Though the stream may gather

more confusion,  Though all you

Thought you knew fails you,

Though you may have no safe

Place to stand, and not even the

Next step makes sense any more.

The trickle of your early years is

Now a steady moving river, and the

Babble of your youth is a long road behind,

Though you may dream of that

Shimmering, shining, chattering of the

Golden flowers of spring

By cool shaded rocky pools.