

Sometimes The Road Less Travelled Isn't What You Think

[BY LALITA SIMON-CREASEY](#)

You've only just begun, and yet it seems impossible to be so
When you take into account the luggage already behind, some
sorted and some in tow,
Blinded by the road ahead sometimes the grass seems too tall
Then there's other things to consider like your surrounding
wall,
Built to keep people out and yet sometimes you do wonder what
else is kept away
I will say you're not being asked to throw all caution to the
wind, definitely not the way.

Just being asked to consider that there's more to what is kept
beyond and within the binds
Sometimes the road less travelled isn't what you think nor is
it about all those brilliant finds,
Not about a timetable nor a perfectly laid out schedule to fit
in all those seeming perfections
And then you wonder what is it with all these attempts at
instigating neat summations?
A never-ending map that keeps disappearing when you least
expect it to
Teasing visions that evoke the peace of a thousand sunsets' in
a sky amazingly blue.

So you may ask why is it that it feels like you've only just
begun
When you know very well how wonky this road is and that's
certainly no pun,
The question to be asked is what have you been seeing with –

through eyes or heart

One is defined by labels and one has no limitations on its part,

And yet it takes more than the luggage behind us to see with our hearts, this is true I know

Because the path, the heart, and the vision join together in glorious union the more we grow.

And along the way, you may point at others and shake your head Thinking to yourself, "Well that's a terribly horrendously made bed,"

You'll find yourself thinking, "Thank God I don't do things in that messy careless way"

Perhaps all you can see for now is that mess through the defining limits of dismay,

Yet history has taught us that from the ruins of many a great deemed failures

Come new beginnings that once upon a time existed only as mere conjectures.

Photo by [Matthew Ronder-Seid](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

Gentle Wind, Speak To Me Of Freedom In Your Breezes

Being Of Light, I Have Known You Since The Conception Of Time

My Heart And Soul Longs For So Much More Than The Rat Race

"In any life there is a time to speak – clear and strong and true. Hours and minutes when your voice will be the only thing that can deliver you through to what comes next. When coming clean is the grace that serves and saves. When you must unleash your truest story and stand tall and true in the aftermath."

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