

**Title: Finding a Path**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

Author: wizanda

Date: 2006/8/7

URL: <https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/89>

Keywords: Poetry, Reality, Path, Choices, Way, Options, Spiritual

Play with fire,  
We will get burned;  
Is a koan,  
On loan.  
Don't pick a bone,  
Or moan;  
This is where we start,  
In the heart.  
People push,  
Because of hurt.  
In this sea of infinity;  
When we are out,  
There is much about.  
Remember run through nettles,  
We will get stung,  
Ego passes on.  
Pay attention to the path;  
We hear some laugh,  
Where does it flow;  
Where should we go?  
What should we say?  
Perhaps we should show.  
When we were young,  
We got stung;  
So we learned to stay away,  
Not to stray from the track.  
Yet many roads there are to walk;  
Many people with much talk,  
They add a fork,  
Don't try to think,  
Trust the syncs.  
It can lead us to a dead end,  
Yet there is always a bend.  
Sometimes we just have to go back,  
To where we had lack;  
Get back on the track,  
Don't lose the facts,  
We are all light,  
Get it right.