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The Road, my Life Metaphor...

Sometimes, the universe gives you a wink, and sometimes, you just get it! Sometimes you have the feeling that things are happening upon your path; a convergence of signs you paid no attention to before, meaning you suddenly become conscious of. You hear a comment, you read a phrase, you hear some string of music, the sun sets a certain way, the man in the full moon smiles at you.

I had a couple of bad nights this week. And then today I realized that I had stepped on yet another road. The feeling was physical, in the flesh as it were. The road is the metaphor of my life. It goes somewhere, it is defined, it has substance. I travel it alone.

Right now the road is clear, warm, luminous. I revel in its glory, since this feeling will not last. As I go on, the road will again clutter and meander and lose itself in roadblocks and storms and exits going nowhere. I will again misplace my way and search desperately for inner peace and meaning. However today I am awash in certainty. The road is my life metaphor. I had not realized that I was once more at a crossroad. So preoccupied was I that I had not recognized the familiar landscape of choice and decisions. And so I left behind more clutter, more attachments, more links, more expectations and stepped onto this new bare road. I am so grateful.

I was at the computer doing stuff and I thought, I would like to share this ephemeral small wisdom that is mine for the moment.

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