

## *Callings*

Do you hear yourself being called  
to places that are far away,  
beckoned by landscapes  
intimately known and unimaginable?

Does it feel as if only strangers  
can speak your name?

You must leave home.

You must leave HOME!

Escape the walls of your  
upbringing any way you  
can.

Caterpillars do it.

Travel far and wide,  
get lost,  
be robbed,  
over and over again,  
realize that the world is big,  
you are small.

Forget who you believed  
yourself to be ,  
who you thought  
others thought you were.

Become someone who can't  
answer simple questions like,  
"What do you do?"

Fail.

Totally and completely fail  
to reach your intended destination,  
though carrying a map and compass.

You are where you need to be  
the moment *after* you  
give up on all the landmarks.

Sit down and cry out  
all of your laments.

Cry out the laments  
all your ancestors  
feared to cry.

You are indeed walking  
in circles,  
downward,  
inward,  
along a path marked  
“Grief and Despair”  
that leads directly  
to Soul.

You have arrived.

Arrived at the place  
you began,  
that it killed you to leave.

There is no entrance,  
nor exit.  
Never was.

When people ask you to tell the  
story of your travels,  
your journey,  
of the road you have taken,  
do so by living your Life,

Ecstatically.

Now you are human.

