

## *Roads Preferred*

I can not,  
will not,  
walk the simple road,  
the road without potholes  
and switchbacks.

Have you ever watched  
rain drops fill a pothole,  
one by one,  
and then splashed in the puddle  
when the rains ceased?

Have you ever gotten a chance  
for a second look at  
something or someone  
you had passed by without notice  
and found a beauty that  
threw the doors of your heart  
open more widely than  
you believed possible?

As long as my path is true,  
I'll travel one hundred lifetimes,  
maybe more,  
on rough roads  
stopping at potholes  
and switchbacks,  
coming to my knees,  
giving thanks.