



I went a-walking one fine day

www.shiningworld.com – James Swartz



I went a-walking one fine day
And met myself along the way
Half of me was shining bright
Awash with love and joy and light
The other side was festering
In darkness and decay and blight
I tried to step around myself
To continue my fine walk
But the blighter moved in front of me
And he began to talk
Sheer temerity, he cried, to think
That you can ignore me

And planted feet firm on the path
He wouldn't let me by
I said, if it's not to much
No trouble do I seek
Please step aside and let me pass
I really was quite meek
He grinned and shined and rotted
And didn't budge an inch
The bugger, I thought to myself
He doesn't even flinch
I squared myself right up to him
And shoved with all my might
If that's the way he wanted it
I was ready for a fight
But as I strained and grunted
And exerted all my force
The strangest thing did happen
I fell down on my arse
Of course, I thought, from on the ground
I only pushed at me
No wonder that I ended here
I laughed so heartily
I stood and smiled and bowed my head
And finally surrendered
To fight myself is futile
A battle never-ended
I reached out and embraced myself
And then there was only me
Just one, alone complete and whole
Walked on most merrily

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Awash: overspoeld | Fester: etteren, zweren | Blight: verwoesting | Blighter: rotvent/donderstraal | Teme-rity: vermetelheid, roekeloosheid | Budge: bewegen, wijken | Bugger: zeikerd | Flinch: bui-gen, toegeven | Shove: duwen | Grunt: grommen | Arse: kont | Merrily: blij en gelukkig

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