

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

### **Journey Involves Retrospect** By Emily Robertson

Journey involves retrospect,  
the thinking back in moving forward,  
Created the steps that lead to the rhythm  
that equals movement, which represents change,  
and that's OK  
Journey involves retrospect and  
tears may tumble as we dredge the truth  
from the lies we believed and lift our feet, to push forward again.  
Journey involves recognition,  
that each place we arrive at  
and each place which we have left  
is  
separate from ourselves,  
no matter how clear our reflections,  
no matter how fresh or blood.  
Journey involves the recognition, that this place  
is separate from our shifting skin and that we must occupy,  
more of ourselves and less of our surroundings.  
Journey understand we can not stay-too long,  
too comfortable, too often doing things the easy way,  
with not enough challenge, and not enough growth.  
Journey understands we were not meant to be decorative statues in  
somebody else's palace garden.  
Journey knows that we are more kin  
to the vine the climbs,  
our roots our juice, our memories a trail of all we have seen.  
Your continuing growth a way of beautifying  
the rooms which you have occupied.  
And that's alright.  
The journey begins as you see you are leaving one place, and moving  
towards another place. It could be a place on your mind or a place in your  
heart.  
It does not have to be a place with a bus stop.  
The journey has no destination but instead an acceptance of continuation.  
The journey will carry you along  
like a loving river that has offered to show a fallen leaf it travelling  
ways.  
In this journey of learning you will truly be carried away. (by your own  
two feet and trailbreaking mind.)

Journey involves questions.  
They are all over the place. Hush and you hear questions,  
you will hear them everywhere—the sound of autumn leaves falling,  
scattered by a sudden wind,  
questions,  
the sound of the wind kissing the bark of tree trunks,  
questions, like the rustle of bushes in the night, at first the questions

are startling soundsÉ.your skin will prick, your ears will strain,  
a triangular will sweat break.  
On this journey the jungle is alive with unseen eyes, yes questions will  
soon close in on you.  
Who's out there? What is in me?  
Why have I strayed from comfort and safety?  
Strange noises with question marks escort each step into the new,  
but you are protected by retrospect, (what you already know),  
so can breathe a sigh of relief- the questions that break the silence are no  
threat,  
but a sign of life.

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