Path

The path that leads to nowhere
The path that leads to somewhere
The path is long but I can’t see the end
The path is short just ahead is a bend

I have taken this path before, in a dream,
In a moment, on a walk, while I was floating.
The fallen leaves, the smell of trees,
The sound of still water.

I have cried here, smiled here,
Laughed here, and died here.
The path is worn from footsteps before me.
So why am I the first to see?

The path that leads me to nowhere.