

New York City, winter.

Snow cascading through the inky darkness, she pulls her heavy jacket tighter around her. Hears tires screeching and horns blasting furiously, behind.

Keeps her distance, keeps to the backstreets, the light not reaching into the cracks of pavement. Silent, the underground.

She waits. She is listening.

Dirt between my toes, grass beneath my feet, barefoot across the plain, I walk without knowing where my feet will take me.

Sun, rays across my face, the afternoon light warming, calming, peaceful.

Maybe there is no purpose to knowing where I am going, or where I am to go.

Sarah Boon