

Road Map

The known becomes unknown
It is as a thick fog upon entering it
thoughts are converted to experience

Experience is unrevealed
we no longer need to see
now there is inner sense

Known transforms into what is
then fades into cold coffee
something hot that once was

Roadmaps do not mark
the unforeseen
or what once was or is now

It is a child learning to walk
It is a car placed into gear
reality begins to reshape talk

Maps do not show
steep downhill curves of hard clay
or tell of the coming rain

Roads of life are dangerous
yet not as steep as learning curves
now involving hands and nerves

The more experience
the less need to travel
skill is wise