

It's Not Too Late

It's not too late
to build rock walls with your bare hands,
to lay brick paths,
weave a nest,
make sculpture for your garden.

There's still time
to draw and paint,
to make real
the pictures in your mind,
and birth the lands you visit
when you dream.

It's not too late
to go to wild places,
alone,
and unafraid;
stand on the cliff tops,
stare at the heaving sea,
drape yourself
like weed over its rocks.

You could still remember how to roar;
make your body strong
and feel like you belong in it.

MARY WALKER

It's not too late to write
all the things that whisper to you.
Press your ear to the chest of the earth
and hear its quiet breathing.
Trace a vein,
listen for that which has no name yet.
Name it.

You could change gear;
go slowly.
Move through the world,
through each day
at your own pace;
drop to the grass,
follow the ant's path
through the forest if you choose.

Disregard the rules.
Drop them like a heavy coat.
Follow the call,
sure as an ancient traveller following stars
as they sail the blind ocean.
Set out. Sail free.
Navigate by the star that you are.

MARY WALKER