

At the crossroads

I stand at the crossroads,
Not knowing where to go next.
There is a long way behind me;
I had not known for the other way
When I used to walk along it.
In my youth, I did not understand,
That all beginnings have ends,
Everything we call reality today,
Tomorrow, in the past remains.

I did not understand. . .

At some point,
My eyes blurred,
I could no longer discern my path.
Indeed,
I walked along it as I used to,
But a strange feeling
Was telling me
There is no happiness and peace for me here.

Yet, I still went along my old path,
Understanding my feelings and thoughts
Less and less,
I did not recognize myself.
My beloved former path,
I was losing more and more
And in the end I was very tired.

Then,
Unexpectedly, at once,
My vision cleared.
I am standing at the crossroads,
Where should I go, I still do not know,
There is no way back.

That is how
I am standing at the crossroads,
Trying to feel my soul,
Wanting to hear it.

Maybe she will tell me
Where to go next,

How to replace fatigue with force,
How to recognize myself again.

I am standing so long, waiting in silence,
As if I hear a whisper in the distance. . .
I try to make out the words,
Waiting in silence,
Trying to understand
What is my soul
Telling me so gently.

I try to feel it,
The more I feel it, the better I hear it,
I realize that it is showing the new path to me,
Talking about the fate:
Let bygones be bygones,
That I should leave the past,
My previous path to the memories,
To let go of everything that was,
Everything that the heart once dreamed of,
So that I could be reborn
And begin a new life.

Standing at the crossroads,
I see a new path in front of me
And I feel that I am already making the first step,
Now I am even walking,
I am walking with my soul
Feeling the joy of life again!

@tijanapoetry