

the edge of heaven

they say life is a journey
of peaks and troughs
and countless crossroads
the certain choices
we all must make
when least informed

I wonder sometimes
if there's too much choice
all that angst
when perhaps
paths will merge
anyway
in a place
we don't yet see

I am learning
the journey
counts for more
than the end goal
you risk missing much
if all you do
is look ahead
and not about you

I've found
contentment
in places
I didn't expect
sought challenge
tasted fulfilment
more times
than I deserved

in fishing towns
along the east coast
women knitted ganseys
for their fishermen
the local stitch
identified
the drowned
washed up on shores
miles from home

I never thought
I'd find someone
whose stitch
would match
my own
I waited for
the inevitable
unravelling
watched for
loose threads
coming undone

took a long time
to recognise
the edge of heaven
lapping my shore