

## The Ways

When you wake, and again when you get home, walk out  
into the cold and go round the farm.  
Just walk. Think nothing, but know your breath  
is bringing in the outside.

It begins as an adventure, to be alone.  
The wind coming in from Antarctica  
is company enough of an evening,  
cutting cold across the paddocks.

But somehow, it stirs you up  
as the old gumtrees flinch and creak,  
their damp leaves winnowing free;  
seized, just as you are, by something.

Go stand on the stone helmet of a hill  
or in the plunging midst of a paddock of grass.  
Stand in wait for an idea of yourself  
that seems as if it might grow steadfast.

Keep turning to take in the horizon as it slips  
away and think again about what lies  
beyond vision, past the ways you know  
of how trees bend and wind moves across the waves.

Do this as if in preparation, for you know not what  
will come afterwards. Follow along the ways  
where you've walked before,  
going into what you have come out of, again.

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