



Outside of Mysore, India, January 2005

WALKING, NOT TALKING

I Walk, I seldom talk.
Why talk when one can walk.
Talking so seldom takes one
anywhere, but walking will always
get you somewhere.

Walking is what life is all about.
Slow, steady, purposely going
somewhere. A path. A Trail. A
Road. Some direction. Never just
going round and round in circles,
like when one talks. Slowly
moving, eventually arriving. One
step, then the next. Calm and slow.
I enter its pace. I know how to do
it , why change it.

When I walk I know I'm going
somewhere. I know how to walk.
When I talk, I so often wish I
never arrived at where I ended up.
I walk with purpose I talk with
carelessness. I'm fully human when
I walk, when I talk I'm only trying
to seem human. Maybe today I'll
just walk, not talk.