

The Road Now

Retiring from paid work
I stop to see where I am

follow the echoes
of projects heralded
for grit and wit

touch the ribbed weave
of disciplines colourful
in their crossing

sniff the ricochet
of novel thoughts
tearing through
tough peels
of assumptions

taste the chocolate cherry joy
of collaborations where
three minds surpass
possibility

What road now
worth the pilgrimage

Ellen B. Ryan

2009

Tower Poetry, 58(1), 35.