

## **Pilgrimage of Patience**

Patience, it turns out,  
Is fearless,  
Or, at least,  
Incredibly brave.  
It takes courage to abide.  
To wait.  
To observe.  
To act without reacting.

Patience has a weight to it,  
Like a divine hand laid between my shoulder blades,  
Or a snow bank in February.  
However, it is not heavy.  
More like a harness on a workhorse,  
It provides a steady guidance  
And a sense of direction.

Sitting here now,  
I feel patience setting in.  
Most likely a brief visitor,  
A pilgrim seeking rest,  
Looking for home,  
Just like me.

May it find a place to stay  
Under the wings of my heart,  
And along the winding pathways of my mind  
Worn deep by my anxious habits.  
May it nestle into the nooks and crannies of my whole body,  
And find ample time to sit next to the hope in my soul.

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