

## Refugee

I am walking away from my old aching stories  
Carrying the weight of my shortcomings on my back,  
Hoping to become worthy of my millions of blessings,  
Haunted at every turn by my failures,  
Longing to be safe,  
Wanting, more than anything,  
To trust this path, this life, each moment's gifts.

I am running from no one but myself,  
Hiding from love,  
Afraid to fail again,  
Tediously weighing the unknown.  
What if this? What if that? What if...?  
Separated from who I might become  
Were I brave.

But my old stories are already tired.  
And my shortcomings are far too heavy.  
So as I walk I wonder,  
What if I am already worthy?  
Already safe,  
Already strong?  
What if I cannot fail?

I wonder if it might be best  
To walk along next to my history  
Instead of trying to outrun it,  
Two parallel universes strolling arm-in-arm,  
The "then" me beside the "now" me,  
Each coming to terms  
With their respective places in time.  
Each observing the other from an appropriate distance  
While finally getting to understand one another.

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