

# The way opens



There is no incantation at the start,  
No formula to follow,  
No prescribed passage.

This is a way that has always been open.  
Our steps are but the latest  
In a long line of acknowledgements.

This way opens,  
Any time a pilgrim boot is laced,  
Each occasion two, or three, gather and embark.

It pays no heed to title,  
Or background;  
To authority or author.  
It merely beckons and accepts all who tread,  
However hesitantly.  
Into what is not yet.  
But will be.

This way opens,  
At every moment,  
And so may we.