**PILGRIM**

I bow to the lark  
and its tiny  
lifted silhouette  
fluttering  
before infinity.  
I promise myself  
to the mountain  
and to the foundation  
from which  
my future comes.  
I make my vow  
to the stream  
flowing beneath,  
and to the water  
falling  
towards all thirst,  
and  
I pledge myself  
to the sea  
to which it goes  
and to the mercy  
of my disappearance,  
and though I may be  
left alone  
or abandoned by  
the unyielding present  
or orphaned in some far  
unspoken place,  
I will speak  
with a voice  
of loyalty  
and faith  
to the far shore  
where everything  
turns to arrival,  
if only in the sound  
of falling waves  
and I will listen  
with sincere  
and attentive eyes and ears  
for a final invitation,  
so that I can  
be that note half-heard  
in the flying lark song,  
or that tint  
on a far mountain  
brushed with the subtle  
grey of dawn,  
even a river gone by  
still looking  
as if it hasn’t,  
or an ocean heard only  
as the sound of waves  
falling and falling,  
and falling,  
my eyes closing  
with them  
into some  
undeserved nothing  
even as they  
give up their  
strength  
on the sand.

David Whyte