

This Year's Trail

Pantleg tangled in a bramble. This year
no one's trimming back the brush. Shattered
glass underfoot. Aluminum cans
and fast food wrappers among swordfern.
You count your steps. Five hundred there,
five hundred on, and then again.
The creek is down to a trickle,
like a habit of faith after belief has failed.
A bee finds a tuft of clover. Your reward
must be here, too, one blackberry
perfect on the vine, or a constellation
of fat thimbleberries. It's walking that makes
the path. It's the path that makes you.

- Bethany Reid