The Path

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What has been falling away for years,
Peeling off me like the petal of a flower,
Has now unfurled fully in front of me.

Before me it lies,
Orange bricks,
Burned grass and square bales.

Trees form angry claws,
Blistered by the sun's heat,
Their only sign of life-
The green olives that dot each branch.

Grass is singed,
Skin is leather,
Wine is water.

Waves make their way to my feet,
Begging me to put my next foot forward and
the hills fold against the weight of each other.

In between them lies the path I will follow

Gravelled,

Rough,

Uneven.

Water dries up in me,

My scalp tingles,

telling me it is time to walk,

It will hurt but under the scorching sun

I am no less sure that this journey is as steady as the concrete of home.

My skin will burn

And then it will harden.