

an ode to walks

Even before a first step, walking starts upstairs, in the mind, when *nothing* else is working. Your brain's glass-encased fire hatchet—for emergencies only (!)—begs use. And so you lace up your Crocs, you bundle up in your warmest tank top, and you walk the same street you walked yesterday and noticed nothing. But, this time, you crystallize the ordinary fixtures on your regular route. The man playing sudoku on his usual bench suddenly endows your memory with weight. You're being dramatically appreciative, you relish in it, strutting to the soundtrack of an animated silence.

Everything works while you forget the greyness brought to you by non-doing. You've induced your artificial if not momentary easiness. Your poet is awoken: you wonder how the pavement contemplates your feet; if the grass trembles under your soles. A new dimension of considerations opens to you, there's a reversal of priorities. You reacquaint yourself with nature and her subtleties. You regret not becoming a botanist because you believe the flowers now have more important wisdom to impart. The botanist walks at night because the flowers busy them during the day. They look to the stars with envy and wish to become astronauts. But the astronauts don't walk at all. When your greyness leaves you, it joins the absence between the stars, and the astronaut wishes to have their feet back on the ground.

After a good walk, *everyone* pledges themselves to tranquility. But soon you emerge from the sacred devotion of your post-walk being. Your priorities reverse once again. The man playing sudoku becomes no more dynamic in your imagination than a statue or his bench. White noise remembers its shape and colonizes the wind through the trees. And the drum of procrastination bangs loudly while you march on in place. No matter the movement, *walk*. First in mind, then in stride.