



## THE CROSSING .

One day I shall swim out to the seaweed.  
And I swam for the longest time  
to know the place where I now rest.

But let me not forget  
to look far back into the distance.  
Cast the mind before the deep unknown.  
Feel the fear in every stroke  
as I made the crossing.  
As I make it now each day.

*Footnote:* When ‘The Crossing’ arrived on my page I interpreted it to essentially be about acknowledging progress. How far we’ve come through life and its challenges. And sometimes to look back is a pain filled thing. But to not gather up all the pieces, not fully own all that make us who we are, may be the one thing that holds us back from ever arriving at some sense of fulfilment. The word ‘crossing’ would suggest the arrival at a place, a destination and there are moments when you feel you have arrived – found a sense of place in the world. And then you slip, and it’s gone again. So the journey of progress seems to me to be not one of a path forward towards something – leaving the past in its wake. Nor a ‘journey’ in all its softness and gentleness of pace. But a back and forth process, a constant ‘Crossing’ – often turbulent, jolting and full of fear and pain as if it were the first time. And to feel it, acknowledge it, and give it a place, could be the very thing that brings about a feeling of ‘settlement’ – a solid sense of place and self (as transient a state both can be).

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