

## **I Don't Know Where I Am, But It's Beautiful**

I got lost while running this morning.

I saw lichen clinging to aspens and moss spilling onto sidewalks and said,

“I don't know where I am,

But it's beautiful.”

And I thought that was the perfect metaphor. For I am

Clothed in uncertainty

In the chaos of not knowing where

I will be next month or next year

Feeling out of place and out

Of answers.

I stopped and rested on a grassy knoll,

Looked up at tree branches splitting the sky, and found contentment

Right

Where

I

Was.

I meandered again and finally found a familiar road.

Heaven, I think, looks a lot

Like a street sign home.