



The Path with No Path

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I am walking, yet there is no road,
no footprint left to find.
All flows within a holy stream
that needs no banks to bind.
No goal, no wall to bar the way,
all here, in one bright breath.
The path dissolved — and nothing's lost,
for stillness fills the chest.
Each step is movement, pure and whole,
yet no one ever trod.
Within the sound a glimmer hides
that rose and slipped away.
What once had been remains no more,
what comes has not yet come.
I am walking, yet the path has thawed,
dissolved, like fading warmth.

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