

One feels
A bit
Vulnerable
Standing here.

The man needs a whistle
But he's got a mike.
We're all glad
To be here
Particularly
As the conference
Has been cancelled.
Minds
Hearts
Spirits
Enhance the soul
With others
With those
They love
But not
Analy
(Thank the Lord)
Except for
Dinner
And, it is something

You are.
Remember
The only answer is
"Yes"
Even with stage fright
Countered by joy
In your life
For many years
As a mighty one.
Now, is our time
Around
The camp fire
And being
A pilgrim
On a rocky road
Through one's
Own life.
I think
I'm a wanderer
Rather than
A pilgrim,
Except for my annual
Pilgrimage
To Boulder.
This year I flew

Via Detroit, rather
Than
Direct.
Certainly not
The shortest
Path.
Of course,
That is why
We come to Boulder
To delve
Into the known
Unknowns
And
Of course
Those knows
That we
Know
And often
Dare not
Divulge
Even
To ourselves
And
Have we
Learned

About ourselves
By listening
To our friends
About
Them
Selves
On the pathway
Between
Birth and the
Death to which
We all succumb
In the end.
But who
Is on the path
With me
Who accompanies me
On the journey?
Ever bearing in mind
That the
Journey
May change,
The pathway
May veer
To the left
Or to the right,

We may hit
The rockface.
Do we climb,
Or
Do we
Turn back
From
The possible beauty
That lies
Mysteriously
Ahead.
Or the beauty
And happiness
We missed
On the way to that
Magical rockface.
You choose.
Gratitude
And presence
Thank you
For including
Me
Again
Allowing me
To be

Vulnerable.
Although being
Rejected
At breakfast
Was
Uncomfortable
But
I didn't
Take it
Personally.
What do I fear
Why do I fear
My vulnerability
Why
Do you
Fear
Your vulnerability?

Have I
In discussion
Learnt
What parts of me
Are vulnerable
Or indeed
What parts of me

Are not vulnerable.

Not telling ...
That's my secret.
My secret
Is the obstacle
That gets
In my way
The barrier
That hides
My vulnerability

Do I want to change?
Why should I change?
You change ...
For me.