

Hidden Paths

A friend once told me,
 take the hidden paths
and so I do.

I stumble down a narrow path bordered by paint strokes of
 chicory, red clover, loosestrife, milkweed.

Gnarled roots rise up under my feet
 as I take one careful step after another

until I reach a clearing in the woods—
 a window framed with leaves opening onto a glittering scene

steel blue water laps rocks, lily pads sit like tiny islands
 mallard ducks dive upside down, tail feathers in the air
 cormorants line up like question marks
 and a row of vigilant geese keep watch over the dam.

some secrets are tucked in the folds of a plover's feathers
 others are wrapped in the folds of birch bark

 I've found some in leaves shimmering like silver coins,
 and occasionally, a broken snail shell.

where are your secrets found?
 well, that depends on where you go.

PROMPT:

Pay attention to the side paths or hidden paths along the trail.

Where can you go that you haven't been before?