

oh the places i am

“oh the places you’ll go” they say
but the places i am
are something not even the finest works of art
can portray
the places i walk
day to day
night to night
beautiful horizon lines
taking in each step
and each breath
in the places I am.

the morning light
peaking through the blinds
as i become conscious
to the places i am

the sun glistening
on the trees
and on me
oh the places i am.

taking in the moment
each second
a new beginning
in the places i am

“oh the places you’ll go” they say
but i want to go here,
the places I am.

Poem By: Jenny Simpson