

Walking

A Poem by Charles Williams

March 20, 2007

I took a walk in a field one day,

Trying to get a feel for my feelings.

I walked a long way, longing to not be alone.

A young man was I then, when the "*when*" was

An undeterminable length of time,

And I had undeterminable time to spend.

Imagination was reality, and reality was an imaginary thing,

Where all endings were happy, and all beginnings were innocent happenstances,

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Written by Charles Williams

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When I was young.

When I was a little older, I took a walk in a field,

Trying to loose my feel for my feelings.

I walked a long, long way wishing I could be alone.

An older man was I then, when the "*when*" of happenstance

Was no longer undeterminable, and reality was unimaginably harsh.

My endings were unhappy, and there were no innocent happenstances,

When I was a little older.

Yesterday, I took a walk in a field,

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Trying to remember any feel I ever had for my feelings.

I think I walked a long, long way,

Longing to remember the way home.

I was suddenly an old man then, when the "*when*" is soon,

A very determinable length of time,

And I have not much more time left to spend.

Imagination and reality are blended into imaginary things.

I remember some endings were happy, and some beginnings were quite innocent happenstances.

Yet I am content, now that I am an old man.

Today, I took a long walk in a field with my grandchildren.

We walked a long, long way with happy feelings.

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Their reality is their imagination.

I hope they will remember me.

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