

“My New Kentucky Home”
by Natalie Ryan

peering at my cotton tied shoes
standing on foreign soil and stone,
and lifting my gaze to distinguish
my vast horizon before me;
distinct dreams.

now it is here,
at my doorstep,
knocking,
waiting for me to answer.

Fear—the anchor tossed over the ledge
weighing down my stomach so I can’t move.

Looking back,
familiar corners and smiles.
Looking forward,
strange valleys and roads,
this overwhelming clean slate.

contemplations of new ventures—
the creation of human dismay.

glimpsing over the shoulder
at how I lived.
stage by stage,
step by step,
each moment led me here
to this pursuing of joy.

I am not
the one who put me here,
this is
Not
my choice.

the Spirit as neon signs
of earthly guidance;
He is here.
He is with you.

He will
never

abandon you.

delightfully dance
in the unknown,
for it is our promising
faith.

He will
Never
fail.

He will
Always
provide.

do not be afraid to take advice from the
scarlet bricks beneath your rubber soles.
they are beckoning you—
will you listen?