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## The Path

You told me you were on a path—  
a path you called it—and frantic to take  
all other paths. Frantic to have taken  
all others you'd ever noticed. As you went,  
you crossed intersections, bypassed side roads  
and heads of trails, maybe human, maybe animal,  
maybe nothing at all, just vegetable gaps.  
How anxious you were not to be accused  
of having not seen everything that is  
essential. You trembled with torturing  
eagerness at the maw of every turn-off.  
But if you ever took one, you said it was  
the same. It was the path you were on  
and it went along bypassing many others,  
filling your memory with roads  
to who knows what—nightmares, lands  
of dream. Every way you went,  
it was the path, and around it: the clustering  
of shadows, something like dense woods  
beginning to stir in a night wind,  
memories of alley-mouths, openings  
half-barred by branches and leaves...