The Bread Crumbs of Proof

Gizem Karaali

Lost on the page
She finds herself
Pleading again.
Please. Please.
Please!

Surely she knows
The gods won't answer
The path won't clear
Without her putting in
A whole lot more.

The proof won't come
Till she lays it down
One crumb at a time,
One by one,
Not all in a line.

But in the end
There will be a path
From the beginning to the end
Though she cannot pretend
To know how it works.

Though she cannot pretend
To know how it works
She'll put glorious flowers
On the unadorned altars
Of the gods she knows are watching

And she'll be dropping
And collecting crumbs
Day and night
So she may find
Her way home

So she may call it a proof.

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