## Footprints

## Wayne Shorter

Thousands of years before history recorded Deep in the jungle a woman stepped on wet clay And the print remained there Future reminder of ages ago

Many lives later a traveler crossed the same path Under the vines he saw traces of that footprint Silent testimony Spiritual journey begun long ago

Eons of changes, illusion of some progress Fearfulness leading us further from the soul power Known in early ages When nature's heartbeat rang loud on the earth

The key to our freedom lies not just in our thinking The ancient intuition that's buried deep within us Is waiting to be set free The creator's gift to her children must flow

We call on the past now to show us where to go We're closer to then than we may want to show We're closer to then than we may really know Footprints Ancient footprints