

Where the Horizon Calls

By: Danon Smith

I want to risk everything and follow the horizon,
But I wonder if this ache is calling
Or only the echo of a passing dream.

When the wheels touched down,
Something in me exhaled.
Midland did not feel like foreign ground.

The sky stretched wider than my doubts,
Expansive enough to hold my questions,
Quiet enough to hear my heart.

What if I trusted the One who guides my steps,
That is plans are not only good,
But braver than I dare to be?

Mountains glowed pink, orange, and red, at sunset,
Desert light lingered like a promise,
And something fragile settled in my chest.

Alabama holds my roots and memories,
But even roots must sometimes loosen
When called towards new soil.

Only the one who guides my steps
Knows the path He has set before me
And grants the courage to follow where he leads