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# Sometimes I walk

trout whisperer

- Blog: Adventures, stories -



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Sometimes I walk.

You know the folks that jog; I'm not one of them. Or those people who mountain bike. I'm not into impact aerobics. Pounding feet or pounding down the hill and vale will take something out of me and it must for them as well. We all have our own way of getting it out, hopefully to getting it back.

If I get to thinking to much about real life, I head for one of my many trails. If it's on the brain I let my feet walk it out. Its not a conscious decision which path to take. I give my brain time off for woodsy behavior and let my feet do the leading, lead by one of the fives senses called visual. Yeah, that's looks good, and I away I go. By the time I get back I either figured something out or forgot about it.

The days I'm full of wanderlust I prefer a paddle to erode the pent up energy and wear it down, or wear it out. Burn it off, or burn it up. Walking is now too leisurely; I need the physical exertion to purge my muscles enthusiasm. Maybe it's the rutting buck syndrome, but when it starts to well up, I need some calorie cooking intense motion to bring me back to normal. If your paddling for all your worth up a river flushing countless gallons of water your too busy to think. You react with meat and muscle. You're done, you're spent, and you're exhausted. I just haven't the nerve to do it on two thin wheels through the forest with mud in my teeth coming down the mountain.

Day dreaming is about sitting still and letting your mind march about on whatever captivated my thoughts. Being a bit Irish I can inspire great thinking and selfless wisdom with some drops of roasted barley. The lawn chair set to catch the waning sun. My feet airing out atop the deck and my mind totally going anywhere it wants. No radio tunes or human companions to lead me to learn once and for all that they got it right, and I could be further educated. Day dreamers, such as me, always contemplate only the best for world leaders and nosey neighbors alike. It's a small thing, but my brain goes on these little hikes occasionally.

Now let's say once in awhile, just for my sake, everything's fine. The bugs aren't, and the sun is. Lawns mowed, and I'm owed, not owing. The almost horizontal invention of a ropey consistency calls to me with a cradling effect. Now, no knotted thoughts. Tangled brains have been unscrambled into, body content to rest. Hammock, leaves fluttering, about fifty five minutes in a soft summer breeze. Just done to perfection, pure contentment.

I've taken the dog, held the girls hand and on rare occasion needed a walking staff. It's a step at a time to be sure. One foot in front of the other to get there. Never sure before hand where I, or my thoughts will arrive. It's just that, sometimes, I walk. The trout whisperer [justnorth.com](http://justnorth.com)