

Reston Paths



(Reston.org)

"Reston's network of walkable paths are integral to Reston's unique character. They help make this a healthy, family-centered, enjoyable community. Yet as Reston has developed, the pedestrian network has not always been developed at the same pace. Gaps in the network exist, which present significant barriers to traveling Reston on foot."



A welcome nook with bench on the path; means I can sit, rest, take in the day while staying outside. I am not forced to just keep walking. Bench offers space and room for repose.



View from the bench

The curves, textures
and varieties in the path,
nestled deep in green,
nurture and inspire me.
Eyes drift easily over, up,
around, down
the natural architecture of
trees and dirt paths.
The man-made residences in
which people live fit within
nature unobtrusively.
A pleasant balance between
natural and cultural.
I sense a satisfying meeting
of my social, human self
and my desire to
connect with the earth.
Stairs unassumingly
carve a gently-sloping
path upwards,
where the exterior
of a home shares its color
with the greens and browns
already filling the space.
This building sits modestly
against the backdrop
of nature's architecture;
an architecture that has
existed centuries human
hands did the building.

The side of this building
is not flat along its length.
There are panels that recede
and panels that jut forward.
It is mimicking and honoring
the varied textures of wood.
It does not seek to conquer
or overcome the natural
space around it but to exist
in harmony with it.
On the path, a bridge crosses
above, and creates an
underpass. The bridge
looks to me like a log that,
by consequence of
passing time and natural
decomposition, has fallen
across the earth.
At the underpass,
concrete structures of no
practical or functional use
adorn and excite my passage.
A block of concrete
engraved with a circle
and next to that
a series of lines
like miniature stairs.
Art, not as a mural or statue,
of some important figure, but
as a whimsical construction

of lines and shapes in
concrete that, nevertheless, lift
the mind out of its
function-oriented processes to
a place of wonder and
imagination.
It is refreshing
and enlivening
to walk from the village center
into this more secluded,
less immediately-public
atmosphere.
I can't hear traffic
although I am not far from
main roads.
I can walk, on my own two
feet, back to the village center,
or to the town center.
But I am perfectly happy on
this path.
There is such complexity,
such a variety of interest in
this environment.
The textured path moves up
and down, left and right.
I am continually surprised by
the world around me,
drawing my attention out of
the inner recesses
of my mind and making me

eager to engage with
the world beyond my skin.
The eyes follow a tree up to
its majestic heights
in a gentle,
unhurried way
as they stop
along branches and bumps
on the trunk.
From there a rustling,
or the familiar sound of
people voices pulls my head to
the right as I glance over at a
balcony nestled within leaves
where a man and woman
are sitting.
As I continue to walk, and
breathe deeply, I reach over to
brush my arm along a tree
branch. My body enjoys
the up and downwards
sloping of the earth,
and the opportunity to touch,
hear, smell my surroundings.
I feel full, three-dimensional,
complete.
I feel my entire self
being in this place.