

God knows only

It took awhile for me to think of why I do the things I do.
Write it down with pen and ink, to who am I explaining to?
To my parents, to my friends, to those that I don't know?
Trying to figure to what ends, in life that I may go.

It started out so lucid living 'neath a sheltering wing.
But gradually more fluid as time's pendulum did swing.
Father less invincible, Mother's worries grew.
A developing individual as juvenile years were through.

Education becomes the key that opens up the mind.
Allowing also one to see, question, answer and define.
The trail that Frost did travel or smooth well-traveled road?
Filled with sand or gravel, simply seeds one has sowed.

Twain spoke of a father, in three years he learned it all.
Not the father 'twas but rather the son real life he saw.
So as I think and ponder on what the future holds.
I simply watch in wonder as Providence' plan soon unfolds

Attack each day with vigor as if it were the last.
The future you must figure will soon become the past.
God knows only what's in store for each and every one.
A childlike faith must come before life's challenges can be won.