

Life

Written by Gayle Nobel

Saturday, 12 February 2011 15:16 - Last Updated Saturday, 12 February 2011 19:25

Blog-a-thon Day 27

Seems to be the season for poetry.

Life

"You think you'll get the best of me...you really will, I know

I'm heading out your way now, getting caught up in the flow.

There is no ebb, there's only tide, my shelter is too small

A raft is unavailable, paddles...none at all

The clouds amass, please, no more rain...Wet chills me to the bone

I search for warmth and peace and light as oft I feel alone

I ponder at my place in life and wonder how to find

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sunshine on my face each day to bring me peace of mind

There's naught to do but pause and wait and calm my anxious fears

I've learnt a thing or two about myself thro' the passing years.

Each day brings me many gifts, some wrapped suspiciously

I open them with nervous hand, unprepared to see

That each and every gift brings a teacher to my door

To show me in broad detail what my life is truly for

To pay attention to my actions and discover reasons why

I laugh and rant and rave and cry before I choose to see

That each and every moment holds an opportunity

A chance to ride the tide both out to sea and back

To know that raft and shelter is not the thing I lack

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For I can choose to face the rain, to take it in my hand

To feel it's sting upon my face or see it's blessing on the land

To know that good and bad are balanced by the game of wait and see

And if I choose to step back a bit, Life, you will get the best of me."

~~Dawn Kotzer

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