

The Path I Walk

*The path I walk is less than clear
The way is not distinct
And when I turn to see my track
Not clearly is it inked*

*Peering back is pointless work
To the future must I look
Nostalgia has no place upon
The unwrit pages of my book*

*For what is done, howe'er 'tis done,
Can no longer be recast
Good, or not, it's now entombed
Within the dimming past*

*So I turn my eyes from yesterday
Full in to the glaring sun
To chart today my winding way
And what must yet be done*

*But, 'tis as I've always feared
What's coming is undrawn
Life will go its unknown way
And I will be the pawn*

*To you, my God, I trust my life
My future and my fate
And all that I must know before
I'm through that final gate*