

To You.

I walked along, the road of life
From straw with souls both good and rife
My path had been both straight and sure
By good example made more pure.

Now came a turning in that road
It grew more rough and widened more
I left my home no guiding hand
No voice to tell me when to stand.

I traveled North in search of strength
I sallied South my more truths to learn
I meandered toward the setting sun
To get the ~~to gold~~ to help me on.

Now I'm wandering, wishing, hoping
Thinking I may get some good
From the School which was my choice
And there upon my life make sure

In this quest I wonder often
If my foot may slip unnoted
into untruth or disaster or
or may be content with nil

My quest was started with full vim
I studied hard, then I grew thin
I thought I loved a girl, then near
but later learned - ~~she~~ was no dear.

My second year I started ~~growing~~
to fight of every little whim
My work was good but looked ^{this} ~~him~~
which sets it off in right good trim.



In the third year I settled down
~~and made my school work firmly mine~~
But life seemed empty - what no goal?
I was traveling fast, but where?

A party, dance, a friendly word
She came like morning fresh and sweet.
Strangers - sure - but ~~our~~ thoughts alike
We found companionship discreet.

The days passed on I saw her often
First a tango, then poor excuse
to get to see her I used ruses
She hurt me once 'thru some forgotten

and I found her sweet-enthralling.

Now I found a goal in life
Instilled by thoughts she gave so freely.
and if I ~~had~~ ^{gentle} heard her ^{gentle} morning
I hope to find my child of "Morning"