



The Girl

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I met a girl once;
And wanted to fashion her
To the woman I could not be.
But I failed to grasp,
That she had her own destiny.
I was a firm believer, once,
Once long time ago
In the touchstone method,
Of change and reformation,
Which I realized painfully
Was not worth a dime, anymore;
And nothing works according to plan
Our lives unfurl to Divine design
For He who made us in His own image
Moves in mysterious ways, amongst us
And leads us from certainty to uncertainty;





Away from fossilized trajectories
Finding our own niche
And basking in perfect ecstasy
In our separate calling; our destinies
To fulfill His will
In this temporal sphere
And find the person
Who we are born to be.

