

A smile after all

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I drove for miles up a winding path,

*Higher I went; teeth tied, a jaw sore.
Numb and cold, perspiration gave me a bath.
I stopped. The path wound no more.*

Anticipation died a painful death.

*I walked to the edge at a steady pace
The wind seemed colder than me.
The winds died, as God stared at my face
But I knew He would come to see.
My audience in waiting, I went on,
Reached the edge and closed my eyes.
I lifted my arms and leapt to fly.
The sun couldn't see. It wasn't dawn.*

*Opened my eyes and feasted upon
The landscape; the striking skill of God.
Amused at tiny dots that moved across
The beauty, I was to be a part of.
Images flashed through my mind.
Pain and Poverty, embedded in life;
Trouble and jail, struggle and strife.
But a smile, I never did find.*

*Shaking them off, I looked again,
The tiny dots became huge herds;
Closer ... faster in vertical flight.
As it dawned, I held my breath,*

And the ground; came and met me hard.

*Now I soar, above and beyond.
A part of me in a part of All.
Man and being, seeing and believing.
Now I know that I can smile after all.*



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