

Second Chance

Gloria Morgan

In youth, I chose a path to follow;
eagerly I ran my way,
but sometime later, walking, found
all the trees were gray.

So, slowly I retraced my steps
walking back the way I came,
along the detour taken in haste,
the right road now to claim.

Coming back, I paused at landmarks
passed so long before.
They whispered memories and beckoned me
To turn around once more.

But I continued on,
though I mourned for what had been,
to find the road I should have taken
and the chance to start again.

After many miles of walking,
my feet found the right track.
Though now the walk is all uphill,
I never have looked back.