

Every Little Thing

By Marla J. Deaton

Every little thing in nature,
Seems to know just what to do.
Not one creature sits and wonders,
"Where do I fit in?"

Then why is it so unclear to me?
Why don't I know my role to play?
Why didn't instinct just kicked in?

Why do I wonder and strive,
Here in the prime of my life?
Did nature leave me stranded,
Without giving me a plan?

Or was it given to me,
A long time ago,
And I failed to recognize it as divine?

Every little thing has their role to play,
I'll keep searching for mine.

The End