

Life

By Mark Edgemon

For those aborted, the path is short and sweet.
For those one hundred years, their faces wrinkled, showing what it was meant to be.
For those who are in between, their choices determine who they will be.

So many choices,
So many dreams,
So many success stories,
Followed by so much pain.

Talk to a beggar in India, only a pot and blanket to their name,
But happier than many a president or rich man,
How can this be?

Life is what we make of it,
Nothing is equal or fair,
Even if we had absolute power,
We're angry, afraid of failure, and looking at others to blame.

A victim of sorrow,
A victim of joy,
Actually, it is all the same.

We all are winners as we have been given a chance,
We are here.
When times are hard and life seems unfair,
Look at yourself and smile,
Look at star studded night,
And remember the Maker who made you loves you,
That He really cares.

The End