

Blue Prints

© Carol Wax, 2013

Our lives are like the tracks of deer
Leaving blueprints in the snow
Some lines straights, some lines veer
As they go to and fro

Like the deer we persevere
Through joy and great sorrow
Leaving marks upon this sphere
Everywhere we go

But tracks are a mere souvenir
Fleeting proof to show
That once we lived and we were here
Erased when new winds blow

Though it may sound cavalier
As older we do grow
With changes we can't interfere
We're just a momentary glow

So when you think your path is clear
Like footprints of the doe
These lines were drawn it does appear
In a madman's studio

Now when you feel full of fear
Or swallowed by your woe
Remember this will disappear
Come the dawn tomorrow

Just be of cheer and sincere
Our fates we do not know
Face the start of a new year
By going with the flow