

Serendipity

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We run our full compass
Ordained, we pause at the crossing,
Having marched a clockwork dummy
We linger upon our last winding.

Look ahead not with shrouded eyes,
In a mindless stride to the grave.
The heart beating in mournful cadence,
A count mired in gray.

Will forth; to be alive
Strive hard to beat the chase,
Little pleasures, little sights,
A pause shall make it worth this race.

In melancholic din we drag on,
Sounding the horn of our fate.
Be even a sculpt of hard stone
But watch the lifeless insects play.

In the pool of the setting sun,
Enamoured by the growing sight
Live in the moment; exalted
Live the same, the last night.

Rejoice the chance of the future,
Redeem the past today,
Dissolve into hoary slumber
With hope of a better day ahead.

Grow upon the thoughts of yore,
Strife shall clout the way;
In calm diversion obtain
Pleasant surprises to call you away.

Serendipity.
An effervescent bliss,
Catch it in the ebbing wind;
Moments of surreptitious joy snatched
And matured
Till the tranquil upon your face
Leave behind an ash, content.

In all this turmoil, the goal is lost
The aim that set you afoot.
Regain your path, don't trundle afar
And set back thine glory to test.

The Hours run indignant,
The world catching up in haste,
But find the time to stop and stand
To watch the joys of fate.