## Lone I Cross the River Wide by R L Karlowsky

Lone, I cross the river wide, with duty, with Courage I must abide.

My spirits soar as my journey awakens, no less difficult then past steps taken.

Shallow pools, a welcome sight, and craggy rocks give a hand hold tight.

Across the way I see journeys end, with many unknowns, I must contend.

How many times will my footfalls fail, I traverse this water with a blinded trail?

I sink ever deeper, yet I must go on, for fear of failure is frowned upon.

I pull in my fear as the waters grow deep, upon my toes I steadily creep.

The water resists every step I take, I can turn about, was this a mistake?

Determined I go, I mustn't turn back, I press ever harder, I shall not slack.

There ahead in the shallows low, the turbulent waters do ease their flow.

I reach the bank, one foot in the sand, I look back on my journey, I now understand.

Lone, I crossed the river wide, with duty, with courage I did abide.

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