Most Precious By R L Karlowsky

I sought through the world those things most precious, of praise of possessions and things prestigious. I would look in the earth and curse the sky when plans I made would not comply.

When I was young my dreams so grand, life would teach, it was not what I planned. I was strong, I was bold, a leader sanguine, no one should cross me, just toe the line.

I would wax mellow to my midlife chagrin, my life would change, a new life begins.
While others grew stronger as I was once bolder, my friends and my colleagues who leaned on my shoulder.

We look behind us at all life's regrets, the mirror lies not, it only reflects. The journey of life has not really ended the hopes, the dreams, just need to be appended

It took all of my life and I found the most precious, Not diamonds, not gold, not silver so senseless. I wish to write more, but it's time for our nap, my grandchildren say good night, we love you Pap-pap.