

The path not taken: John Harrison

The track through the green wood split into two;
which one to take, should the heart speak true?

One was crooked, the other one straight
but which one to chose, when guided by fate?

The crooked path meandered past oak and ash,
spoke to the heart of a decision so rash.

Dashing through branches on down to a river,
splashing through water that frowned as I shivered .

The straight path was shorter. Here I could run
to a sparkling meadow that swallowed the sun.

Then sleep in a hollow velvet sky full of stars,
blessed by the planets of Venus and Mars.

That destiny crooked brought fortune and fame,
tempted through greed and public acclaim.

In the forest it sought me to shame and control
the truth of love's beauty to enchain my soul.

The straight path serene was not full of pleasure,
but spoke of the green wood, nature's wholesome treasure.

No lies or delusions of grandeur were offered
but reaping a harvest in God's golden coffer.

The crooked road led to the city of shame
enslaved by a company focused on blame.

No shelter from trees or a heaven sky blue
but traffic pollution poisoning me and you too.

The straight road with ease led to a temple,
to meditate on peace and love so gentle.
A radiant heart, no conflict or stress,
a serene abode, with much happiness.

That path not taken, I took in my youth,
unwise and foolish far from the truth.
Drugs for oblivion; booze for regret,
a crooked road where I tried to forget.

Awakening my heart, I found a religion;
my eyes were opened, by nature's true vision
Of mountains to climb and oceans to sail,
Far from the city, that made my soul quail.

The straight road led to a rapture divine -
a path to freedom that felt so sublime.
To contemplate nature and ascend to God's glory;
What more could I need to enlighten life's story.