

47 WORDS

A miserable life
Yes, that's been me
Terrible choices and goals
I openly decree

Terrible choices
I've made so many
Attention whore
Specialized in vanity

Let vanity rule
All my decisions
Decisions that led
Horrible repercussions

No thought of my life
Put it in danger
All of those choices
Led to anger

No thought no matter
What I did
Lacking care
If I sinned

Victim of circumstance
That was me
How I thought
I wanted to be

In this state
Introduced to Tao
What a game changer
I'd find out

Now I walk
Much a different path
Eschew the norm
Stopped the wrath

No longer I live
In a death trap
Not the hurdle girl
No more laps

Don't let my encumbrances
Make my decisions
Let Lessons learned
Change my reasons

Reasons to study Tao
And all it offers
But please understand
There are no miracles

So here is what
I live by
47 words
And I don't cry:

"Tao is tough
Tough to follow
No absolution
Just what I allow

Only I
Only actions
Just a compact
To make confessions

Just compare my situation
To my actions
Am I at fault
For what has happened?

Right my ship
Every day
Review those actions
Every way"

POEM: 47 WORDS
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