

Choice Eternal

A woodland trail
Up and o'er the hill
We, with little time,
Few moments to kill.

Still, the path leads on,
Eternally calling.
While the hour glass,
It's tiny grains falling.

Yes, we dallied,
Our pleasure to please.
To savor our love,
Our passion appease.

Now late, alas,
We must choose
To the village, its hearth, return
Or the path peruse.

What price, this,
We humans pay.
To risk the summit,
Or in the village stay.

'Ere the beginning,
This choice we face.
The trail or the hearth,
A question of place.

— N. J. PAAP
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