



I Choose Life

A wise man said, "Count your blessings";
He then added an old bromide;
Cliched that it was, I'd daresay,
He said, "Cast your troubles aside".

To awaken the morning
When sparkling dew is on the ground,
I have options there before me . . .
Joy and happiness abound.

Then pain or negativity
May easily show ugly face;
Yet stubborn to the core I am,
I choose life and God's Sweetest Grace.

Sometimes I merely look skyward . . .
Sometimes I want to sing and dance . . .
Sometimes I may hurt all over . . .
But I choose life, my only chance.

Henry W. Gurley