

Perfect Time

In my life , I have a part.
I have to start.

Laurels can be cushy,
But really they are pushy.
I think they guide me,
But, in truth, they chide me.

Are laurels of false making?
I think they are not for my taking.
Façade says I made them, though!
I want credit for the whole tow!

Who am I to make such demands,
When really they are of God's hands?

My laurels are not mine.
They belong to God
Who gave me life
In His perfect time!

*Written by Lisa
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