

My heart beats on, through night and day
A little slower when rest and sleep I find,
A bit faster with intense emotional gestures.

Within this strange form beats a heart,
A mind to reason, a soul to grieve.

The daily decisions one must make
can be filled with person desires ~~of~~ striving
for some faraway goal; or decision made
~~at~~ sometimes impetuous haste, fear of reality
escape. ~~or even simply~~

At the age of 6 I was filled with
a desire to enter the convent. I am now 19,
the nearest life on earth as lived by the
Pious and pure.

I have ~~traced~~ traced the sound of
melody, through my life. At 14 I sang my
first solo. As each year passed God became
my constant companion. He gave me the
art I breathed, the bird I followed, the rose I
loved. As each year passed music was my
little doll, the grief of friends the food
I ate, the very thing that satisfied thirst,
and now I life has given a dose of
reality, ~~off~~ off that this care, I feel the

think on this, I said a door of life -
for there life has many paths, each
path a different door, ~~there~~^{or} reality ^{is} being
one dream another life ^{is} another
Maturity sets in, and all at once life
gave me earthly love, a love different
from love of God, of melody, of youth
life gave love you. I

I must so very carefully reason this
out, for it is at this very moment
in my life that I must ~~make~~
take a step, a step into a new life.
Which of these 3 paths will I truly ^X
walk and which door will I be willing
to leave.

Almighty God embrace my soul with
grace to firmly take up the life that
is mine to live of those who love.

Beloved music, fill my very mind
in flame my being with constant thought
of study, of ~~the~~ ^{an} eternal melody that
might be mine.

Dear heart, be fair, do not turn
thy back on one who loves you, &
take my hand so gently and guide me that
if it is to be - I may forever behold him
above.