

Oh, how I wish I were a leaf ~~in the~~
when the wind is suppling through the trees
for it would separate me from this branch
of life and send me swirling through
the sky. I could drift along leaving
worrys alone, being my care-free self!

The wind is shifting & now I can see
this ~~life~~ worryless life is not for
me. God ~~has placed in~~ ~~me~~ ~~the~~ ~~power~~ ~~to~~ ~~accept~~ ~~each~~
soul and body together to accept each
misfortune or deed. I can neither
evail it or change it but must tame it
to do the bidding of the Almighty.

For the wind will soon die & the
~~little~~ weary leaf drift down to
earth, treading o'er many a rock
and finally seeking the shelter of death.
In some forbidden place of scorn
this weary life will lay, dying
undisturbed to rest at some other soul's

except to the shadows foreboded

as my heart is aware of
such description if I ~~would follow~~
~~the way of the leaf~~ upon
acting as the wind traveled leaf,
I ~~will~~ fervently desire to live
the life that is ^{mine} ~~my~~ & no one
else.

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