

Leading the way to a future full of possibilities

Sometimes I sit.

I sit and think of things I've never seen,  
Of places that I'll never know, of what I may not be.

Of all the possibilities that seem so far away,  
Of all the lovely winding roads that lead out from my gate.

I dream of possibilities I cannot see awake  
Of walking lovely winding roads that seem so far away.

I know I'll never really know what lies along my way,  
Or what I'll choose to do, or which new paths my feet will take.

I sit sometimes.

I sit and think and wonder as I wait for every turn that'll take me on to  
where I'll be someday.