

Three Roads

Two roads diverged in a wood:
Graduate School
Motherhood.

And sorry I could not travel
both.

I looked down each as far I
could

To where they bent in the
undergrowth.

Pick one, I thought.

Then later, the next.

But do both now?

Impossible.

And if possible, then
irresponsible.

In the growth

Through flitting leaves

I heard Light speak.

Through Me, He said, If you
trust,

Then you will do both.

In the wood,

There I stood

Astounded

as Light parted brambles and
thorns

to reveal a third, grassy way.

Through the undergrowth I
blundered

and Child I met.

Shard of Light manifest.

Hallowed touch, heavenly cry

Sacred light, holy beacon -

His brilliance shines my way.

We navigate the wood together

Which at present,

Light has not shown,

what reward education will
bring,

but I trust it will lead to a grove,

From which Child and I will
journey forward

Two roads diverged in a wood,
and Light -

shows me a third.

And it is making all the
difference.