

## Me

Recorded history of my snail-pace emergence stacks to the moon and back a dozen times.

I am [the man] who came up against [the turning point choice] at [the tree] in the Arboretum Garden, and took the distant road.

It led me to the Dying Sea.

Free to choose, you'd think I would have doubled-back.

But I spared more than the horses.

I have stayed off Heaven's course more than I'll ever have a clue.

Still, You called to me.

Even now You wait to greet me at the demise of this provisional man-life.

You have worked out every detail.

[Yet I sleep away the day.]

We both agree; it's [always] all about me.