

WHAT GODS THERE BE

By Steven Newman

What gods there be
who dare tell me
of what i can
and cannot be?

They breathed me life
(or so they say)
for what?
to hold
my life at bay?

For if i am
of stars aborn
then what
should keep
me as sheep shorn

A path is set
my end is known
the dice
and seeds
already sown

I have free choice
but only some
a tease
to tempt
to overcome

and if I sit
and life pass by
what mounts
what streams
will hear my sigh?

Or if my course
i take in hand
will they
stand fast
and doom command

I make my own
this life of mine
and ask

of none
to throw lifeline

and if they sit
in halls on high
no nods
no please
as I walk by

For when it's o'er
i bend no knee
for he
or she
is part of me