

A Small Flashlight

Carrie Newcomer

The way is dark up ahead of me.
The way is dark and I cannot see.
What I love the most is a flashlight beam,
Lighting up the way when I cannot see.

The way unfolds like an open hand.
The way unfolds like I didn't plan.
And only in looking back do we understand,
That the way was true as an open hand.

Over trials and trouble I've already come.
And the net appeared when I needed one.
Yes the road is dark and the ground is rough,
Most the time a flashlight has to be enough.

We move forward one step at a time,
Wide-eyed and hopeful, lost and half blind,
Mistake by mistake, we all learn to be kind.

There is so much to see and to realize,
If I could close my mouth and open up my eyes
And the world will tell us more than enough lies.
But we'll find our way with a small flashlight.