

## 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.