

The Gift of Life

By Douglas K. Childers

In the early morning sun,
Through the sky traces of night run,
And I wake – strong as one.

Though the heat may burn my back
And my sanity threatens to crack,
Like an axe, I toil with every whack.

For a steady pace will finish the race.
So on I press, sweat down my face.
And the reward of life is sweet to taste.