Meant To Be

Oshea

I tried to control, but I lost hold.
I propose but God disposes I accept or I suffocate.
And every mistake, I must appreciate
Gives me a chance to learn, discern and grow as I accommodate.
Acceptance is the key.
The key that set me free.
Throw my hands up exasperated -what will be will be.
Its an uphill road but we will climb and find it
Turned out just how its meant to be.
Finally letting go. Trusting the flow.
That its all-divine, will work out fine and all of this will blow away.
There is a hand that has command.
My jobs to try to see it purify and see it as what I need today

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