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

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