

MASTERS

We are not checkers in the hand of Fate,
Moved here and there upon a board at will,
Now we are merely ciphers of Life's slate,
For some insipid place to daily fill.

Each individual must have his craft command –
A fearless pilot night and day must be –
We are not checkers in Fate's changing hand,
But masters of each craft we put to sea.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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