

CONFIDENCE

It matters not how far apart
The separate paths may now diverge,
With patience born of pain I wait
The time when they in one shall merge.

I care not if the day be dark,
The sunshine of my hope is here;
Nor wind nor storm can shake my soul;
Though tempest-tossed, I have no fear.

The waves of anguish often roll
And threaten to engulf my barbeque;
But knowing I shall overcome
I keep alive the vital spark.

My faith allows no room for doubt,
Misfortune can but scar its face;
Undaunted, I shall still prevail,
Shall know my own and claim my place.

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 12
Bruce Humphries Publishing – Boston
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