

A WALK THROUGH THE POTS

There once was a man named Bill.
Of winter gray, he'd had his fill.
The span of years had taken its toll.
His legs fell still, but not his soul.

On yet another dreary day,
Bill chose to travel a different way.
When all about were bitter and cold,
Bill lined his path with nature's gold.

His way now filled with lots and lots
Of wondrous, beautiful flower pots.
Though surely a most colorful route,
Yet, pain and strife it's not without.

For now, his chair is on wheels.

Yet, Bill humbly takes what life deals.
Take courage from within your heart,
Of something better, it's just a start.

So, as you walk your path today,
Know that Bill was oft to say,
What time you've left, enjoy the ride
Until you reach the other side.