

“Fork in the Road”

POEM

There's a fork in the road where the shadows divide,
One paved in silence, one shaped by the light.
The past pulls heavy, like chains on your soul,
But the future is waiting, with hands you can hold.

One path is worn from footsteps of fear,
It echoes with ghosts and the lies you still hear.
But the other? It's quiet—uncharted and true,
With room for redemption and a life made new.

It won't be easy. It won't be fast.
But freedom lives in each choice you grasp.
Not in perfection, not in fame—
But in choosing love and shedding shame.

So take that step, no matter how slow,
You're not alone on this winding road.
Grace walks beside you, hope lights the way—
And healing is yours, if you just choose to stay.