Boundaries

My mind can wander to and fro each day.
Without restriction, it is free to fly.
There's nothing that it is afrid to try.
I see it, as a joyful form of play.

If wrong or right, I really can not say,
but it brings happiness, high as the sky.
And does it really matter, how or why,
as long as it can bring true joy my way?

My body has it's limits, that's for sure,
but limitless, are boundaries, of mind.
We have a treasure, in the mind of man,
it lifts us far above whatever ails.

Escape, in mind, could be the perfect cure,
for who can come up with a better plan?

Vivian E. Bogardus

NICKEL'S WORTH Week of March 6, 2009 33

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