

Free Flowing Water

Falling from the eaves of my front porch,
The rain pours down, unobstructed.
It does not stay within a pattern,
But falls the way it wants.

Oh how, I wonder, what life could be;
To travel a path of least resistance.
Why do laws, morals, rules, and life block my way,
With challenges, I do not want?

It's just the way life is, we're told,
The way life is supposed to be.
Why question things we cannot control,
We cannot have everything we see.

God gives us guidelines to live by,
That we're told.
To follow, to obtain, the grand prize of heaven.
For eternal glory, much to behold.

Government gives us laws,
To be followed and obeyed.
For the better good of all mankind,
Foundations that have been laid.

Nature gives us laws,
That do not always follow God or the Country's ways.
But somehow it works out,
Sometimes, as it may.

And yes we have parents who guide us,
Though this mismatched stuff.
Some do, and some don't, that is.
Is that why mankind is so messed up?

Oh what would that stream of water look like?
Falling from the eaves of my front porch.
If it had to contend, with what I must?
Would it then be able to fall, just the way it wants?