



## **PATH OF LIFE**

**By Timothy S. Klugh**

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This path of life can be dim at times, and sometimes it can be just black and full of obstacles. If I try real hard, I can break through the thicket that surrounds the path to the point that I briefly see sunlight, but the thicket covers it up again quickly.

For years, I dragged many treasures with me, but the sludge that I had to fight through made it impossible to hold onto them any further. They lay somewhere behind me and I cannot go back for them, for they sank into the muck. I went through great trials to keep those treasures, and despite the treasures being gone now, the trials are still with me and they are stronger than ever.

I have my hopes and dreams, and I have never gave up on them. Ahead of me, I hear whispers that these hopes and dreams are about to open up this dreadful canopy above me, and I will finally be able to fly away from all this. However, I hear nothing but whispers, as I have always heard nothing but whispers, and the whispers do not bring me as much comfort as they used to.

I'm getting tired. If I stop, some will suffer with me, so I must go on, go on, trudging down this terrible trail. There were many forks in the road when I was younger, and I lacked the courage to choose for myself. Too many others told me they knew better. There are not many forks in the road anymore, but from the looks of things, I definitely am not on the right path.