

# Michael Charles Maibach



## "Our Fate"

They say you don't  
Choose your parents,  
Perhaps they didn't  
Choose you!

Nor do we decide  
On our hometown -  
The place where we  
Learned how to do.

Our sisters were not  
Without challenge,  
But they helped us to  
Fine-tune our ways.

Our brothers were not  
Always gentle,  
What they taught us  
Improved all of our days.

The year we were born  
Is a puzzle,  
Just why did the lord  
Chose this time?

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Our talents seem  
randomly gifted,  
Just why was I meant  
To write rhyme?

Our sex was assigned  
On our birth day,  
It clearly impacts  
All life's things.

Our face was our first  
Sight of wonder,  
For our friends it makes  
Their hearts now ring.

Though the Arc of our fate  
Is a mystery,  
We must grow where we're  
Planted with grace.

Our time on this earth  
Has real limits,  
We must do what  
Leaves positive trace.

The fates of the gods  
Press on all men -  
The hand of the Lord  
Touches me.

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**Their reasons will one day**

**Be made known -**

**Until then live**

**Your destiny.**

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