



WHEELS OF FATE

By Wayne Visser

We set the wheels of fate in motion
But cannot know the way it turns
We make the spark that lights a fire
But cannot know just how it burns

We are not masters of the weather
We are but sailors on the sea
We are not birds upon the feather
We are but hikers 'cross the scree

We cast our gaze to the horizon
But never reach the shiny edge
We place each step upon the mountain
But never reach the rocky ledge

We are not pieces on a chess board
We are the player and the game
We are not someone else's picture
We are the painter – life's our frame

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