

HER CHOICE'S CHANCE

We cannot always choose our happiness:
The “hap” in “happy” stands for happenstance.
What risks may wreck envisioned vow's romance?
We know them not, till longings we express
In idealistic plans have failed to bless
Those dreams and destinies we wished to dance.
Wild, willful whims of hapless circumstance
Can crush our hopes with misery's distress.

She chose to fix her future and dismiss
Life's weighty task of her unwanted child.
The son she bore, from someone else's kiss,
Grew up and—like his dad—left her beguiled.
Horizons of a married mother's bliss?—
Aborted choices by mishap defiled.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/19/2018*