

# MAPS

*Kevin Ian Dutton*

We never create, only discover,  
All just part of some big plan,  
Crushed by pressure to uncover  
Things we don't yet understand,  
Light a candle or blow a kiss,  
Glimmering from me to you,  
There's a chance you might have missed  
A supernova or species new,  
Nothing different you have found,  
And nothing special will you do,  
You haven't broken any ground,  
Simply found its place have you,  
I feel somewhere our fate is mapped,  
A scheme in place for each of us,  
Our every move and vision tapped,  
As into stories we are pushed.

"Maps" © 2007 by Kevin Ian Dutton

*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 4 No. 1 2007