

## NO TIME FOR DESPAIR

Robbie L. Rogers

There are plenty of years set aside in life  
To remember the things one ought;

But few, so few are the times  
That one should think of the dreams that fail.  
Unless with such thoughts,  
One comes to a point,  
That brings them to reality;  
That dreams that work, are working dreams,  
Of one with no time for despair.

Many a young men dream dreams  
Only to become old men of despair,  
Living victims to reality,  
Witnesses to the destruction of the hope  
They thought would be there .

For what good were the dreams they dreamed?  
They were but fool's gold,  
A pointless and empty life's work,  
As baseless as fairy tale lies.

For success is based on the inevitable,  
The fruition of hard work and dreams,  
Hand and hand, as a feather in ones cap,  
Not to rest on, but to build on, for tomorrow.

Likewise, many are those who practice the losing,  
Than those who are willing to try.  
They struggle trying to see an ending,  
Choosing instead, to never begin.

And so a life with no meaning is a sound with no hearing.  
But if you hear, choosing not the truth,  
Then who is deaf?

And if you see, but choose not right,  
Then who is blind?

Or if you find knowledge, but do not speak to wrongs,  
Then who is dumb?

So then do not be so careless as to weaken your link,  
Before you realize the load you need bear.  
For just as the horse bucks to shed the weak rider,  
It gladly follows guidance from the strong!

So too, my friend, does reality and life,  
And being thrown does not create a bronco buster,  
But rather shaking off the setbacks,  
And not accepting them as defeats!

Yes remember this well,  
That a discipline that is the well established,  
Is the first order of achievement;

So why is it usually, my friend,  
The last to be evident in our lives?

For we can claim no rights to winning,  
If we can't first discipline ourselves  
To the pace of practice.

And so it goes...  
Today life sucks!  
Tomorrow it'll be a better day....