



CHOICES

This poetry is not about me,
Woman it is I am honoring,
To put it into prose,
It's the wisdom she possesses I'm after,
Man and Woman were created incomplete,
That's the only reason we meet,
Coming together at just the right time,
Perhaps over coffee or wine,
Something sacred about such moments,
In our hearts' desire to know the one chosen,
To make merry and laughter to listen to,
As we decipher where it comes from and with whom,
The mysteries of the Earth and government,
Becoming trivial in the truth and love of it,
What continues only a path to be taken,
Or if it's wrong then to be quickly forsaken.

—Ketema Ross

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ketema Ross is a poet who lives in Spokane, Washington, and writes poems oriented toward healing humanity and giving life to those who suffer from mental illness.