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Yesterday is a Bolt of Cloth

Marie Barber

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MARIE BARBER

Yesterday is a Bolt of Cloth

Yesterday is a bolt of cloth found in patterned reams.

Today is a menagerie of unrelinquished dreams.

Tomorrow is my hopes for life which brings me only sorrow

And I ask myself, what has life to offer me tomorrow?

Schools and books and rules have made my life thus far.

I struggle to be free but immaturity keeps my bar.

I search for true answers but emotions block my way.

Love is a bleak uncertainty which carries my senses
away.

Someone stands beside me and says, "I will walk with you!"

And although I'm now a woman, I've dreams yet to come
true.

I have to find an answer: "What is held by Master Life?"

And although now of age, I'm too young to be a wife.

I have to find my place in life; teacher, mother or scholar

Will I find my destiny, or continue to be so hollow?

Love's emotion comes my way but I'll walk the road
alone.

I only hope when the future's mine, love will not be
gone.