
DEVIATION



*A bias on the lines of life
 Seems always to be there,
 Slightly warping everything
 The thickness of a hair.
 It even turns the ship of state
 By just a few degrees.
 Anon the vessel founders low
 In poorly charted seas.*

*Just so, in every deviant thought
 The warp of truth is found.
 To subtly ease the well-steered helm
 To finally run aground
 The open seas must be achieved
 Ere sails can be unfurled.
 Then charted, tested truth will give
 The vessel to the world.*

*Full many a man and many a cause
 Embarked with noble goals.
 But inattention to the helm
 Wrought wreckage on the shoals.
 Beware therefore the warp of life
 That bends us from the plan.
 With chart and compass stay the course.
 At stake? The soul of man.*

Dave Breese