

Amanda is a seasoned tutor, and it has been fun to work with her this semester. Her poetry isn't forced, it comes from inspiration, and I've had a good time hearing the stories of her poetry.

~Amy Cooper, Tutor

The Choice

By Amanda Peterson

There comes a time in your life
When you must choose
Between the storm and strife of forging your
own path
Or the unknown wonders of releasing yourself
into destiny's hands.

The dangers of destiny lie in what you must
leave behind.
You must releasing your soul into the hands of
the unknown.
No strings, no ties, no pre-planned designs.
It requires the willingness to let life lead you
where it wants you to go.

The dangers of designing your own path are
many as well.
You may cling to your desires and all your
ideals.
Your family, your friends, your religion, your
dreams.
But how far can you reach for the future when
your hands are full of your past?

Your life becomes a crucial game of chess.
Do you risk your pawns in order to capture the
Queen and King?
Do you guard all your pieces against the future,
still unseen?
Do you risk yourself to find out what you
might be?

The choice is never easy, and each option
involves sacrifice.
It is a choice you must make.
And you must make it for yourself.
You will know the time when you must choose.
And choose you must, or the time will pass.

Then, your choice will be taken away from
you.

Those who love you,
Who have the best intentions...
They may snatch the choice away from you,
Choosing what your life will be.

Those who fear you,
Who long for your downfall...
They may also steal away this crucial
choice,
Designing your life to their will.

If this occurs, the struggle to regain control
is great.
Second chances are never given freely.
And if they are given, they must be
respected.

In this choice,
Whether it is your first chance or your last,
You must decide...
Can you become your future without your
past?
Can you grow into who you will be without
who you were?
Can you leave behind your family, your
friends, your childhood hopes?
Can you discard the drawers full of
memories and dreams?

I choose to accept my past and permit its
influence on my life.
I choose to grasp my future and allow it to
form who I will become.
I choose to embrace my loved ones and
make them part of my future.
I choose to renew my heart and rebuild it
once more to accept new loves.

The choice is yours.