

5-1-2006

Fate

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Recommended Citation

Chitwood, Chazz (2006) "Fate," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 13 , Article 79.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol13/iss1/79

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Fate

Chazz Chitwood

What is this force that controls our lives?
Emotionless
Tireless
Ever working and scheming.
It waits with its own will and desire,
Which none know.
None know, except one.
This one, motivated by its power,
Set off to fulfill his duty.
It, being unjust and unfair,
Made his only reward reaching for his goal
The goal itself,
To please it.
To nurture its child,
Protect its kin,
Hide them from the world.
That was his duty.
He was its puppet,
He was its tool,
He was its device.
Oddly enough he was at peace.
He accepted his place.
He had accepted its power long before.
It gave him strength,
Purpose
Meaning.
It made him,
What he is,
What he was,
And what he would be.