Mine, or God's? by Peter Bankson

I grew up thinking this world was **mine**.
I thought my intellect was **mile** high.
Little things began to **rile** me up.
The self gave way to **rule** by others.
My life was a **rude** teacher indeed.
My spirit **rode** home on a dark horse.
A small **node** in her response glowed brightly.
She **nods** and a light goes on within:
God's grace is enough for every need.

(A spiritual journey: One change at a time, nine steps, nine syllables, nine lines)