

## **Poi Dog Pondering "Thanksgiving"**

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Somehow I find myself far out of line  
From the ones I had drawn  
Wasn't the best of paths, you could attest to that,  
But I'm keeping on.  
Would our paths cross if every great loss  
Had turned out our gain?  
Would our paths cross if the pain it had cost us  
Was paid in vain?  
There was no pot of gold, hardly a rainbow  
Lighting my way  
But I will be true to the red, black and blues  
That colored those days.  
I owe my soul to each fork in the road,  
Each misleading sign.  
'Cause even in solitude, no bitter attitude  
Can dissolve my sweetest find  
Thanksgiving for every wrong move that made it right

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