she will ponder – the purpose of life,
what means to be alive
they will say "But it is for Joy!
others laugh to avoid
maybe she will go adventure
into an indenture:
"sign your soul into the pursuit
and you'll see all in view"
and she may – in wondrous travel
rediscover peril
opening the light through her eyes
to see all behind—lies
the steep cliffs in Argentina
the arctic in Russia
countryside of old world Taiwan
hot deserts of Iran
escapade into USA
architecture Bombay
Sagrada Familia Spain
ancient Kyiv Ukraine
pink–brown–cherry blossoms in Japan
acacia thirsts Sudan
baobab of Tanzania
shrine snow in Korea
travel to learn—she'll discover
the many of lovers
singing worldly—different rhymes
may they be—all but times
but alas her search is futile
purpose that is brutal
her soul quintessence is revived
when we unite in hope—