

Plans
by Anne Sloan

Robbie Burns once warned us
About plans that go oft awry.
'Tis true, 'tis true what the poet said.
It's enough to make one cry.

It doesn't seem to matter to mice or to men
If you're plotting a trip or a maze
You can set it all up and get ready to go
But those plans go awry many ways.

Sometimes it's the fault of the planner.
Not so when fate intervenes.
Fickle weather might change,
The reservations aren't there.
It's too late to rearrange.

Go home and make some new plans.
Hope all will go better somehow.
Start over and check every detail.
Things can't go wrong now.

But the poet's words ring true,
Some choices are not man's.
If you want to hear God laugh,
Tell Him your plans.