

## The Second Time Around

*By Marilyn Reeves*

If I had a second chance  
to do it all again  
could I get it right this time  
or would it all turn out the same?  
Would I be a better person  
if I learned to play the game?

Would I set out at the beginning  
with a better plan,  
without searching blindly  
to try to understand  
where it is that I belong,  
not knowing who I am?

Could I hold off getting married  
until I was certain sure  
that we were truly right together  
in all the ways that matter,  
with a bond that would ensure  
a happier ever after?

Could I learn to accept  
my plain, ungainly features  
and trust others  
to love me just the same?  
Without trying to change them,  
always striving to rearrange them  
because I don't appreciate  
the features I must claim?

Could I set aside my crippling fears,  
go out into the world and trust  
that I have been granted  
the wherewithal  
to face the things I must?

Could I become more like others,  
learn to play the games they play,  
rather than cloistering myself  
inside myself

with my habits and my hobbies,  
just letting the world go by?

Could I learn to be more giving,  
more loving, self-forgiving  
and not hold myself at bay?

Could I cease from second-guessing  
all the things I do and say,  
accept that I am flawed,  
and simply let it be?

Could I stop being so out-spoken,  
always needing to have my way,  
but help promote the plans of others  
to see the light of day?

Could I apply more self-discipline  
and not indulge in whimsy?  
Avoid the things  
that do not serve me well  
and focus on things healthy?

When the second time around  
has neared the final end  
would this kaleidoscope  
of bits and pieces  
that make up who I am  
have changed,  
or would it all have been in vain  
and I'd just turn out the same?