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In the tapestry of time, both bright and stark, Guided by a mind that weaves through the dark. Paths of thorns entwine with roses fair, Moments of flight and times of despair.

Ascending heights and descending lows, The mind intervenes, perhaps a wise wind that blows. Bending our course, turning us around, In its whispers, hidden truths are <u>found.</u>

Faces fleeting, some with worth, While others leave a lingering dearth. Our path, our story, we choose to write, As the day fades, we ponder the mind's insight.

> In the mosaic of life, choices made, A narrative crafted, in hues displayed. At the end, we pause, questions arise, Does the mind add, or simply divide?

So powerful, like a storm that hits, It's unpredictable and sometimes fierce, While it's here, we shall cherish, And when it hurts, we let it heal, But not to forget because it never sleeps.

Let's take our time to remember, From our crown, it emanates a radiant glow, Down through the system, where life's currents flow.

M.I.N.D.

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