

Chance and Not Reason

by R J Tomlin

It is of Chance and not Reason that I am who I am,
That I am of this nation, this colour, this race,
It was Chance who chose my possessions and parents,
Why I was given this life, why I was given this face.

It is of Chance and not Reason the street that I live at,
The car in my driveway, the neighbours next door,
It is of Chance and not Reason you are reading this poem,
Not anything less, not anything more.

It is of Chance and not Reason the clothes in your wardrobe,
It is of Chance and not Reason the shape of our stars,
It is of Chance and not Reason your dreams and ambitions,
It is of Chance and not Reason that we are who we are.

It is of Chance and not Reason that the moon is upon us,
It is of Chance and not Reason that the sky is blue,
Why your heart churns in the arms of your lover,
It is of Chance and not Reason if I may ever meet you.

It is of Chance and not Reason the day that I die,
Not logic, not science, not a force from above,
Though it is left up to Reason our envy and hatred,
It is left up to Chance if me and you fall in love.

Because although I so constantly hope that it isn't,
And think to myself; 'there must be something else there',
I know deep down that whatever will happen,
Though Reason may not, Chance will always be there.