Title: Destinations

Subtitle: Poetry

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People get confused with who is God;
Some think him a sod who trips us up,
Chucks us away like the chaff,
Don't make us laugh.
God is the father of us all,
Really helps us through;
Yes, even you.
Why must we chastise,
And blaspheme;
Don't we see God is true?
Whom do we blame when it is bad?
But our Dad;
Who planted the seed,
Made our creed.
Do we think it is all by chance;
That is only first glance,
Look at it all to yet enhance.