The Struggles

The struggles of a virtuous bachelor

Is the tale of my pen this day

An apt and true storyteller

I've become before you today

In the end to paint a picture

Of his hidden reality

With the hope that I may capture

His sincere and honest fidelity

He looks and looks and looks again

But waits for The Spirit to lead

And nears and nears and nears the gain

A praying mantis in deed

Then comes the advice from the pulpit

Flashing through the back of his mind

Then he slowly takes a retreat

If only from his adventure to unwind

Thereafter comes the time question

Is it too early? Is it too late?

I should just show the intention

Or is it worth the wait?

But I don't want to delay

My youthful ambitions

Or else I'll have to pay

For my delayed decisions

Shortly creeps in every doubt

Is she really the right one?

What does mother say about

Girls like this one?

Is she truly lovable?

Or there's something I must watch

Or is it unbelievable

To present her before church?

Finally he remains clueless

Whether left or right is the way

Only left under duress

To move and not go astray

Meanwhile the clock keeps ticking

Adding another one of the juggles

All the while these keep leaving

The virtuous bachelor with his struggles...