

James Jared Ford

Providence

If Luck, the wanton fiend, sows salt and seed alike,  
what else should grow in smothered fields but Spite?

Fortune spins sure as gears, turned  
by none but time, Time may be spurned.

Each squirming cell of Life, a gambler,  
bets against the whims and woes of Nature.

Monster Earth casts the die, gone all-in  
with frightful odds, shakes the bones of Men.