



Instead by Brian Moses

Instead of an X-box please show me a pathway that stretches to the stars.

Instead of a mobile phone please teach me the language I need to help me speak with angels.

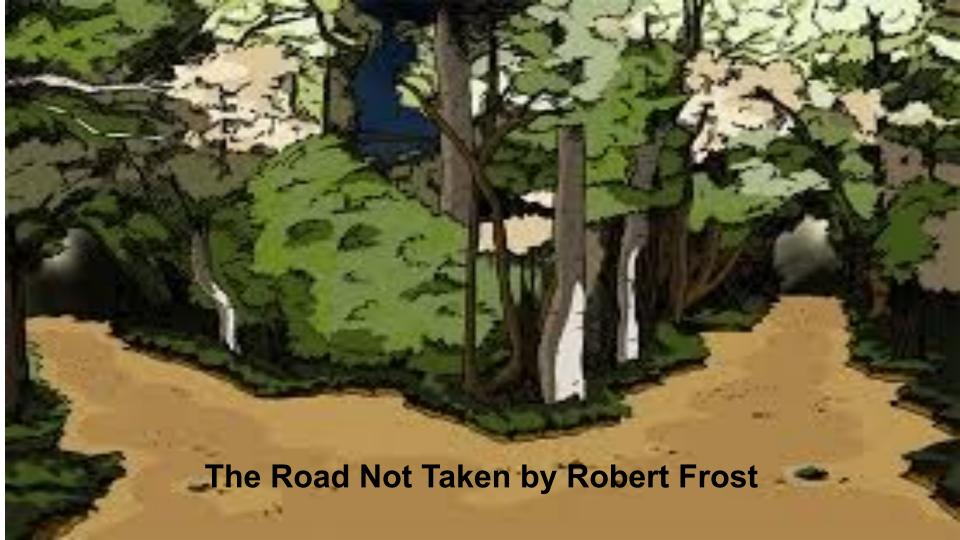
Instead of a computer please reveal to me the mathematics Of meteors and motion.

Instead of the latest computer game please come with me on a search for dragons in the wood behind our house.

Instead of an e-reader please read to me from a book
Of ancient knowledge.

Instead of a digital camera please help me remember faces and places, mystery and moonbeams. Instead of a 3D TV please take me to an empty world that I can people With my imagination.

Instead of electronic wizardry please show me how to navigate the wisdom inside of me.



Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

And sorry I could not travel both

And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,

Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

Though as for that the passing there

Had worn them really about the same,

I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less travelled by,

And that has made all the difference.

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