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Jagged edges, murky waters

This then is life  
Full of jagged edges and murky waters  
Replete with strife  
For we and our sons and our daughters

These are our days  
Often lived under a seemingly oppressive haze  
It's so hard to breath  
So who can believe that

This is ok  
These jagged edges  
These murky waters  
The define us  
We refine thus  
Not by intention  
Nor social convention

But in being  
In moving  
In walking

Each jagged edge smooths  
All murky waters clear

So no complaints  
No fear  
Just life  
Just life