

Walking the Path of the Light

So many times, the path seems so long,
And signposts are really just wishes.
When problems appear that turn me around,
The road through the woods is a prison.
Pride like a cloud blocks out the Light
So Truth is a place in the distance.
Patience collapses as fear overwhelms
And life is a cheerless existence.

The moments of happiness fail to return
Like all of my dreams of promotion.
The darkness takes hold as time becomes stale
And thoughts yield to wayward emotions.
With no hope within, I search for some peace
But life in the world is deceiving.
Stuck in the realm of flowers and weeds,
I cannot find love or its meaning.

But now I wait only for God and His love,
So Faith in His word must sustain me.
Sometimes a sign may find me at home,
And God will encourage and bless me.
Perhaps I am walking the path of the Light,
But I can't perceive the direction.
Feelings and thought are changeable guides,
But God is the road to perfection.

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