

O eyes whose gates now fling open
in tears trickling down
to wash away all useless words
that I may wallow in their gentle flood
which in a fierce and tender embrace
encircles me round
as I stand ready to walk again
this path of praise
unfolding before me.



Through these tears like glasses focusing my gaze
I see again hands of many
reaching out and down
in their invisible grasp calling me
to avoid detours and dead ends
from lesson lived from stories past.

Flowing oil anoints my naked feet
in its balm of welcome
sending me out to walk into its blessing
an ancient tune resounding a cadence
marked out in a rhythm
guiding, pulling my steps
through the twists and turns
with new verses on my lips:
This is the way home”
Come walk with us

In each first and repeated step
I drop suspended, surrounded , submerged
lost again by the echoing refrain:
Follow beside us now
Reach beyond your fingers grasp
While in awe and marvel
this music swells its silence so telling
my heart so hearing it welling
Be still, your striving cease