



## The Desert

by Mark Wellings

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The desert is a lonely place  
Mile after mile my footsteps tread the same ground  
It is immense and yet I am trapped  
Trapped because there is no place to rest.  
Trapped because there is no home.  
Trapped because no matter how far I travel,  
... nothing changes.

The desert is alive but lost.  
It's life is hidden. Hidden for fear of being hurt.  
So many struggles. So many beauties.  
Yet, it's in the brutalities of life that beauty's lost.  
Lost because the struggle for life is constant  
Lost because this is the essence of life itself.  
Lost because I forget to take time to see the whole picture;  
... especially the beauty.

The desert is old and wearied.  
How many times has the sun crossed its sands?  
With each new day there is a growing sameness; a weariness.  
"New!" What is new on this endless path? No, only old.  
Old because the youthful discovery of life is gone.  
Old because I am "lost" and "trapped"  
Old because my future is seen through eyes that look back,  
... and mourn the loss.

Do I rush on? desperate to find the rim  
And journey on; again assured that deserts come and go?  
Or do I rest? taking time to heal; making sure  
That any journey begun is completed! No, conquered!!  
Assured of body, soul and mind?