

Restless Heart

O restless heart! I spend these days
 Adrift, yet tightly bound
To hectic pace and modern ways
 False hope, real peace unfound
Can one embrace this life for long
When the heart calls out for more
In response perhaps to some ancient song
 Or far off open door.

There burns this longing deep within
 For a place I do not know
A hunger so great, though object dim
 That would satisfy my soul
Its timeless beauty, pure and white
 For this my sore heart yearns
Eternal treasure, clothed in light
 It beckons at every turn
Some fleeting moments I almost feel
 The prize within my grasp
But in an instant, should it seem quite real
 Its shadow moves quickly past.

The world would tell me otherwise
 Such dreams cannot be so
My goal is foolish in their eyes
 Forsaking all they know
Despite these claims I hold my place
 Steadfast my hope and heart
To stand one day then face to face
 Bright presence replacing dark.

April, 2000