

Seeking until Found

There is a footless path,
a carless road,
a planeless flight
to a placeless mountain
within.

When focused on our outer joys
we seek after things that weigh or thrill,
we dignify the use of force,
we laud coarse lucre with our hopes.
Seeking without, we remain without.

If we but listen quietly
for the call to an inner mountain state,
we find that our souls are known and loved
by a subtle shepherd grooming us
to serve and build, to sow and reap.

Knowing our knownness,
we may find our foundness.