

At your feet

Where are you? For I do not see you.
I cannot continue scouting for you in this way;
Hunting, seeking, so I turn my scouting aside
No longer can I continue searching for you,
Wondering where you might hide
I can form no more ideas about you,
Pondering how we might meet...
So I lay all this effort down at your feet

I don't know who you are or where you might be.
I cannot walk through these days,
Expecting to meet you, and then not
I cannot survive the yearning I have to greet you, and then
not
I cannot wait alone at night trying to understand you
And then wake up once more in the early dawn, without you
and lonely.
I cannot continue any of these aching to be complete...
So I lay all this searching down at your feet

I can no longer hope for some future time,
When our hearts together will somehow align
I cannot continue diving, delving, pulling, pushing things
about
Driven by the attraction of hope:
Hope for your face, hope for your grace,
Hope for enveloping arms,
Hope for your touch, the brush of your cheek,
The freedom you breathe, the love that you weep;

Hope for the strength that I can employ
The measures I need to access your joy,
Hope for the depth and refreshment of you,
The completeness of you, the refinement of you,
Hope for the end of the fear... that you will remain over there
Without me, separate from me, hidden from me
I cannot continue any more of this tasteless, bitter sweet...
So I lay all this longing down at your feet

It is all too much trouble
So I give up this barren struggle
Standing in endless sadness and pain
Is this how you leave me?

But wait, what is this I find in my mind?

In giving up the struggle am I no longer blind?
Oh my Lord do I see true;
Do I realise the trouble in looking for you?

I think I know who the struggler is
What a funny thing that I missed it
I know who it is that struggles and grasps
The seeker, the driver, that planner of tasks;
The looker, the shaper, the gazer ahead;
That which expects and forms concepts

It is that which asserts; I am in charge
I must create the nature around me.
I must search, I must change, I must push life about,
I must find with my mind the end of this doubt,
And then I must shout,
Lord, here I am, give me something!

Oh struggler, what a curiosity you are
To inhabit this mind so intimately
That I had thought that you were me
But now through grace's sensitivity
I see through you and leave you to wither

In your sweet absence, is the presence of this;
This moment, this now, this wholeness of here,
This fullness, this is-ness, this being-ness, my dear.
And there, within the smile of this,
The stillness of this, the nature of this;
Is the flow, the glow, the liquidity, the radiance,
The sweet kiss of the fullness of Love...

So this is where you reside, my Lord!
You are not separate from this
You are here, not there
To be struggled for and sought,
But here,
In the intimate now,
In this constancy of now;
How beautiful that is...

So this is where I will stay then
Seeking nothing
Bathing within your sweet grace
My Lord of love and endless space,
I struggle no more to find you,
For there is nowhere to search