

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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LOOKING FOR

Somewhere along this upper road,
Dear Lord, I lost my way.
My hand slipped out of yours
Without premeditated plan
Or any secret wish to disobey.
Preoccupation took my mind,
I take each step by rote, propelled
By obligated night and thingful day.

This is a time of less and much.
Confusion and illusion sway
Me in their vagrancy like winds
Of March. I wander on, distraight
Till what seems sure and solid fails and falls.

Direction sense in disarray,
I ask again your guidance, God,
Your map is true, my reading flawed.
I'm like a stumbling emigré
From land to land, seeking my own.
Shine bright your homing beacon, Lord, I pray.