

Such a Strange Religion

Tell me!
Where are you going
Just now...
In the heat
Of such a hurry?

Always in a rush
Somewhere,
To do something
And still...
Nothing *real* changes.

And so one must ask:
Why do you believe
...In distance?

Such a strange religion
...Especially when
Everything
You strive for...
Is to draw nearer
To what you love.

Not to mention...
There's no separation
In the Here and Now!

Desire, conflict, and fear
Are dark bridges
Sleepwalkers build...
To span the gap 'tween
Now and then!

Still...I Am with you
Even when
You forget I Am.

So, gird yourself;
Wait for me
Where you are
...As you are.

I Am *not* near
But...I Am always here.

— *Guy Finley*