

## The Way

The Way we are called to follow  
Was created in the first darkness  
Before the coming of light.

Its path is marked by hidden footprints,  
Guided to by silent words,  
Signaled with unseen hands.

In contrast the worldly signs and symbols,  
Noises of the world are  
Prideful shows leading to the eye of the needle.

Too puffed up to pass through  
They clog even the wide roadway  
Circling in chaos and confusion.

Inward sources are  
Neither easy nor impossible,  
They cannot be understood without a struggle.

The Way we need to find is a poignant paradox,  
It is visible to some, hidden to others  
Encountered when least expected.

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