



Do you still speak?  
Where now that voice  
That once did speak in tone  
So quiet, yet  
Consoling me  
When I felt cold, alone?  
When I had doubts,  
I'd turn my gaze  
To you, and you would fill  
My soul with peace  
To know you here,  
To warm this soul from chill.  
Now have you ceased  
To speak to me?  
Or have my ears been closed?  
For I hear not  
Those guiding words,

Which way of Truth exposed.

Too much? Too fast?

Too little? Slow?

Where? How can I now know,

If muted voice

Of guide unheard,

If you the way don't show?

If I can't see

The road ahead,

My Guide, then lead me blind!

That I still walk

My homeward trek,

At last my goal to find.