

## **The Longing Heart Of A Desperate Man** by Mike Snider

Through the travail of countless ages, I have fought and loved and died,  
Seeking solace from this sadness that burns from me inside.

I can't remember all the names I responded to as mine,  
There's one thing though I know for sure, It's been me every time.

I've been all up and down the ladder, from low to highest rung,  
Been hailed a king in glory, been beaten, shamed, and hung.

No matter my position, high, low, or in between,  
Restlessness has torn at my entrails for something still unseen.

From gorging all the senses, to starving in the field,  
Can't eat, kill or die enough to reveal the unconcealed.

Grown weary of the constant gnaw to quench this desperate thirst,  
No one or thing can save me now, it's Truth I must seek first.

I can taste it for it is so close, no more to look outside,  
What cools the raging flames of sorrow also lives inside.

But how to go about breaking through to this I sense so near?  
I don't even know what I'm looking for, the way is so unclear.

I hit my knees in prayer Oh Lord, Please help me find the way!  
Just show me how to get at you or turn me back to clay.

My burdensome heart is heavy Lord, I've wasted all I've owned  
Redeem my ignorant prideful ways and let me come back home.

It's clear that you've been with me always guiding every step.  
No beating heart nor breathing lungs operate without your help.

There can be no gulf between us, there's no room for such a line.  
No pathway can unite us, no separation of any kind.

I've thought it out and I am sure that victory can be won.  
I've scratched and clawed and run the course, and all I know is done.

My search affords no progress, my efforts all in vain  
I have no way to turn now, no way to ease the pain.

Is this the way it ends again, must I keep searching on?  
Makes no difference what the price, It's to this that I am drawn.

My focus can't be thwarted, nothing else can catch my eye,  
If it takes a million lifetimes more, each time for this I'll try.

I sit here in this barren waste, can find no way to turn,  
Always in this helpless place, for You I only yearn.

If it is fit we are to join, It's You that makes it so,  
I'm powerless in my efforts, Oh Lord I am so low.

Through the travail of countless ages, I have fought and loved and died,  
Seeking solace from this sadness that burns from me inside.

As I look up at the pine trees with no particular thing in mind,  
A flash of Light engulfs the needles then "SNAP" I'm no more blind!

Oh! I don't know what just happened! A gift no doubt indeed!  
I see myself in those pine trees, I'm looking back at me!

From deep inside a voice rang out as the veil was rendered split,  
The joyful words of confirmation sounded "This Is It!"

I looked around off to my left a hawk perched on an old dead snag.  
Made no difference alive or dead, both mirrored me as their tag.

A million thoughts a million lives flashed as just one find,  
I've never not known or seen this fact in experience of any kind.

The Lord that I had been seeking in the panoplies of time,  
Is what has been looking out of my eyes in every incarnation of mine.

I've never been without him, for without him I could not be.  
He's never been without me, for without me he could not be!

Through the travail of countless ages, I have fought and loved and died,  
Seeking solace from this sadness that burns from me inside.

I've found the solace in the sadness and the sadness still remains,  
It's the longing of the divine for itself, the breaking of the chains.

There's no final resolution of "joyful sorrow" from within,  
For when I reach final resolution, I will reach within again.