

Seekers' Union

Streets dusty with feet
 carrying lives full of dryness
 so full, and yet so empty
 so alone though in the crowd
 all walking somewhere
 mostly walking nowhere
 many in drought
 more than the desert
 in which they walk
Such a one am I except for You, Lord
 and in my utmost longings
 my cries were heard
 and if to some I seem complete
 it is that I was found of God
What mystery, dear living God
 that completion of the divine
 is the possession of a man
Can mystery be more intimate
 more precious
 more compelling
Than I seeking the very One
 who is seeking me?
Worship consumes me
 praise compels me
Seekers we, my Lord and I
 at peace, in union one.