

Loneliness

Sing as the birds in May,
Hear the sparkling bluejay.

Dance as the leaves in the wind,
Sprinkle rain on the thirsty ground.

Run, run toward the sun,
Let it guide toward the One.

The Heavens declare a Soul,
And the bursting heart stops,
As if it never were.

Ay, the leaves rustle and sound,
But, ... it is so lonely.