



*Dark the clouds that span the sky
And dark the heart that lingers by the open window
And what beyond that veil of gloom
Ahh could it be a God to whom a heart can cry
And gain response
And not be mocked by ceaseless taunts
Flung back at him on every hand
By that cold gray mass
Whose bland and mocking surface
Hears no cry nor feels the pain
Nor wonders why
A mortal soul should ever care whether God might be up there
Oh God of all if thou be real
Cans't thou not pierce that veil
And feel the agony of mortal soul
Desperately pursuing the whole of truth
Nor yet content with light by greatest sages lent
But still upon his bended knee must search and search
Till he to his own soul can hear God's voice
Or cries unheeded make his choice to walk the earth alone
Clouds overhead a wall of stone and God, yes, perhaps he's there
But one soul evermore cries where*

David Morsey