

Unshackled

Why do you hate yourself for doubting him?

He is not a straining rope that tightly binds

Nor a jailor who would never set you free

But one who longs to care for those he finds

Neglected, cast aside, fellow creatures of all kinds,

Drifting, rootless on a rocky unforgiving shore

Unseeing and unseen behind neglectful blinds

Denied all access to life's boundless treasure store

Possessing nothing and never wanting more.

In the search for the map that offers meaning,

For a truth that all but few regard as lore,

There are some who see the search as worthless and demeaning.

Instead, I implore you, shake off this imagined tether,

In trust, join him and may you journey forth together.

Ken Franklin - 21st March 2020