



Twenty years ago, I awoke with this poem in my mind and a sense that I had been working on it with someone in my dream. There was also some kind of perceived “Light” involved.

As poems go this poem is not a masterpiece. It is simple and full of hope and love. But, such as it is, I take no credit for having written it. I am the furthest thing from a poet. I’ve never known where it came from, or why it was given to me.

Over the years it has encouraged me and made me feel cared for. I offer it to others for their struggles as they travel The Path.

Rescued

Shipwrecked in a desert.
On the shores of desperation.

Eyes washed, tears that scald,
Strips away the veils that blind.

Heart seared, full of longing,
Can I cross the ground that's burning?

Love soothes, pain is easing,
Light is calling all that's mine.

Sweet voices, hands that lift me,
Light Eternal round my brow.

Safe haven washes round me,
Sailing, Sailing, Sailing Now!