

Thoughts of you run rampant thru my head
like wild horses that refuse to be corralled
I grasp at the reins, but the Madness continues
Is it Insanity?

Dust clouds mushroom in the mind's sky
blocking out the sun for an anxious moment
... till I see your face
Is it Heaven?

The stampede settles, noble creatures rest
Sliding off the bare-backed Stallion
my left knee falters as my weather-worn boots
take their first step
Is it Fear?

I wipe the sweat from my brow with an old red
bandana and approach this Vision slowly
Many times before has the Oasis been dry
Is it Real?

The Garden opens and I follow its path
leading to the banks of Nourishment
I drop to my knees in search of a single taste
Is this Love?