Show Me Your Ways
(Exodus 33:13)

I did not ask for a map, Lord — though for years I called it that,
tracing my finger over blank pages where I thought a road should be.

I asked the wrong question in the right direction,
and you were patient with my confusion.

Moses did not want tomorrow.
He wanted you — the shape of your patience, the grain of your mercy,
the sound your name makes when it isn't a command.

So teach me your ways, not my next step.
Bind me to you, not to a plan.

Let the knowing be the arriving — let the relationship be the road.

I am not lost. I was only asking
for the wrong kind of found.

R Guy Lindsay