

The Forest Maze

Throughout the great and wooded space
Lie multitudes of roads.
Weaving through in puzzled race
Each to its end they go.
The travelers who find themselves
within the forest's bounds,
must into deeper darkness delve
until a path is found.

Some travelers will choose a trail
that twists and turns about.
Each step will be to no avail-
these paths won't lead him out.
Frantically, he wanders through,
and other paths, he tries.
But every road will be untrue,
for each deceives his eyes.

There is, in truth, one narrow way
that does not turn or bend.
And those whose footsteps do not stray
will find the forest's end.
This wholesome road is full of light,
but few will see it so.
For most see only fearful height,
that into myst'ry goes.

Then other men ignore the need
for making their way out.
Stern warnings, they refuse to heed.
Their surety is doubt.
Convinced that there is nothing but
their present circumstance,
they search for joy and try to shut
the door on death's advance.

These hopeless men have mouths that call
the one true path unsure.

Their lying statements serve to stall
The souls that ache for more.
How many sigh and turn their backs!
For fearful is this route.
But if one dares to walk its track,
he finds the one way out.

Uganda's Missing Children

Do you hear the pace of tiny feet?
The steps without their shoes?
The feet that should be home, asleep,
instead of torn and bruised?
For countless miles, they have trod,
and fear has whipped them on.
To violent wars, these feet must plod,
Until their life is gone.
Are their footprints too soon veiled,
For truth's security?
You must come to find their trail,
and fight obscurity.

Do you sense their tired presence,
forced from all they loved?
Then brainwashed after severance,
and into combat shoved?
There is no place for joyful fun,
to run them out of breath.
Their hours spent beneath the sun
are full of guns and death.
Do lifeless bodies disappear,
that they are so neglected?
You must make the hidden clear
For they are undetected.

Do you see the youthful faces,
hardened into stone?
Could you tell the fearsome places
Where they have been alone?

What stories can be learned from eyes
that see life through a cage
of blood and pain where all will die,
regardless of their age.
Their tears are drunk by quiet fields,
Their cries are quickly smothered.
Shine your light on those concealed!
For they must be discovered!