

To attain eternal happiness one must suffer.

Men who suffer not, attain no perfection... A soldier is no good General until he has been in the front of the fiercest battle and has received the deepest wounds.

– 'Abdu'l-Bahá

SEEKER IN TRUTH

As life unfurls and faith is born
I brace myself, thriving on pain
to attain the banquet of the feast of Light

As I inspect the table
With anguish and joy, do I
Discard the stained cloth—
Sullied from past seasons
And filled with fake knowledge
Of late delusions—
And I lay down the lace
Of delicate whiteness
To learn of purity.

As the long table stands,
Unadorned and still,
I am seized with fear
Of unknown days beyond—
Shrinkning to relinquish
The comfort of things past—
Yet clenching to the lace
To learn of trust.

As my cry meets the silent air
And my moaning echoes
In the empty hall
I beg Him for wisdom
Then swerving, legs faltering,
Still fumbling for His strength,
I arise with resolve
And humble resignation
To learn of patience.

As I return refreshed
To the table of life
My soul ignited
With regained reverence
I depose upon it
Two tall twin candles
And set them aglow
With the light of obedience
To learn of love.

As my life unfurls
And faith deepens
Fusing pain with elation—
The candles their wax weeping
His Words my self consuming—
And strive for the hour
When freed, I will set me down
To dine in the dawn of His Dominion.