

## A PRAYER SPRUNG FROM THE DEPTHS OF ANGUISH

I feel at times that You hardly exist  
Or if You are there You don't like to mix  
When I wonder if there is anyone like me  
Puzzled by such puerile questions  
Some voice within me tells me to remain calm

Waiting for the unexpected to happen  
To relieve me of my nagging enquiries  
But endless wait aggravates my miseries  
How long will it take You, Lord, to grant my wish?

While questions upon questions pile up  
I lose my sleep—and my loneliness is deepened  
Then, my heart weeps with unshed tears  
Even walk on the seashore doesn't help  
And I return to my bed with a freezing sigh

But before long I am possessed by a sense of guilt  
Why have I forgotten that Holy Being  
Who creates and takes care of every little being?  
Then a tiny light flashes across my mind  
To help me see this plain truth within myself  
That a prayer sprung from the depths of one's anguish  
Alone can evoke Lord God's merciful answer  
For, His inscrutable will that sustains this mystery  
Must invariably be done on earth as in heaven!

