

Obsession

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Obsession - Ebbing, flowing, growing
A mystery without rationality -
without logic.

Loneliness does not the heart grow fonder.
It grows in pervasiveness.....

Much deeper - its tendrils reaching further
into the heart - choking.

The absence of the one who could end the
aching - that one is the cause.

Obsession is the cry that can't be heard.
How fruitless.....

"You shall be known by your fruits."
Mercy, loving kindness, patience, hope, love, joy.....
Joy - how fleeting - imagine it as ever-lasting!

Come, Jehovah, my Sovereign -
Help me to follow your will.
You are not slow as we know slowness
but you desire us all to live -
full of life.

Why do I continue with my haunting
thoughts - guided and preoccupied?

Forgive my impatience, and rejoice in
my heart condition; that I fear
you shun.

It is as a child who clings to innocence,
even as he lives in the world.

A child loves unconditionally.
Discrimination comes with age.

Can't I travel to that simpler time -
I, an obsessional child, wanting to love
whole-heartedly?

Phorah - if you desire - you can direct
me to the soul I seek.

Obsession is only the symptom dissolved
with the extinction of seduction.
You will not test me beyond what I
can bear.

" Have trust and faith, child-like one.
Rejoice that you know the way.
Have faith that all can be -
Continuing in persistent prayer -
itself the obsession
awaiting Paradise."