

## The Wanderer

I've come to you.

"A guest in the home — God in the home."

Please wash the dust off my feet

Ah, how many songs and poems

I've scattered on the road in heat!

From crucifixion-frames, my art, The saints' eyes pierced me, soul to soul. Along my weary Golgotha path, I bartered them for daily bread.

And oh, how many times I stood A breath away from being lost Their long, thin fingers, carved in wood, Would bless me — and I paid no cost.

O salty dust of foreign roads! Harsh skies above a stranger's pain The bitter lesson life bestows When exiled hearts wear foreign names.

My soul, near drowning in despair, Would beg for death or retribution Yet HE still followed, always there, With gaze that offered absolution.

And so I come from every track
A gift for all my fears and yearning.
HE led me here. I won't turn back.
Please wash my feet — the road's still burning