



The Wanderer

I've come to you.
"A guest in the home — God in the home."
Please wash the road dust from my feet,
Ah, how many songs and poems
I scattered down Life's winding street!

My paintings hung in crucifixion-frames;
The saints' eyes looked into my soul — and read.
I walked the Golgotha way,
And bartered them for daily bread.

And how many times, when I thought,
"It's all over!" — in my affliction,
The holy ones' long-fingered hands
Saved me with their benediction.

O salty dust of foreign roads!
A foreign sky turned inside out,
And a bitter, painful lesson —
A stranger, I remained throughout.

My soul, swallowing tears and pain,
Longed for "vengeance or death";
Yet HIS radiant gaze followed me —
His forgiveness never left.

And here I am — I've come to you,
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.