

I have been walking down the path  
Of solitude. No one to turn to. Hoping that  
The way is the correct way. I was praying  
That no one would block my journey. That included  
Any entities. I was ready to just keep on treading  
Focused on the map, i keep on forgetting the any  
Other signs. Did not notice the trees and the flowers  
The ground was filled with gravel. Making it difficult  
To walk on. The destination seems to worth all the rocks  
Bitterment, anxiety, and constant worries of not making it  
Life seemed to have a one sole purpose and nothing less  
The sole purpose was to create havoc and lots of suffering  
The road made me clever, doubting every single thing  
And I became a skeptic believing I need to be aware  
Of traps. My heart got hardened and it started to ache  
I wonder what would be the remedy? I wanted to keep  
On treading. No holds barred. 100 percent all in.  
Then the view got blurred. The path became blocked  
Then a light appeared and told me to just take a moment  
And stop. Made fun of my aloneness. Told me to stop  
Walking down the path by myself. Told me I needed a  
Hand. The pain, tragedies, and all the setbacks appear

in my thoughts. I accepted the cold world. I recognized  
The cold nature of the world. Believed that it is me against  
The world. I was ready to fight the world and hoped that  
The universe will leave me alone and let me just have  
A good life. This thought seemed to angered the god  
What does he know? If he is the creator, why does  
He get in the way of people's dreams and endeavors  
One preach about abundance, but everything seems be  
Finite. Pain seems to be chronic. Everything is a suffering  
I am willing to be generous. All I do is sacrifice. I can give  
My time, character, youth, and everything else. None of it  
Seems to matter. Instead of blaming god. I had one wish  
I wanted a truce. I leave you alone and you let me be me  
It seems that god wanted to break and rip the agreements  
Altogether. I wondered who was going to have the upper hand  
I knew I could outlast god. Believed that I didn't need him.  
Life seemed to be meaningless, hopeless, and pure sadness  
My eyes refuse to shed a single tear. But my heart wanted  
An intervention. No therapy can heal it. Out of confusion,  
I wished for an answer. Tired of being fragile. Who do I turn  
To? The answer seemed obvious. I wanted to ignore it.  
I wanted to run away from it. I wanted to deny it.

That seemed to be an open invitation. Believed that one slip  
Will just lead to suffocation of god's work. All the suffering  
All the excuses. All the loneliness. Just seem to levitate  
Maybe, there is hope. Maybe there is happiness, maybe  
There is no need to live with negative thoughts. Maybe  
I just need to surrender before god and walk with him