

# ***MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH***



## **ON BEING LOST**

Drifting on a lake,  
I've always seen the shore.  
Even when in irons,  
There'll soon be breezes more.

When navigating life,  
Till now I've had my goals,  
Always busy taking action,  
Knowing the compass of my soul.

It seems each life inherits,  
Its providential arc.  
Upon that arc I sail my ship,  
By which I make my mark.

Once your marks' been made,  
And friends all shout, "Well done",  
It's time to sail the ship to port,  
With what remains of evening sun.

But drifting on the ocean,  
Now that's another thing.  
Like a man without a cause,  
I've lost sight of everything.

That seems to be my present fate,  
Having passed my port of call.  
I know not where I sail just now,  
Trusting God - I risk it all.

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