

## *SELF IDENTITY - ITS HARD*

It's hard to rise up

To go through the day

To lay your head down

Searching for the searcher – aimlessly without directions, goals or purpose

Being tossed “too and fro”, blown in the wind,

Beaten by the mercies of the unpredictable weather

Heaping up foreign materials through the search;

For ego identity, pleasure, riches and fame and bodily fulfilment of love and joy.

Friends, acquaintances and associates passed by – challenging

Testing ones

Others, just for fun

Which direction, as what type of life to lead,

A decision with difficulty

The calm or the storm?

Instancy or delayed?

By sight or by faith/fate?

Crowd or isolation?

How can I live?

How should I live?

In the stillness of the search, the urgency of this decision arises,

Piercing forcefully – deep within,

Conscience burn, searching for the truth, knowing the truth

While trying hard to reject it –

Decisions and more.

No friends can help now

Too personal, the decision and commitment to be made.

Choose ye today whom he will serve

Which road to take and how to walk your journey

Be your own individual, take your stand and worship your God –

*It pays!*

*B.O'Connor*