

Often in our journey as followers of Jesus Christ, we lose our way and can't figure out where our place is in this world. We meander from here and there but just can't seem to figure it out. That's been a real struggle for me in my walk with Christ and I know I'm not alone. One of my dearest friends died wrestling with this gadfly. The following poem I wrote for him.

### **A LINE OR TWO, I'LL WRITE FOR YOU**

(© Sergio R. Tangari 2015: For Mike S. Wilson)

A line or two, I'll write for you,  
This seems only right,  
The man with many questions,  
My brother known as Mike

You were from God bestowed with gifts,  
I do remember well,  
Frustrated and perplexed,  
Their use could not dispel

Much like a cello longing to sing,  
The music you contained,  
But often it was silence,  
And there was your refrain

"Why can't I sing, why can't I play?  
These melodies you've wrought",  
And gently the Good Shepherd says:  
"Because it's you I've bought"

Not for your purposes,  
But for Mine alone,  
So rest in the assurance,  
My blood for you has bought.