

# Labyrinth

---

Eleanor Zuercher

Am I pursued into the labyrinth  
By monsters of my own creation  
Through close passages, tunnels wandering  
In darkness, compressing mind and spirit,  
Claustrophobic, panicked, burdened, grieved;  
Or led in silken silence by His thread,  
Along patient switchback paths, crossing and  
Re-crossing? The goal and focus is  
That secret confined infinite cave  
Where wounds are salved, debts redeemed, all renewed;  
A chrysalis from which I emerge  
Reprieved.

Copyright © 2015 Eleanor Zuercher. All rights reserved