

Tempted or Tempered?

He steals away
into the wilderness.
Desert's allure
calls him from
day to day
dues and don'ts.
He hopes to hear again
the echo of Love's voice,
when sky was rent,
rending him speechless.
Tender words, heard
"You, the one and only."
He seeks to find a place
Where sound resounds
ricocheting round him,
vibrations well tempering
chords of love.
No need to knock
where there are no doors
but only open space
where silence has the
first and last word.
What drove him
desert-ward except
to hear again Abba's
voice evoking wonder
and wanting assurance,
insuring himself against
double-dealing doubt
that all was just
illusion?

He waited and waited.
In cave by day
shunning desert's heat
and shifting sands,
Outside by night
sleeping under starlit
skies, searching magi-like
for signs and wondering
when the voice would re-sound
in ears attuned to Love's timbre

No need for food. His fare?
Holding fast to a memory.
Each day of forty promising
A repeat performance.

But no voice was heard,
tempting him to test
the waters of disbelief,
wading into the wiles and
Tricks the mind plays.
"Play God," he hears
A voice from where?
Within? Without?
"Sway God," he hears
Louder now,
"You have it in you!"
The roar of one
lying in wait,
preparing to pounce
"After all Is said and sung,
The second psalm calls you
Son! Own it all!"
Another voice whispers
his inner ear ringing,
Could it be her voice singing?
"Let it be done to you"

He steels himself.
This testing tempers him.
No caving in to power's ploys
and Satan's schemes.
The whispered voice speaks
Volumes.