

Round and round we go in our search,
Looking for God here and there,
In places we know he is not
Through the experience,
Of desperate lives
Here below.

Round and round we go in our search
Through many trials and errors
Forgetting the true place
Of his real presence,
In our center:
Our heart.

The carousel of search finally stops,
With no more whirling rounds,
To entrap us in motion.
Our life can be still:
For he is found
In our heart.

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