Freedom

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The day never ends,
Like a wound that never mends,
As a desert stretches on forever,
Sand with ever shifting trends.

The work never ceases,
The dark stalks as it pleases,
Peace is always just beyond reach,
And hope hides in the creases.

Struggling and falling,
One fighting yet always losing,
A whirlpool of frustration engulfs,
Letting go seems so tempting.

Yet only by releasing control,
Will solace come to be full,
Leaning completely on the Creator,
Will tranquillity come to the soul.