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The Golden Path

Step out onto the water,
There is a path, you see.
If you follow the glistening trail of light
Tossed by the moon across the sea,
It will lead you to a wondrous sight,
And it will lead you to me.

Step out onto the water,
There is no need to fear,
No need to dread the dark of the night,
Or the clouds that hover above the light,
For the moon will be your sustaining guide,
And swept by its irresistible tide
You will draw near,
And I will be waiting there.

Step out onto the water!
The journey may be long,
But as you traverse through the misty gray
And feel your strength slowly ebbing away,
You will notice the presence floating gently nearby
In a small sailing skiff. It will tenderly cry,
"Drop, drop into my soft embrace!
I'll carry you onward in peace and grace."

Step out! Step out of the water,
And glide across the waves!
From peak to peak, the wind in your sail,
Span the expanse as in a gale,
And as you pursue that glistening trail,
Far in the distance, a glow will appear.
Then, you will know you are drawing near.

Now drift into that glorious place,
As we behold each other, face to face.