



(This is) All I Ask

There was a time when I asked for things
I asked for this and I asked for that

The whole world was into asking
There were books, dozens of books, that taught us how to ask

Did you think that funny?

Ask and it shall be given, someone special said
And we asked and we asked and we asked

And missed the miracle, didn't we?

I read the books
I listened to the teachers
thinking surely they knew something I did not

I tried some asking
But it never felt like prayer
And my heart said stop

Stop
Stop asking

How can I ask you to create what is mine to create?
How can I ask you to give me what I do not even know I need?
How can I ask you to walk the path for me?

It isn't that I no longer want
I want

I want more life
I want more love
I want more you

I want to walk in peace
every footstep planting tiny seeds of love

I want to be love
Can I be love?



(This is) All I Ask *continued*

Yes, I still want

I want more hope
I want more grace
I want more love

But you don't want that, to you?

You want me to *be* someone's hope
You want me to *be* an instrument of grace
You want me to *be* an anchor for love

--an anchor for your love
--an instrument of your grace
--a rung of your hope

If I am an anchor for love
What's left for me to want?
What's left for me to ask?

Just this:
Don't let me get in your way

This is my only prayer now:
Please, don't let me get in your way