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NO ROAD SIGNS

So where are my feet going, Lord?
And what are my steps headed toward?

It's not enough to just believe:
I know I somehow have to weave
You in the pattern of my life,
This thingful journey always rife
With problems, backtalk, sidetracks, more,
And vendors hawking at my door.
There's good and bad and yes and no
So deftly mixed the lines don't show.
It's not so hard to find Your way
Through white or black--but oh, the gray!

So guide me, Lord, my sense is blurred,
Distracted by each doubt incurred.
Please set me straight and let me see
Your dusty sandals leading me!

--Glenna Holloway