

## David Pajo "I Of Mine"

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Though his feet leave their imprints in my footsteps  
And his hands carry my belongings  
If his mind is diseased  
He is far from me  
But he who is free of all temptation  
And his mind is pure and peaceful  
He is always with me  
Though he be a thousand miles away  
And you who are my homeless brother  
Joy will be your arrow of direction  
And the world is the path  
That leads to my home  
This home where there is no suffering  
Is indeed most peaceful and happy  
When a breeze moves through the leaves  
Twisting them from emerald to silver  
I will be the sound

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