

# D E S I R E



Desire is the cause of Grief,  
But, who can overcome it?  
Oh, no one can, 'tis my Belief,  
We cannot else but hum it.

Desire is the cause of Grief,  
But since we can no other,  
We must discover some relief,  
Or suffer constant Bother.

Desire is the cause of Grief,  
Of that there is no doubting.  
But it would not be like our Chief  
To leave us all a-pouting.

Desire, true, can be a Friend,  
If rightly we direct It.  
It should be set upon the End,  
The End of life explicit.

Desire, true, can be a Friend,  
Desire that cannot miss,  
If we just care to make Amend  
And want perpetual Bliss.

Desire Bliss, that is allowed --  
'Tis but our own true Nature.  
All else belongs beneath the shroud.  
Bliss is our Nomenclature.

[The Rev. David R. Graham](#)

[Adwaita Hermitage](#)

*Circa 1985*

