

## *A Silent Search*

The troubles of the day plagued my unsettled mind  
As I wandered aimlessly through a maze of corporate displays,  
Filled with thousands of their programmed suits,  
All in the unrelentless pursuit of an American dream.

I rapidly raced in my unmeasured gait, head down,  
Always moving ever so swiftly toward my final destination.  
Oblivious to their charms, I quickened my pace, as an increasingly frantic world closed in.  
My hypnotic gait was interrupted by the voice of an old friend...  
We exchanged the casual greetings of so many years past, but now  
Our easy banter deepened in intensity as he shared his fading year with me.

As we spoke, I noticed how his robust demeanor had diminished.  
His once animated speech emitted slowly as he struggled to form each word.  
It was painfully obvious that his body was failing, overcome by a horrible illness.  
The pain and suffering he endured during his cold lonesome nights  
Had forced his sinking eyes upward, in a silent search for love.  
His new-found bond with the heavens comforted him now, giving him the strength to move on...  
He spoke tearfully of the letters that slowly poured in, each easing the mounting pain  
Of the ever-shortening days, each bringing him closer to his day of final peace.

Our time together flew by, my sympathetic feelings of sorrow changed  
As I watched him walk away with each slowing, measured step,  
I thought back to his years of unceasing effort and confusion as he searched  
For the riches and peace that he thought success would bring.  
I recalled his never ending supply of stories of the road and  
How he tried so vainly to convince me that all was the way he wanted it to be.

And now I see the physical shell of a man that he once was,  
Who through this tortured torment of tears has become a spiritual giant,  
In tune with his friends, finding peace with his creator,  
And learning the special gifts that all of us take for granted.  
In his forced journey through his own soul, he has found truth and hope,  
Knowing that in the end the only thing that matters  
Is the warming fire of love that you give and receive each day,  
A flame that grows daily and burns for eternity in the souls of all that you touch.

During this holiday season, may our reflections of family and friends  
Instill in us a passion for love and a desire to make everyone's world a better place.

**Frank Allocco, Christmas 1995**