

Glimpse of the Guide

“Think, think,” I say to myself because of the certain atmosphere.

“Where would I find my very own guide?”

Even if my feet were like a young and curious doe,

I have failed to elect

Failed to see what has my utmost favor,

All seen in a vision; a glimpse.

My glimpse strengthens me for my future,

I see a certain happy and fulfilling atmosphere.

One where I have special favor

Of the One who guides,

Who has called me *chosen* and elects me,

Making my feet like one of a doe's.

I, shy as a doe

Saw a beautiful and warm light in a glimpse.

He told me, “Choose Me as your first and last.” So I elected.

Then the change of atmosphere,

One that has bestowed upon me a just Guide.

I now possess righteous favor.

I am favored,

Like a doe

Who is not eaten by predators. Led by the Guide

Whose heart is well-known; living water overflows;

A glorious atmosphere.

Not just I, but others have been elected.

Who has been elected?

Who has been given this righteous favor?

Those in good & positive atmospheres, and those in bad & ugly ones.

Those who feed deers and those who become deer.

Those who have dwelled with this light, those who have seen its glimpse.

All of them are vessels of the Guide.

I try to reach out to her, my friend from across the world, "Elect! Elect!"

The Guide will pave a way.

I want to share my glimpse,

So she can see it with her own eyes. So she can obtain a special favor.

Allow her to elect soon,

O Guide. Change her vision and the atmosphere.

One who allows, elects a new atmosphere.

Became a doe with the guide.

Obtain favor and catch a glimpse.