

# Molasses

By Glenn Currier

Unlike Paul on the road to Damascus  
my conversion moved like molasses.

But the hound of heaven kept pursuing  
his slow moving son prone to gluing  
and sticking to his flaws and inept ways  
with every excuse for endless delays.

That hound eventually caught me  
in the songs that tearfully brought me  
to my knees in helpless surrender  
to prayer and his merciful splendor.

Unlike Paul on the road to Damascus  
my conversion moved like molasses.

But there were hunters following that hound  
who kept up till their prey was found  
and stood by me gently listening,  
my voice quaking my eyes glistening.

Full of my doubts and questions  
they heard me and made suggestions  
led me to some uncommon men  
who described the road where they'd been.

Unlike Paul on the road to Damascus  
my conversion moved like molasses.

The hound of heaven no longer bays  
but speaks in sermons and songs of praise  
he catches me in traffic on the road  
and even in moments of overload.

He saves me from my darkness each day,  
his Word shows me the way  
and other brothers teach me to fight  
out of that dark and into the light.

Now, like Paul, my Savior I've found  
and my pace quickens to catch that Hound.

[The Hound of Heaven](#) refers to Francis Thompson's poem by that name. Below are the first few lines, the ones that inspire me the most:

*I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears  
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.*

See also the [Wikipedia article](#) on the poem.

*Author's Note: A small group I belong to was discussing how the Christian life is one of being continually conformed to be Christlike. One of the guys said that starting from birth, God gradually works on the things in our life that need to be corrected and when those get done, he moves on the next thing we need to work on (things that need to go or things that need to be added), and so on and so forth. In his case, my friend said, this is slow as **molasses** since it seems all the issues and things he should have worked out a decade or more ago keep holding him down. I related to his comments and decided spiritual life as molasses would be a good metaphor and topic for a poem. I came up with the first two lines and was going to make it a two line poem, but then I got to thinking about how that process has worked out over my life and in the past year in particular. Written 5-5-16*