

I hear your whisper, I know your name

By Glenn Currier

Dear Lord it was not too long ago
when I ran about here and there
looking for what, I did not know
toward a place I knew not where.

You, a faceless formless force
some THING, an energy somehow,
a blurred unknowable source
not a person in the here and now.

I judged a man not knowing much
of what he loved and how he came
to be who he was or what he'd touched.
He was easy to judge and blame.

They said if I wanted to feel YOUR hand,
to see your greatness turned to me,
first I had to think of a good friend
who I knew well, who I really **did** see.

I thought of my buddy named Joe
his tears his laugh his sad and lonely past
how he loved in both his highs and lows,
the knowledge and history he'd amassed.

Knowing my sweet wife and our private names
I thought of how YOU know every little thing
about me how I grew and how I became.
I thought of how you and I talk and sing.

I recalled how I found you and got a new birth
how you and I speak in a most personal way
You are a person now, not a mere force of earth
I call you Papa in the morning and at midday.

I see you in grand canyons, in the starry night
hear you in music in the giggle of a child
I cannot get away from you or lose your light
you're all around me in the cities, in the wild.

You are a person who whispers and talks
I know your names and you know mine
you are with me when I crawl and when I walk
we have a love and friendship rare, and fine.