

Holding On to Hell

By Glenn Currier

I have slowly loosened the grip
of one hand on hell
for a slow and gradual gain
but its persistent flame
still licks at my soul
has made me old
and beat in its heat.

I will not win this fight
with the dark and hoary blight
til I loosen *both* hands
to be wholly free
for the warm and deep embrace
of heaven's healing grace.

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