

Our Scandalous Union

By Glenn Currier

God you are so immense
your being spans the galaxies
yet here you are
in the sweet silence of my room
just you and me and the music
the music of your love
the strains of which fill me with joy and peace.

My sins are no fortress against your invading love
for you permeate my soul
like mist envelops a small boat
on the lake in the morning –
gentle, kind, without fanfare or pomp
you are beyond pomp
for your mighty love is secure
and generous in its being.

Your generosity takes me
takes me away from the weighty confines of this life
this body still struggling
still trying to learn what it means
to be fully human
in all the glory you meant for us.

When I think of your reach into my long life
I am filled with joy
not the giggly joy of a baby
but the deep and quiet joy of maturity.

I am still amazed that you care so much for us
for this ragged and rebellious species
so care-less
so oblivious of your immense and powerful love.

How can you give yourself to us
when we do all in our power to ignore you
to run from your persistent and relentless reach
into our soul?

Oh sweet sweet Father
my eyes strain to retain the tears of gratitude
for you, my Beloved.
Our affair would be a scandal
to a world lost in its collective distraction
lost and floating across the icy surface
of its deluded reality,
yet the tears squeeze out upon my cheeks
small tributaries
of the river of our love.

I cannot contain you
even these words seem such weak instruments
of my hands and my mind
yet I feel your energy in my fingers
as they sweep across the keys
leaking light from our scandalous union.

So be it, my Lord, so be it.
I am spent yet full of you and your glory.

7-25-20