

Hold My Hand

By Glenn Currier

I have my hand out, won't you hold it?

I won't hold your hand

I want you to want all of me

my sweat and body odor, my dirty feet.

If I give you my hand, you will stop looking for me.

Before you feel my hand in yours

I want you to find me beyond these walls

where the old man falls

the hungry child calls

touch me out there

and in your wife's chair

with your eyes and your lips

caress her hurting loins

go to the widow in another place

and don't forget the book of grace.

That's ok, Lord.

I know you are here beside me

on my shoulder I feel your touch

Lord Jesus I love you so much.

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