

Your Body

By Glenn Currier

Your body shows me what it means to be me
to be part of something beautiful and alive
and in touch with every cell that makes it
to be out of this world while right in the middle of it.

My old body creaks and lurches from this state or that strain
now tired, now awake, now lively and linked
your blood courses through me like the surging surf
our life and lively spirit get me up and out of bed today.

I am in that spirit, active and large in the universe
a nebula, a patch of bright or dark against other luminous matter
never alone never or divided. apart from your presence
always right in the middle of your magnificent body.

How could I doubt your power
to heal or lift me from the fatigue or state of dis-ease
when I'm surrounded by all of this energy and light
that invades every cell of my body...

which is never wholly mine at all?

Author's Note: This piece was written after rising from 5 hrs. of sleep, not nearly enough for me. I asked God to help me be a moment of joy for others, to give me strength and to help my unbelief. I wondered if I was immune to him. So I began to reflect on the fact that I am part of something larger.

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