

# Teetering

Last night sitting on the edge of my bed  
a bed that seemed more like a ledge  
there with a burden in my head:  
Should I look up or just feel the dread?

I sat longer and I think I prayed.  
I knew he was a God who cared,  
but lately on the verge of afraid,  
my faith seemed weak and impaired.

I wondered if they were right  
that the short blast of rays  
won't hurt and will kill the blight  
the doctors say is in its early phase.

But why pray to a God who seemed unable  
to help my aunt who died  
from a disease so unstable,  
so good at finding places to hide?

So here I was, teetering between trust  
and its evil opposite, doubt  
doubt he can alter life's thrust.  
Does he have any real clout?

In this dark of mind  
I came to see I really don't know!  
So why let my inner skeptic always lurking behind  
reign and empower its verdict of no?

Instead I choose to lift my head  
from that lonely fretting place  
and embrace a Father not gone and dead -  
but here, now to create and renew me with grace.

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