

When I Ask

By Glenn Currier

When I ask you for something
like sex, your listening ear, or your help
I admit my limits.

It is like prayer
which is a moment of giving up
some part of my potency
ceding a share of my energy and control
to a greater something or someone
I need.

Intimacy is an asking
a surrender of my image
my public in-control self
a holy moment of exposure.

It's like the cat who in battle with another
turns over on its back
and bares its tender belly
yielding itself.

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