

See-throughness

By Glenn Currier

She was disabled, twisted and another race
he a beautiful healthy young man
and there he was hugging her
speaking softly into her ear
eyes sparkling
smiling broadly
as if touching an angel
and I wondered about their story
two seemingly such different people
so closely bonded,
he holding her up
she clutching him,
together strong.

Have you known people different from you
in beliefs, habits, politics, words,
but it just so happens
you see through the oppositeness
to their inner beauty
knitting yourselves together anyway?

That see-throughness is a gift
a gift I sometimes refuse
due to my "either-or" walls.
Ashamed, I feel sad
sensing I have detoured past
an accidental grace.

Author's Note: Written after reading [Ecclesiastes 4:9-12](#).

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