

What Might?

By Glenn Currier

How can I sing of your might
how can I proclaim your height
you who are found in depth
in the quick and minute breadth
of a single second or cell
you who chooses to dwell
and grow in me so slowly
you so close to the lowly?

And yet I have known
the way my love has grown
for my lover in such a way
that I can safely say
over rugged terrain
through clear skies and rain
mighty the love of husband and wife
who through hurt and fear find life.

This might of *love* I can see
the kind that sets totally free
every moment of creation
from quiet or noise of gestation
to the final intake of breath
to whatever is beyond death
the might there in the dark of night
and in the dim dawning of light.

Your might is not in the force of power
but in thin folds of a flower
the kind it takes to give birth
or protect a child or the earth
to subdue the force of pride
put righteousness aside
the might in the wings of a dove
the might it takes to love.

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