

On Edge

By Glenn Currier

I seem to be at home on the margins
where I can be alone
with my folly
sweltering in my private bowl of stew
simmering in the sins
surrounding and piercing me
but you found me there
invited me into your heart
where you loved me
redeemed me
sewed my seams
pulled together my crazy quilt
made separate parts into a whole.

Author's Note: I wonder if these times offer opportunities for us to become quilt makers each in our own ways.

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