

This Day a River

By Glenn Currier

I sit here in the predawn darkness
quiet
no thoughts flooding in
or standing up like soldiers
armed and ready for battle.

Instead of battle,
this day
will be a river between two shores
and in its flow
I pray
I'll encounter heaven
and its guardians I'll know.

I need not fret
or bear the burdens of this body
alone
for in these waters
in that slow and lively flow
I pray for the greenness of life
fields and meadows moist with grace.
I pray in a private psalm
there will be enough light
and I'll find others who'll help
to stay the darkness.

Instead of battle,
this day
will be a river between two shores
and in its flow
I pray
I'll encounter heaven
and its guardians I'll know.

I have hope
I will summon particles of dawning
know the feel of belonging
and bonding
with brothers and others
feel the zephyr
of angels' wings
on my skin
know with sureness
that I am not alone
and this certainty of heaven
is not a dream
but suffuses me
and lifts me

from heft of aching limbs,
makes my face bright
with heaven's light.

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