

Eager

By Glenn Currier

How sharp is my knife?
Do I keep it honed
by steel on stone
ready to cut through foolish distraction
into the heart of life
or does it remain dull
and ordinary, lost in clouds and shadows?

I want a knife
a life
that gleams in sunlight
reflects goodness
fresh crisp and vivid
sharpened by friction
and communion
with others
eager to love
keen from discovery
of goodness
within
having cut away
resentment and fear
until all that is left
is surrender
to light.

Author's Note: This poem comes from my reading of a Richard Rohr meditation (9-27-19) in which he says:

- *God cannot be found "out there" until God is first found "in here,*
- *Fear, constriction, and resentment are seen by spiritual teachers to be inherent obstructions that must be overcome.*
- *All mystics are positive people—or they are not mystics! Their spiritual warfare is precisely the work of recognizing and then handing over all of their inner negativity and fear to God.*

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