

Rendezvous

By Glenn Currier

I am holey,
not holy.
At best an imperfect vessel
bearing light and darkness
sometimes winning
but real good at sinning.

I wonder whether
the best I can do
is hope for a rendezvous
to touch and suffer together
in a place we linger where
we breathe common air
fresh and vital and bracing.
Maybe I'll always be racing
from the desert
into your arms
to exchange our passion
to abide,
me all holey
and you a mountain stream
flowing with melted snow,
me trying to capture
some of that clear water
that will leak slow
back into the flow.
But there we will be
us in good and bad weather
but in love and together.

*I am always wrapped in grace
yearning for our embrace.*

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