

Wedges

By Glenn Currier

It comes from I know not where
the tiny wedge of doubt
that reshapes itself into a dark and ugly snare
and glimmers of hope are crowded out.

Is that wedge rooted in shame?
Words from the past: "You're not enough"
when I learned to live in the land of blame
and recall "Boy, you just gotta get tough!"

Or is it the moral mistakes I've made
like the lies and angry cries
or the thoughtless trick I played
on my friend and possible ally?

Some speak of the devil who cunningly placed
an accusation that rang in their heads.
Others say it was turning down grace
that cut discipline and confidence to shreds.

But this I know, the wedges begin thin
and unseen when we are content,
safe and comfortable within
or when all our energy is spent.

They separate us from the divine inside
these wedges of doubt that come like a thief in the night
to corrupt the soul where goodness abides.
But, I pray: do not let them steal away your sublime and precious light!

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