

The Slipup

By Glenn Currier

I slip up into your arms
and ask you to cradle me there
and you say,
"I have had you here all along,
you just wouldn't let me *have* you."

I slip up into your arms.
Now you have me, Papa.
Take me with you.
Help me stay here in your care.
Help me let go each moment
and feel *your* Power within me
the power of pure Love.
Be my power source -
not solar power, or wind power, or coal power, or nuclear power -
just pure clean Papapower.

I slip up into your arms
away from my illusory world of control.
You make it easy when I let go of the puppet strings connected to my separated self.
I encounter my preciousness in your arms,
my innocence,
my true self,
my deeper self
the self that is always changing
always in the wind,
always in the atmosphere beyond my breath.

I slip up into your arms.
I do not have to keep my balance in your presence.
You hold me up when I lean to the wrong side.
You gently push me upright.
It is easy to be upright
when I feel your hands on my shoulders.
Upright in your sight,
you see me at every moment.
I am in your sight.
And there, everything is alright.

My prayer is that when I start to falter
this day, this day only
you will tear me from my delusion
rip me up out of it
and hold me in your arms.
I know that all I have to do
is just for a moment- that moment of weakness -
smile and fall into your arms -
no - slip up into your arms.

This is the kind of slip up I can dig.