

# Patience

By Glenn Currier

How can you still stand and sing  
I'm the wind beneath your wings  
sit and listen to my poems with love  
as if they came from above?

How can you cook and create dishes  
to satisfy my hunger and my wishes  
when I've left you and said goodbye  
by ignoring your love or telling a lie?

How can you still give forgiveness  
for all the hurt you have witnessed  
speak softly when I have shouted  
stay with me when I have doubted?

Do you hold that spark of the Divine  
that in despair and darkness shines?  
Is your store of mercy so wide  
that I cannot turn you aside?

Or is it your patience my dear lover  
your determined will to discover  
in me some strain of goodness or light?  
Is it your blindness or is it your sight?

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*Author's Note: I wrote this after reflecting on verses in I Timothy 1:2 and 12-14. In his letter to his beloved Timothy, Paul's greeting, in addition to the usual "grace and peace" uses the word "mercy." And later he says "Our Lord considered me faithful... one who was formerly a blasphemer, a persecutor and an arrogant man. But I received mercy... the grace of our Lord overflowed along with faith and love that are in Christ Jesus."*

*When I read Scripture I like to ask what God is saying to me, now. So even though it occurred to me that God is the very essence of patience, so too my beautiful wife Helen, and dare I say many other wives, are blessed with an abundance of the uncommon virtue of patience. Thus the title of the poem which is addressed primarily to Helen, but also to God.*