

# Gestas and Dismas

By Glenn Currier

Supposedly they were the thieves  
dying to the right and left of Jesus,  
Dismas sorry for being a bandit  
Gestas not.

The admission sent one into the light  
the denial kept the other in the dark.  
The facticity of the depiction is in doubt  
but I find truth in the story,  
for sometimes I am Dismas  
sometimes Gestas.  
Momentary honesty about my darkness  
but more often I delude myself  
so I can hold my head up  
my nose skyward  
looking downward  
in ever so subtle ways.  
This puts me in the Gestas camp.  
In fact I might always be his ally  
blissfully unaware of the pride  
ever lurking just beneath the façade.

I need to be Dismas  
free in my honesty  
about the darkness in me.

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