

Flood

By Glenn Currier

Sometimes I seem short
of the sort
of vigor and health
I require, or I delude my self
into thinking I am in need
of the force of character to succeed
in my hopes and dreams.
Yet your goodness is there in streams
and your love is so great
all I have to do is locate
a private quiet place
and tune into your loving grace
where I get all the endurance and hope
I need to thrive and cope.

Lord, give me gratitude
in a vessel of magnitude
and in hopeless moments help me recall
all the times I came to you in a crawl
and you helped me stand,
placed me in the palm of your hand
or floated me atop the flood
in the arc of your grace and abundant love.

Author's Note: I am in Louisiana hoping to travel west toward my home in Dallas through Houston on Interstate Highway 10 but it is closed due to flooding. I see pictures of people in desperate straits having had their homes again flooded out and losing almost all of their possessions. I see the Cajun Navy and so many others in their boats yet again rescuing the stranded and discouraged. This poem is my attempt to remind myself of the Abundance I have and to make me grateful for all of it especially for a safe and solid home on dry land where my wife awaits my return.

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