

The thread of you

By Glenn Currier

Sitting before first light
in the upper room I wait for you.

In the darkness and the rain
you are there - droplets on the window reflecting the inner light
like diamonds scattered on the surface
waiting for the dawn you will bring
in your time.

What dawning will you bring me today?
How will I break through all the trappings of my consciousness
to find you?

I know it is up to me to stop
to pause for a second or two.
Only that long will it take to find you.
But it is up to me to stop.

How will you appear
in the eyes of those I see
in the silence of those who sit
in the rituals we create to assure ourselves
that there is more than just this life
more than just the furnishings
of our homes, churches, schools, our work?

Where will you appear
in our time
in the small creations
of our work and play
as we weave the thread of you
into the fabric of our day?

I will look for you today.