

# Crosses

Glenn Currier

These people who display crosses  
oh what an irritation to me  
wearing their hearts  
on their necks and fingers  
walls and cars.

Leave me alone!  
I don't need converting  
I'm not defective  
besides, you don't even know me  
and there you are flaunting and flashing  
this Jesus before me and the world.  
Enough already.  
I don't need it.

But then there's this Tutu guy  
wearing his cross  
insisting on forgiveness  
and reconciliation  
speaking gentle and firm  
to anger and reprisal.  
A man who sees across the landscape  
walks among the lowly and powerful  
inviting them into communion.

That ubiquitous cross  
almost unseen, ignored there are so many.

But then I hit bottom  
the end of my ability to solve the problem  
the thorn in my side will not subside  
until I decide to take that step  
to step into the river  
and there to find him  
waiting on the other side  
clapping hugging smiling  
for my crossing.

I crossed  
the hoary boundaries of my doubt

I crossed  
to listen, really listen,  
to take hold of the door knob  
turn it and pull it open  
and let them in.

They then crossed  
into my heart  
and took him with them  
and deposited his ashes and blood  
across my path.

Then he told me to take up my cross  
as he took up his  
and I did.  
And I abandoned my self  
and fell into another river  
beyond the high boundaries  
of my desert.

And here I am  
wearing one of those crosses –  
not a ritual –  
but a piece of my heart.

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Written 11-11-15*