

IDEAS OF GRACE

Moments of desolation when life and love collide
drowning us beneath the weight of their inevitability
You pause and look back at me as if I were cancer
How can this be?

Why is this happening?

Who do you think you are?

Isn't history the antidote for bad judgment?

Fidelity is so fluid these days
So much expected in return

I tell you about my parents
My long suffering mother
My long silent father
Married 58 years until death
"Those were days of denial, when relationship
was abduction and silence a woman's ransom."

I don't argue I hide my point of view

How could you understand
there is glory in surrender
if made for harmony

Or that the liberation of the blind
is conceived in a bed of forgiveness

-- Charles P. Ries