Hope

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Looking backward, I returned to the road I traveled.
Grace in its fullness came through hard winters and calamities,
for each New Year God gathered at my side
rescuing me in unclenching clear depths.
Trudging along with my unraveling heart,
stranded in descending shadows,
my thinning days slipped into months, then to years—
though I weathered fogs of doubt, I never lost hope.
How fortunate to have had a life-long companion
who walked with me over moon-drenched roads
folding all distances into His rivers of grace.

Grasping the knitted void of this Partner,
I became drunk on the dreams and hope of love.
Grace in its fullness came.

Strawberry Jam

Like a slice of bread before you I lay.
Your skin,
With all of its pores,
As seeds are spread you advance.
Atop,
Flesh to flesh,
I fill my cup.
Breast to breast I laugh
-Strawberry jam.