

When a man loves a woman

By Glenn Currier

When a man loves his wife he loves himself
I have heard it said
and I've read
of the interplay
of self love and love of another.
Can I love my brother, cherish my mother
if I do not accept myself?
I'm still unclear which comes first or if this dilemma
circles and confounds
and will puzzle me forever.

But I know with sureness when I love you
you soften and look at me with those big brown eyes
and sometimes I think I detect mist there
and when I run my fingers through your hair
I know your complexity and gentleness.
When I embrace you I know the fullness of your heart
that you loved me from the start
but even more now my precious one.

Maybe being a man this paradox of the circle of love
will never be mentally clear
but in my heart I know, my dear,
my love for you makes me me.

Author's note: Some of my reflections on Ephesians 5:28

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