

# Waking up with you

By Glenn Currier

Intimacy is a strong word  
but so weak to say who you are to me.  
Sometimes it feels as if you are me  
more familiar than a brother  
or even my dear lover.  
You inhabit me  
yet you are a someone  
who is not I,  
a presence  
observing but not just an observer  
you abide in me.

Like no other.  
Not so much other.  
Oh, Christ Jesus  
where are the words?  
I cannot find them  
they escape me  
maybe because  
you ARE the word.  
Unspeakable  
ineffable  
yet so close  
you are not near  
but here  
you abide in me.

You bring me to tears  
when I awake in your presence.  
You comfort me  
you make me me  
closer even than my mother  
I luxuriate  
in your love.  
Ah! Here you are  
your smile fathomless.  
Here you are  
caressing my soul.  
We are so cozy together.  
You know me  
but you are you  
and I am I.

I am not sure  
I can be I anymore  
without you.