

# Who's going ... to church this morning?

The skeptical scientific me  
who wonders if it's a show  
people putting their best selves forward  
for me and thee?

The faithful me who chooses to believe  
in resurrection and life after earth  
the me who remembers rebirth  
and the joy that rained in my heart?

The me that lets go and falls into love  
of the greeters and door-openers  
happy to see smiling faces  
on a day with parted clouds above?

The me bruised  
with bumps with reality and loss  
nailed daily by the boundaries I cross  
forgetting prayer and missing cues?

I know something of the person I am  
but which self in which place  
I fall into isn't in a program.  
In my better moments that fickle self  
stumbles and falls into grace.

*Author's Note: When I wrote this I seemed to have a cloud hanging over me, sticking my head out on occasion to let the sun shine on me, but it isn't long before I am pulled back into that shadow self. I yearned for the self that knows joy and the inspiration sourced from the creator leading me to the crucible of creation. I hoped that church that day and this work would be a start.*

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