

A Twilight Psalm

By Glenn Currier

Father, you fly into my soul as the birds of the air in their perfect freedom come to rest on the branches of the great Elm. Your beauty and its sheer perfection is alive in the trees and my eyes soak up your freshness and your magnificent green glory. I hear you whisper in the wind as if to speak softly to the quiet spaces in me, assuring me of your constancy.

Your affection flows into me like the swift sparkling force of the stream. Your love is alive all about me in the brown eyes of my wife, in the sparkling intensity of the cat's eyes as she looks upon me entreating my soul to awaken, inquiring the gentle affection of my heart.

I hear you in the sound of the piano playing, breathing the spirit of the balladeer in gentle strains that pulse and uncurl the strings of my soul. My Father you are all about me and permeate the walls and halls of my home with your goodness. You are a good good Father. That's who you are. And I am loved by you. That's who I am. You fill my spirit with your assurance and dedication.

This is my psalm, this is my prayer, this is me yearning for your companionship beckoning you to open the doors and windows, to rush into my soul, lift it and give me hope for a pleasant and peaceful eternity with you.

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