

a struggle     by ted slater

to think,

ideas complex, complete —

the structure sure,

machine secure.

to muse a music spheric, perfect —

to know my Father.

to feel,

my aire, uncluttered and simplified,

lifted tiny and weightless through great brisk unlimited northern skies,

lofted into sweeping arcs.

ah! to lean and loafe in Your liberation.

ay! mi Papacito! there i struggle.

in peniel, i wrestle as jacob.

um, no, i suppose more like job, i sit.