



“How Grace Is to Me”

Grace: What is it? Such a hard word to define.

Is it what stirs the stag to spring through the lush, abundant woods?

Does it float? Like the fowl, with feathers fluttering and

Flapping, gliding across the misty shore?

Or does it bury its face in a feline’s furry coat

To prowl by night, slinking and skittering, without any sound?

“No,” I said.

“That’s not how grace is to me.”

Then is it the breeze that rustles through the spruce trees?

How softly they sway in the evening light.

Or does it suspend the delicate dancer high up

In the air, as if time was dawdling in its duties?

“Nope,” I said.

“That’s still not quite right.”

Let’s try something different:

Is it encased by the embrace of two reluctant friends overcoming

The fury that flames in their hearts, finally coming to a mutual peace?

Maybe in the eyes of two lovers that require no answers?

Is it the kiss a mom gives to her repentant young boy

Or the curtsy of a lady who extends kind words?

“Closer,” I said.

“That’s on the right path.”

Then it must be on the heads of those bowing their knees,

The tears welling as they realize the answers they seek.

It is the hand that softly touches my face, and lifts my gaze to a higher place,

I trust the rocky trail on which He says to proceed,

After all, didn’t He die for me?

As I pass over the path stained crimson, I see

That grace was a bridge between heaven and me.

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TARA LANGHORNE

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