

The Conference

by Glenn Currier

Gray walls, tall ceilinged halls.
Bustled and hustled.
Projected and linked.
Cooled-over non-messages
Winked and blinked.
Pretending interest,
While yearning for
The warmth of human touch,
I feel alone and separate.
Then I remember I am not.
I invite her to sit with me,
Her with her wide brown body,
Confident eyes,
Vulnerable smile
And warm touch.
I am home.

Author's Note: *This poem was the first to be posted after many years away from writing poetry. It was a new beginning... my firstborn after a long separation. I have not revised it.*

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