



## Transcendence Behind Those Eyes

By Glenn Currier

His ample graying beard  
nearly covers crinkled flesh  
his eyes focus on the stars  
that surround him  
his hat with its spangled band  
bent slightly down in front  
seems to say: I am traveler of Earth.

I wonder what transcendence  
dances behind those eyes  
slowly moving like Zorba,  
arms out gently waving,  
an eagle in flight.

Like the old man  
I want to bear witness to the universe  
in the wave of my mind  
to give flight to words  
infiltrate, expand and release them  
and maybe figure out my small part in the great mystery.

Author's Note: I bow to poet, Mark Strand. This poem is based on a photocation by a friend of mine, Garth Mindfeather Hill: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/mindfeather/8628345020/in/photolist-BJtpC-t7KXZr-rZg32Q-qDAQN6-e9swnj-cf92s5-g7VAdi-i5hXm4-cvN7S9-kZRjXk-hc1aP9-ThYpFd-SdDME4-SynjPA-uymERL-f7vaww-hWof1d-rz9v3A-9rkYHz-gPpVND>

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