

# Flute Player

By Glenn Currier

He is walking slowly where step by step  
measure by measure in the lush meadow  
he plays a dulcet meandering air  
inviting me to join him there  
unbound by dark and foreboding forces  
of the viral pervasive present.

I join him and we fly to the open plain  
recently refreshed by rain  
Oklahoma and its green fields  
where the spirits of Native peoples reside  
and in soft spring breezes glide  
and remember their ancestors' names  
and the simple childhood games  
they played kicking up dust of earth  
in earshot of their mothers who gave birth  
to those precious souls and bodies brown  
made of love and Red River and ground.

The flute's tune again catches me  
in its lively streaming strain  
and pulls me up to airy heights  
to join the dance of darkness and light  
in spirit realms where beauty  
and reality tango together in peace.

*Author's Note: I bow to spiritual writer and mystic [Richard Rohr](#) and Kiowa, Pulitzer Prize winning author, painter and poet [N. Scott Momaday](#) who grew up in Oklahoma and once said "Realism is not what it's cracked up to be."*

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