

# Tumbleweed

Glenn Currier

Foiled by the honor of gray  
gathered in the trenches  
and settled in your hair,  
some were surprised  
by the twinkling light  
in your rugged aspect.

Wafted from the plains of your pain  
crossing open range,  
on the floor of our desert  
you wrote in sand-script  
and happily we caught your words  
language gathered from laughter and listening.

You fellow traveler,  
you furnace of wisdom,  
the twists of your intellect,  
as sure as a divine lantern,  
lead us past our fear and comfort  
to a new adventure.

The wispy lightness  
of your humor gusted  
across our blue gravity  
leaving our sadness  
whirling in the summer breeze.

You inventor,  
your poems were made to tumble  
with the winds of Mars.  
They roam distant planets  
in search of more words  
and new ears.

Ignoring the barbed wire  
we strung across our lives,  
you snagged and churned our minds  
you challenged and changed us  
transformed our inertia.

Sometimes we wondered  
how you got here.  
What route or path  
led you to plant yourself  
in the convolutions  
and walls of our worlds?

What Spirit inhabited  
the cells of this unlikely brush,  
this tumbleweed  
that scratched into the grain of our days?

We remain curious and full of questions,  
about this unlikely mortal,  
but smiling, humble, and grateful,  
we now bow to your tenacious soul.

Dedicated to Charlie Morgan, poet, novelist, writer, humorist, thinker, husband, father, and friend.  
Charlie passed away April 2, 2013 at the age of 67.

The original of this poem was written and posted on <http://www.pathetic.org> 02/16/2005 It is still in my "Friends and Loves" folder in original form.

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