

The little boy in front of me

by Glenn Currier

The little boy in front of me in church
is squirming
his head darts
what does he see -
the colored banners
big metal circle
oak leaf with flames
gray hairs on the man
a shiny blue dress
the breeze on his arms
his shoes, his sister's shoes
the sound of the birds outside?

The lady standing in front
exhorts - stay in the present
soak it in
feel your feelings
in the Eternal Now.

Sister elbows him
giving her meanest stare
mother's hand gesture
and frown
tell him
stay still!

I wondering if she heard
the preacher lady's now lesson.

I smile
aching to hug him
kiss the facets of this little gem
praise his attention
to the multiplicity
his swift flight
into the cosmos.

My eyes glisten
in recognition
of the little boy
inside.

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