

Left

by Glenn Currier

On the ledge
on the edge
I gaze into the abyss
of your apathy.

I tender the coin of my soul
to your slithering emptiness
there is no hand or heart for it.

To me they are pearls
but your pride has plucked
what care may light your eyes
to hold them for a moment
in your mind.

Shout or weep
but do not sleep
away the crystal
of my love
the emerald
of my life.

Author's Note: *Written after a particularly discouraging day as a teacher.*

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