

Floating Home

By Glenn Currier

There is an old hymn
this world is not my home
an old friend freely sings
its lyrics but she's lonesome
never full of joy in her place
ready to depart
but a strong heart keeps her here
for us to talk
and laugh *this* year
not last or next but now
with both cheer and tears
in our eyes
and on our cheeks.
We're not waiting.
In this long float
we can smell the fragrance of aster
not before or after
but blooming in our spring
upon this glorious encircling stream.

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