

Choir

By Glenn Currier

Sometimes you think yourself leafy brown
with odor of musk and watery ground.
You think yourself a toddler compared
to poets writing stars and clouds in air.

You do not hear your voice as one
of sweetest tone in surging run
a tenor in a high and brighter space
joined with orange of alto and blue of bass.

You are a voice not a choir
it's not a solo you require
but a body - all organs working
neither slumbering nor shirking.

So, just breathe in and breathe out
forsake control give up your doubt
believe, believe in mercy and let go
trust the well, the depths - just grow.

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