

# Tiny Resurrections

by Glenn Currier

A few of his friends went to his coffin  
some looked bewildered others sad  
years of cherishing made his heart soften  
you'd see it in his love of birds and dogs he'd had.

Around the room visiting  
were small groups of friends  
telling stories, eyes glistening,  
jokes were told by buddies and kin.

Aroma of flowers soaked the space  
he'd love the life in them and the stories,  
how people listened and embraced  
and shared moments of glory.

Isn't it amazing that a man's dying  
brought people together who'd been apart  
caused tiny resurrections and rising  
waking, softening and joining their hearts?

*Author's Note: These reflections are based partially on the experience I recently had at an evening visitation the day before a friend's funeral. In addition, every Easter I like to write a poem on the theme of rising from darkness, death, depression, or sadness. Maybe these human resurrections will remind us or reflect in very small ways The Resurrection.*

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Written 4-21-19 (Easter Sunday)*