

Birds and Coffee

About now she is having her first cup
in her java ritual of waking up
starting the day by feeding the birds
who swoop too eat and hear her words.

St. Francis is smiling up there
seeing her quiet presence and care
presence to what is real
in the moment and what it reveals.

The Creator is in his creatures
in shape, contour and natural features.
I don't need TV, booze, caffeine
or any other fix to intervene.

And it is good to have friends who are kind
who help the helpless and the blind
who feed birds and spirits of the down
not looking for applause or renown.

Knowing and loving and being there
for others, taking time to care -
having friends like this - a divine treasure
impossible to repay or measure.

So when I'm tempted to medicate
in any fashion, let me meditate
or be present to friends or birds in flight
let me abide not in darkness but in light.

Author's Note: Dedicated to my friend and fellow poet, Elizabeth Hobbs.

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