

The Love of Poetry

By Glenn Currier

Oh you mysterious giver!
I cannot fathom your generosity
the way you abandon a singular intention
in favor of freedom,
how you trust me to receive you
knowing that I am sitting here
shackled or endowed with so many years
of constructing my mind
filling it with limitations, prejudices, hurts
and joyous discoveries,
filling it with the abuse, misuse and love
of others whose paths I have crossed
from infancy to now.

Knowing all of this
still you keep relinquishing yourself
delivering the universe to me,
setting before me a feast
replete with fruit
the bounty of earth
and heaven.

You are gracious, even indulgent to this prodigal.
Your grace has me in awe
of your elegant splendor
and love.

Author's note: What I love about poetry is the spiritual harvest it gives. It allows me to interpret it with what I need at the time of my reading. But more than that my gratitude reaches across geography to the human mind and heart and the spiritual force that crated it. I cannot adequately express my gratitude for poets and their work, from the psalmist, to Neruda, to Collins, to Rumi, to all the creative giants I can rendezvous with just by turning on my computer or opening a book.

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