

Dina

by Glenn Currier

I met a woman last night,
my curiosity about her
peaked by the glow
in the image of her
spoken by my cousin
in the wide plain
and deep lake
of our conversations.

The woman's skill, astute attention,
and firm instruction
evident in the seemingly miraculous
reversal of the swampy
drippings of aging
normal in an octiginarian.

Do you know those rare first encounters
when you see and touch
the tender roots of an orchid plant?

What a delight to hear and see
in our brief wide exchange
each color soaked petal
reveal the sweet soul
and large heart
of a woman who had discovered
that rare, emerald region
between professionalism
and compassion.

I met a woman last night
who made me proud to be human.

Author's Note: Dedicated to Dinah, the occupational therapist
who has befriended and guided my dear cousin Marcia from
being a near invalid to a walking, functional, determined,
healthy model for those of us in danger of being victimized by
the aging process.

*"Dina," Copyright 2012 by Glenn Currier
Written February 22, 2012
Alexandria, Louisiana*