

The Outsiders

by Glenn Currier

Blurry bodies on the fringes
of my determined path
sometimes they move from
the grog of my parietal regions
and bump into me
awaken me
from my quotidian drowse.

Then I see them.
They are old, sad, uninspired.
They have stopped growing.
They inhabit the dark regions
of orthodoxy I abhor.
They are content to fossilize
sit and watch the world go by.
They are waiting in their pews
for the arrival of the grim reaper.

They are not enlightened
like me.

They, they, they.
The mote in their eyes
the plank in mine.

What toil
to view clearly
the narrow vision
the long deep ruts of my path
my highly enlightened orthodoxy.

What piece of patience
can I find for my fellow sufferers?
What blinds me to their beauty
their common humanity?

Here I sit in the throes of reflection
trying to liberate and ready myself
to join them.

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