Proclivities

By Glenn Currier

I seem to lean
into my shadows, failures and faults.
That slope too natural
and my downward leaning too easy.

What darkness have I learned?
What sullen seed has
merged into the deeper passages
to transform
into thorns?

Is it my repeated stumblings
or the sin of another
inflicted early
but now forgotten?
Maybe it's so terrible
my mind has stashed it way way down
now a fungus still alive in the dark?

I feel too at home
dwelling in that cave
and I am in need,
I am sorely in need
of light,
enough lasting exposure
to kill the blight
scorch the itch
and set me leaning
into an upward pitch
to thwart the dark

proclivities.

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Written 4-6-19