Growing Away

By Glenn Currier

The last blossoms of the Bougainvillea
reach out to me as I pass
as if to say:
"Good morning
here I am!"

Oh burnt orange bloom
your delicate body
slow-waltzing with the breeze
speak to me of earth
sing me a lullaby
not to sleep but to awaken
from the slumber
the numbness
of my doing day.

How I segregate myself!
The storm out there
the drought over there
the vanishing ice up there
the ant hills in the yard outside.

Me thinking I am I
and you are you
in our separate worlds.
But you are waving saying
"Hey brother let's touch again
like we did when we were kids.
You knew me then
and the grass and the elm
we were in love with each other
breathing the same air
caressing without shame.
Yes, we were shamelessly
one."

This secondhand belief
that I am me alone
is it because I am a man?
I'd like to blame it on that.
I think women are made
to be one with the universe
in a way men can neither know nor grasp.

But when I was a child
I had it too. And then I grew
up and away
away from earth.

What a pity.

Hello Brother Bougainvillea
let's play.

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