

# To tired to write?

By Glenn Currier

I'm tired  
my body seems to be telling me  
to go to bed and sleep  
but I know I couldn't,  
for this poem is lurking inside  
and won't be denied  
as much as I try.

Can poems be found in the tired  
in the brain of one who's wired  
to look here and there and everywhere  
like the bird perched atop the chair  
in the backyard, its head swiveling to and fro  
watching for cats or humans or hawks flying low?

I guess I shall see if there is a poem taking flight  
here and now teasing twilight  
will it swoop and settle in my mind  
will my muse become archly inclined?  
Or maybe I'll dwell on that attentive bird  
and in that dwelling find the words  
and take a lesson from the throat of its being  
breaking forth in its flight or its singing.

Is there a verse down there I've been saving  
while the sapling Tallow is waving  
saying goodbye to the dying day  
dancing the wind in lusty ballet.  
Is there a line  
in the recesses of time  
between vital concerns  
and issues that burn?

I hear the cello's refrain  
playing nearby in mournful bane  
it takes me back to practicing Strauss  
on the piano, filling our house  
with dissonance and verve  
getting on my mom's last nerve.  
But oh how music flourished and reigned -  
the joy in my soul could not be contained.

Thinking of what music has meant to me  
and composed in me a sweet symphony  
brings me alive here in this sacred space  
replaces fatigue with energy and grace.  
I stayed here long enough to find  
these wisps of memory and rhyme  
that so often provide the spark  
to lift and fly me out of the dark.