

Acorns

By Glenn Currier

How do I see your face?
Is it trapped in the images
floating in the eye of my mind?

Or in the sidewalk's stress grove
like the acorns lined there in a row
or the fallen oak leaf astride?

How does it feel to be so trapped?
Are you as frustrated
as I with the rule of language

inadequate to speak
the mystery of your heart
and the bright vacancy where you reside?

Or is it my blindness
where I am trapped
unable to find you free:

in the luxury of trees, quiet of clouds,
joy of daisies, drift of dreams,
and ripples of mountain streams?

The tilt of my head is down
and all I need is looking up
to see the mother oak

of those acorns
or look within to find
the wealth of life

the limitless source
and the sigh of peace
at the core of me.

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