

Thorns

By Glenn Currier

The thorns in my side
I try so hard to hide
with humor, cleverness, even kindness
but after so long they are well-planted
like seeds they've taken root.

I am a man full of grace and gratitude
even changes in attitude
I float on great waves
in my wooden dinghy
precarious atop mighty waters
and angels visit
take me into smooth azure lagoons
where I reside in peace
even serenity from time to time.

I weep in great sadness
occasional fits of despair
drowning there
I swim up to gulp for air
leap and glide into the light
breathe mercy in my flight
pray for courage and gumption
but discover
I cannot stay afloat alone
so with abandon I dive
into bright souls whose hands and hearts
reach down to rescue me.
Some of them are thorn people too
battered, broken, and rugged
who've found the courage to change
the things they could.

I guess these thorns are there
to make me come up for air
to give me the zephyr of humility
the certainty of a love
that save me.

Author's note: This is written for those who are in the grip of one or more addictions.

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