

# Driller

By Glenn Currier

Sometimes I feel like a tiny speck  
a pinpoint on the cosmic map  
in a long and eventful trek.  
I wonder: has it been a twinkling mishap  
in the eternal river of creation-  
this small life on this land-  
has it been a mere gestation  
a tiny flame to be fanned?

This great project of learning  
feels like a random flow  
an era of melancholy yearning  
an endless lurch and search to know  
a fitful labor to pay the bills  
fill the day with peak emotion  
explore the plains and the hills  
make history with earnest devotion.

I've concluded at this late stage  
that it's ok to stay in one place  
linger with the words on one page  
stay a while and embrace  
the depths of each soul,  
to drill relentless and brave  
through layers of coal and gold  
to be a faithful drilling slave.

It is in this drilling quest  
seemingly in one hole  
each passage explored and pressed  
until its juices yield to the bowl  
and the story is told whole and wide  
when I find there the cosmic Word  
every star and atom tied  
and each syllable and song is heard.

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