

This Island

By Glenn Currier

I come here
to this island rich in growth
clear warm fluid
to catch its currents
and swim its nurturing depths
where I can breathe underwater
and leave traces of my darkness
to float like drops of ink
in a glass bowl.

These tropics
reside on the map of my heart
for me to locate
when covered
by layers of sand
in the desert
on gray slate days
barren days of lost inspiration
when I am turned in on me
and my tottering self
the me I see
on my pockmarked well-traveled and aged face
each morning in the mirror.

I arrive here
each time with a glimmer of hope
that I can find
within a point of light
some soft and pure place
a source a force
where I can rise again.

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