

# Alive

By Glenn Currier

The pages of my past  
contain few lines  
about the issue of being alive  
but they are thick  
with daily endeavors  
fancied as truly important,  
they churn with anxiety  
    under the clock  
        and my urge to be right  
or perfect enough  
    for my splendid image.

In the pages of my past  
being alive did appear as an issue.  
    Yet now each day  
    it bubbles up  
    like warm Champaign  
    in the chambers of my heart  
        and each night before I can sleep  
        I bow to the Creator  
        in thanksgiving  
            for the gift of life  
            for one more day on Earth.

Today I was in a place  
of pain  
my lover healing  
and receiving care.  
When she spoke  
    I heard love.  
I felt her soft touch  
saw her smile  
    and the sparkle in her eyes  
tasted her kiss.

Today I walked.  
    I walked out of that building,  
    breathed in the cool spring air  
    tilted my head to the heavens  
    heard a symphony of Mockingbirds  
    saw bees being perfectly happy  
    pollinating, collecting and re-creating the Earth.

Today there was no issue  
    for I knew the glory  
        of being alive.

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