



## Still

Being human for so many years  
you'd think that I would know  
you'd think it'd be clear  
I'm still in flow with room to grow.

But I get frustrated still  
with the flaws in my learning  
how its still so uphill.  
But it's ok - this yearning.

Like the feathery clouds up there  
floating in the blue  
I'm still a subject of air  
moving in sky, always new.

Like the distant dark trees  
with bright sky contrasting  
dark against light is what the eye sees  
it's the shadow I'm casting

it's the shadow getting long  
moving toward twilight  
but still standing, still strong  
still fluid, fluxing and flowing - is alright.

Author's Note: Dedicated to Wanda Jones on her birthday.

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Written 6-14-18*