

The River

By Glenn Currier

The River flows
moves steady relentless
wind-inspired ripples ruffle the surface
waves make their way to the far shore
to the distant landing I cannot see
to a place of the great mystery.

I have joined the deeper currents
unseen by this sun-drenched day
or the small vessels
of genius gathered
of a pounding past
where in our youth we cast
our simple handmade lures
hoping to hook and set
something, someone in the rolling caravan
of gypsies making their way
with story and song
ballads of valiant endeavor
sometimes weak sometimes strong
dotted with groans and sighs of love
the small sounds of stringing beads
drops of trust and hope
to sell other searchers
on the way.

*"The River," Copyright 2019 by Glenn Currier
Written 8-20-19*