

Cranberry Sauce and Home

By Glenn Currier

Dishes are apportioned according to skill
Sis does great pumpkin pie
Cuz's fudge gives you a thrill
Brother's mimosas make you high.

Grannie's stories warm your heart
Unc loves to talk football trash
Dal's video's are state of the art
Genie's song makes a splash.

Aunt Inez brings cornbread dressing
We'll ooooo and ahhhhh over Ginny's quilt
Brother Steve says the blessing
Larry shows pics of the table he built.

We gather in the home of sister Lucy
Roger tells tales of flying planes
Dorothy does a turkey fine and juicy
Mel spins yarns of trucks and trains.

Cam excels at shuffling the deck
Ann always makes us laugh
Nita's gives us dignity and respect
Dick takes our photograph.

We love Helen's luscious cranberry sauce.
But what of those who have no cheer
the folks who feel lonely and lost
the folks who live in fear?

We love Christmas and Thanksgiving
but what of those out on the streets
the manic, depressed, the tired of living
those who are sad and bittersweet?

The day after the turkey's been eaten
maybe you woke up feeling alone,
anxious, bereft and beaten.
But here's hoping all of us will find our true and loving home.

Author's Note: Yesterday was marvelous being with family and sharing a wonderful meal, but I woke up too early this morning feeling lonely and anxious. I know not why. I came in here and started typing it out and this poem is what I came up with. Forgive me if I left you out and please be tolerant of my poetic license. Sometimes I wonder if any of us are truly at home in this world. Thank God I have a warm and dry space to wake up in. And today and every day may I live in thanksgiving.