

# The Pursuit

By Glenn Currier

Nothing can separate me from you  
not when I'm a darker shade of blue  
not when darkness comes calling  
nor when my spark is falling.

When I open the door to temptation  
give myself up to frustration  
you are whispering in my ear  
that voice I don't want to hear.

Like a puppy tied to my leash  
or a burr that will not release  
its grip on my running feet  
you will not, you cannot retreat.

Like a poet blocked in deadly boredom  
you are the muse running toward him.  
You are a father with a telescope  
looking for me with eyes of hope.

When I completely gave up on you  
left home for reckless rendezvous  
gave in to desire and pleasures  
your zeal was without measure.

In my deep and wallowing guilt  
you don't give up on what you've built  
what you've known from the start  
that you're right here deep in my heart.

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