

Old men will see visions

By Glenn Currier

I hear the piano playing softly
pulling me from these rutted plains
into a moist green meadow
a vision of a flowing brook down the hill
makes me believe the words of the Prophet:
"Your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions."
yes, I am old, but I see and feel the rising gentle treble notes
lighten my leaded limbs
awaken my spirit
and thrust me into the realms.
It is the touch and glide of the pianist's fingers
across the ivory skin of the keys
that transports me
in the waning hours of this day.
How sweet it is!

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