The Stray

By Glenn Currier

I followed him across sand and streams
stopped and stooped to care for the fallen
listened to his stories when they wanted rules
laughed when his guys goofed again
and he patiently repeated counsel
smiling at their folly and love.
He was different
didn't fit the mold
didn't always do as told
because his inner voice was loud
he heard it above the crowd
and the bosses
who threatened crosses
for all the misfits and rebels
for those who ignored the levels
of power and wealth
that would put them higher.
He wasn't a big man pacifier
stayed with ordinary folk
and listened when *they* spoke.
I followed this stray
and still do today.

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