

A Crossing

By Glenn Currier

I roam the roads of this land
hop the hills, read the script,
listen to the sounds of logic and consequence
feel the wind on my skin
smell the flowers and grass
in this familiar landscape.

But I yearn for another place
an unexplored, exotic, even eerie space
I approach and tiptoe into a foggy
twilight border devoid of signs
nobody, no memory, no lines
I try to surrender to the fog.

But soon I'm back in the charted
remembered current waters
picking up the day's packets bracelets and bobbles
but my legs soon start to wobble
in this state of awake
and again I search for a crossing

through the foggy realm
into the sweet lost land
of sleep.

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