

Head up, head down

By Glenn Currier

The arrow in my dream pointed up
I wasn't sure what that meant
but I slowly swung my legs out of bed
still woozy but knowing I had to write
so I got up.

I walk with my head down
watching the darkened floor so each step is safe and firm.
Recently I saw my sister walking with her head up
looking at the trees
looking up to see the branches growing.
I worried she would trip on a crack or branch or rock and fall.
I worried.
She walked with her head up.

She is a good example for me
looking for growth
When she looks down it's for all the gifts
the Doug Firs and Cedar leave for good Earth
some of the samara she gathers like precious treasurers,
takes them home and spreads them about
for adornment of her place.

When discouragement or sadness get me down
I need to remember to look up
beyond the muck
toward the stars
where creation began
and listen for the bang
in the voices
of jays, cardinals, friends, loves, and strangers.

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Written (revised from previous reflections) 1-10-19*