

This Small Cathedral

by Glenn Currier

In this small cathedral we meet
I sit here waiting for you
and it is not long before
our joyful reunion.
I weep tears of joy
being wrapped in your arms
feeling your creative energy
flow through my mind
into my fingers and back out
on this small screen.

I have missed this intimacy
that fills me with poems
and lines along which you travel
from me into the universe.
Those lines pierce my heart
and it overflows with life and love
because you have entered.

This is a sacred space
for here I bring all the trials and pain
and lay them out
for your creative plunging being,
plunging past the terror and hate without
into the deepest part of me
a chamber of reunion.

Author's Note: Since this time last month (May 2021) I have been suffering some intense pain in my back due to spinal disk degenerative disease that hurts most intensely when I sit and a bit less when I stand. So that sends me to bed of the couch where I can recline and allow my pain killing measures to take effect. I can really understand how people get hooked on pain killers. So this month has filled me with compassion for those who suffer chronic intense pain. I still await a more permanent or at least a longer lasting solution to this problem. The medical profession sometimes moves slowly. I have missed writing and this morning I forced myself to sit here, meditate, journal, and allow my muse to enter the small space of our garden room where my little computer sits and I can enjoy the feast of green life around me and through the windows AND the feast of creativity – inspiring this my first poem in more than a month. It is amazing how the creative impulse arises when we just stop and allow it to do so. I have missed you all and your poetry, your spilling out of your soul life. I hope I can force myself to return to this small cathedral more often even though the pain continues to nag and pulse. Peace and poetry to all of you, my dear friends.