

Room

By Glenn Currier

In this garden room filled with your quiet
I roam clouds and swim depths
breathe your peace, your humility,
you who is called mighty
I find as low as the soil
the slow sure growth
of the ivy
and the roots
oh here you are in the roots
of my darkness and virtue
doubt and joy.

I am comfortable here
and at peace
here in this living space
where you who are so immense
make yourself small enough
for me to be
my small true self
here in this humble space
I find
room.

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