

# Freedom to Die

By Glenn Currier

When someone fears not my freedom  
opens their grip and surrenders  
any hold on me  
the blessed result is a kind of peace -

maybe a pause before I approach the cliff  
but in that small moment a glimmer of grace  
enough to save me

a space to crawl a few layers deeper  
to find what lies beneath,  
a slender root, a fertile bit of soil

a mystery on the desert plain  
that nurtures a tender shoot  
to take me into a hazy future

Freedom to die  
to the hell within me  
to the surface me  
that pretends control  
to the hidden pain that gobbles my light

These little deaths free me  
to embrace the little boy within  
the creative self  
the beautiful alive soul  
the pure core  
that sustains us all.

When Some One, anyone, fears not my freedom  
opens their grip and surrenders...

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