

These are the words of a fool

By Glenn Currier

Thinking of my closest relationships
makes me marvel at what a fool I am.
A map of the streams of my loves
would show small settlements
tiny villages where I've rested
from my frantic search for meaning -
spaces made by nights of talking and sharing -
spaces of kisses, cries,
shouts and whispers that kept together
the threads we coiled into a chord
of memories.

Memories of foolish leaps we both made
into a friendship, a kinship, a marriage
a co-creation.

What faith abides in me that causes
me to abandon logic for love?
It is a mystery to me
how I can stay in this embrace
despite our divergencies?

But it is a splendid mystery
I celebrate.

Author's Note: I bow to my new friend ruqayyah I met on HelloPoetry.com. His poem, "keep your friends close" caused me to write this poem. It is about the trust necessary for close relationships of all kinds. I think of my relationship with my relatives, my friends, my church, my wife. All of these are based on some degree of trust.

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