

Liquid Light: A Purification

By Glenn Currier

You would expect a mottled patina,
or layers of corrosion,
a leathery impervious surface
laid on by decades of exposure and wear
like an old rusty ship stuck on a sandbar.

But instead from this old hulk
flows streams of tears
in the presence of a human story
an underdog's longshot victory,
the human spirit emerging
over evil, egotism or cruelty.

I wonder if this fountain of tenderness
comes from a soul transformed in darkness
or as a needed purification
from the news
of a soiled, cracked, and polluted body politic.

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