

Going Gold

By Glenn Currier

The flute played a lullaby in the distance
calling the man and his horse into desert's blanch
where even tumbleweed had vanished.
He saw the streaked banks of the arroyo
that told a tale of currents
whose power clashed and hurled taut soil west
where the sun was going gold.

His face etched by storms
in many forms
he tried to ignore joint moans
by whistling Cohen's Halleluia
that wiggled forth a salty mist
in his eyes.

Halleluia for all the years.
He hummed the line
he heard Leonard say:
don't dwell on what's passed away
or what is yet to be.

The flute again cast its spell
not a knell but a psalm
of praise to make
and create what he could
be it on paper or carved in wood.

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