

Sightings

By Glenn Currier

I am inching closer and closer to you
stumbling on my doubts
the rusty chains of my years
slung heavy on my shoulders
over my gray habits.

I want a more sudden path to you
I know... love at first sight no longer an option
I can't count the sightings
the unfoldings the gentle murmurings
mostly hidden hints
of you.

But this Damascus road fantasy
distracts me from seeing
the real
the slow green growth
right there in my garden
 perceptible in days
 not minutes
in the spring leafing of the Elm
 not in hours
 but in days
in the trunk of the Oak
 not in months
 but in years.

Is it my shortsightedness
or my placable memory
keeping me from sensing
 the ebb of you
 the tide encroaching
 fearlessly into my soul?

But still as I sit and stand
and sing and listen to the strong beat of your music
your voice from the mouths of those you've sent
I feel stirrings – signs of life
in this old growth forest
whispers of hope
that I won't give up on you.

Because you'll never give up on me.