

Glowing in Moonlight

By Glenn Carrier

When I hit the wall
like a stubborn rubber ball
I bounced off of it
over and over I didn't fit
knew I was defective
failed the directive
couldn't learn the right speed
I was a stranger breed
loved the melodies repeated in my head
but lyrics learned with a shadowy dread
math was a flitting bird
but oh how I loved the word
words my dearest allies
every poem a surprise
loved religion because it flew
made me rise above the pew
for there I could get high
I could sing I could fly
until it made of me a fool
when again I couldn't get the rule
or follow it or do it all right
it turned dark and I lost the light
in my clear blue eyes
what had been joy turned to cries
I too became a misfit
no longer open and sunlit
I learned to love moonlight
it was there I could write
and become true
my soul could come through
it was the moon and its soft glow
where poetry helped me grow
beyond the normal bounds
and I could hear the sounds
of angels and ordinary folk
who loved the me who was broke
and bent in a different way
not black or white but a shade of gray
I thank the Lord for those who could see
the beauty and goodness in that different me.

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