

Winnowing

By Glenn Currier

I know a poem is down there somewhere
so I close my eyes
and in the air
clouds caress me
in a clear blue sea
where I drift and sift.
The winnowing winds of summer heat
gather me up and beat
the chaff from the wheat
making pain into grain
in a harvest of glowflies
from the part of me that never dies.

Of course, it seems
there's always a store
of darkness and drought
in that needy muddled middle of me.

The small silo of self
is formed from the labyrinthine moss
of saints and sinners
who sowed in me
seeds of success and loss.

I cannot count or recall
all the saints and sinners
who sowed the seeds
of success and loss
in the soil of my past
nor count the cost
of the sad nurturance
still alive in the shadows of my memory.

Looking back
again feeling those winds
brushing the hairs on my skin
I am grateful for that winnowing
and for the rich aroma
rising from this warm loaf
of poetry.

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