

Gray Day

By Glenn Currier

I was hoping for sun
to brighten my mood
and wake me up this day.

But shades of gray
hang heavy on the horizon
ground wet from last night's rain.

That's life.

I remember my days of black and white
easy answers cut and dry, clear and bright
lines dark and sure
with me of refined mind
up on ground moral and high.

But I have become fond of gray
where friends with their faults
and me with mine stay
in love anyway.

Give me lowly, mushy earth
where seeds break open
with verdant birth.

Yes, please give me a day
with shades of gray.

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