

You Crackle

By Glenn Currier

You crackle and bubble up
can't be held in a cup
even when I worry
you can't be in a hurry
takin your good time
findin just the right rhyme
to make us click
to make me tick.

When the world is bustin at the seams
and squirmin out my dreams
I want to lock the doors
but you tell me I'm yours
can't run too fast
know I can't last
I want to gamble my heart
thinkin I'm so smart
not enough piercing not enough tats
to make my old dogs into cats
can't never find enough what I like
when I want a hit, instead, a strike.

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Couldn't speak your name
could not be emptied of my shame
you reached across the waters of my mind
I felt your calloused hand in mine
smelled the sawdust of your shop
raising and building without stop
I ignore you oh how I try

typing and piddling till I'm dry
but still you stand inside
and quietly abide.

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It is still early in the day
there's work to be done without delay
but my old body says
go back to bed
my joints groaning
my muscles moaning
by bones barely able to hold my weight
my feet are in a terrible state
but then I feel a verging
of your energy and your urging
and I pick myself up and head outside
and you, you are there in my slow sure
stride.

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