

# My Furrowed Mind

By Glenn Currier

My mind is plowed with deep furrows  
a thousand canals  
through which hapless fantasy  
rushes with such ease.  
But on occasion  
when I least expect it  
the realms rain upon that soil  
sprout seedlings  
that glisten and giggle  
turn this way and that  
wild and tender  
and full of life.

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