

# Being a Caterpillar

By Glenn Currier

The feeling of fear meeting someone for the first time  
the delight looking at a little child playing  
near ecstasy smelling a magnolia blossom  
a secure feeling upon seeing Pampas Grass.

The unsafe feeling being with the blonde man  
who had been nothing but kind to me  
then... finally I remembered  
the sandy-haired boy who made an object of me  
at age seven behind the barn on a summer day.

So much of the self is hidden  
chaining me to the old  
keeping me in a caterpillar state  
stumbling over chunks of earth  
ignorant of what can happen  
in the cocoon.

But learning, writing, remembering  
can make me a Monarch  
flying into spring.

*Author's Note: I bow to Ray C. Stedman and his article: "The Great Mystery" and to Melanie Durand Grossman's memoir, "Crossing Bayou Teche," that brought a kind of enlightenment to her, her cousins, and others. The book effected in some of us a new awareness and freedom from formerly hidden realities that had shackled us to the past. This poem is part of my Teche series.*

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