

Ripe Tomato

By Glenn Currier

One thing about being this old
is the volume of things I need to know
for another day
grows thinner and thinner.

When the uses of my days
are fewer and fewer
I wonder if it's a benefit
since I'm closer
to peace and glory.

On the other hand
the present moment
is a ripe tomato
ready to be sliced
its sour meat and juice
sucked into my mystic imagination
and spit out like a Mozart concerto.

This present is a cornucopia
a Marti Gras of bright beads
and sparkly gifts thrown my way
from the passing parade
sounding with the teenage vigor
of trombones and flutes
piccolos and drums.

Therefore
I choose the abundance
of the juicy now.

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