

How Can It Be?

By Glenn Currier

How can it be
this strange and sunlit bond
of two men parted by
 Texas prairie
 countless hills
 three rivers flowing south
 days of rain and drought
 miles of pain and ills?

So many clear divides
 and normal terrible tides
 could not unbind
 this bond.

This tie was forged by
 fingers typing lines
 of verse and rhymes
 two spirits and two minds
 linked in air by seeming chance
 touching in poetic dance
 sharings of the heart
 our precious marital art
 finding God on parallel paths.

We joined our hearts beyond our plans
beyond the cultural shades
or places of our working days.

But now this friendship seems
 an inevitable uncommon gift
 not by our driven grip
 but by some force or power
 of Nurture that made it flower.

*Author's Note: Dedicated to my friend,
Roland Ruiz of Elmendorf, Texas - not too far
from San Antonio - who calls himself "Your
Alamo friend." He is a poet possessed of
uncommon gifts.*

Yes we Skyped
 and oh we typed!
 and talked by phone
but I worked and went off on my own
 for far too many weeks
 I did not reach
 for my Alamo friend
yet this man was there waiting
through his own trauma and peril
 his kindness unabating
 as he bravely fought for life
 nurtured by his loving wife.
I am humbled by a courageous man
 who listened with care
 past my frustrations
 when he had only encouragement to share.

If I wonder how this friendship could be
I need only think deeply
of this man to see
 his gentle caring soul
 a faith and humility to behold
 his tolerance and his smile
 and nary an ounce of guile.

If you ask: How can it be
that these two men
 who never met
 touched or shook hand in hand
could have a bond so deep and grand

just pause and read their poetry
and you will see
 and hear their spirits fly
 in their lows and in their highs

You will hear two violins in their verse
and see there - the twinkling
 of the Universe.

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