

# A Thimble, a Cup

By Glenn Currier

Usually when I open my eyes,  
creeping through the blinds a sun rise  
brings a thimble of gratitude to my sleepy mind  
for yet another day above ground.

But last night  
news of flooded darkened homes  
faces full of desperation and despair  
haunted me  
delayed sleep until another morning  
was about to dawn.

I turned the lights on  
just to make sure.

Now I am awake  
and drink  
a cup of gratitude.

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