

# To Grasp

By Glenn Currier

To find one human person  
who without your erudite  
lengthy explanation,  
can stand under  
your poem or line of words -  
said with a mysterious smile -  
and simply nod  
and with her smile  
tells you she knows what it is  
you're trying to express

To find one human person  
who is quiet and calm and sad  
with you when that tear rolls down your cheek  
and you need not say a word of explanation

To find one human person  
who knows the love  
the affection and respect  
contained in a single soft touch on her shoulder...

is an ineffable gift  
as rare as a fist-sized diamond  
suddenly appearing in a miner's eyes.  
It is a gift so precious you feel humbled, unworthy,  
with a gratitude that lies deeper  
than you can feel,  
much less express.

**Author's Note:** *Author's Note: I read something profound this morning and I thought to myself: "Oh there is a poem in that, but if I wrote it who would get it, who could stand under it and hold it and appreciate it and know me enough to catch that region within me from whence it came?" Then I remembered one man, a fellow poet, a fellow traveler who could and would. And I felt grateful for him, a man, almost as old as I, with Parkinson's Disease who has difficulty walking and talking, but who under stands.*