

Darkness in the Ditch

By Glenn Currier

I lived here far too long
in this cavern dripping its darkness
with accusations and critiques
that have wetted my back with thick moisture
sticky with comparisons.
The crevasses and stones were placed with my collusion
in crazy cooperation with shadow.

Sadly the path of my past is strewn with this profusion
but gladly timely shafts of light spoiled the deception
and I climbed to a luminous plain
encountered rocky mounts
with veins of silver and gold
that bantered with the pain.

Now my long conversation with light
has staunched the blight
and rarely does the tempest threaten
to drown my spirit in its flood.

For now my shortfalls are taken in stride
measured against the serenity of truth
that surrounds me.

Now my hands are joined to fellow travelers,
to the faithful who laugh with me
at the reaper of darkness
weak in the ditch
whimpering over the paucity of his power
in the face of brothers and sisters
redeemed by the force
of honesty, trust, and Love.

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