

# Predawn Peace

By Glenn Currier

It is predawn and still dark outside  
but I cannot sleep.  
The cool of aching winter calls  
but the oaks, still green,  
soon their leaves will fall  
like me who so easily slips away  
from the grasp  
of the universe  
that always beckons me to join  
the elements of its peace.

But too often  
I choose the storms  
the collisions  
and scattering properties.

How sweet it is to close the distance  
between us  
to find each other  
and dwell together  
in moments of love, respect,  
mutual admiration,  
and laughter  
that seem so rare  
out there,  
to abide in sweet and precious harmony  
for a while.

*Author's Note: The last three days I traveled south to visit with three of my relatives whom I have not seen and hugged for far too long. We shared meals, a few card games, a little music, and a movie. These have been times to cherish and remember in the long months we will again find ourselves apart, at a distance, all trying to avoid the loneliness that haunts humanity these days.*