

Fear of Fog

By Glenn Currier

Traveling the dusty winding road
I reached the rain forest
heard the Macaw sing
saw its flash of glory in air
and I mused what I'd missed
in the dusty doctrines and dogmas
leather volumes
safe and secure at home
a home I feared might morph
into a wooly gulag
or a colonial province
where freedom groaned
and dragged like an anchor
in shallow water.

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