

The Poetry in Us

By Glenn Currier

They came into the field
a multiplicity drifting, walking slowly

shoes at home in the dirt
 shoes shined, stylish, but squeamish in the soil
clothes tattered, stained with grease and sweat from labor
 clothes well creased and pressed, ready for a magazine.
black, brown, yellow,
 red, white, and blue
speaking softly with respect
 speaking strongly in rhymed cadence from the soul.

A man in a dress
 a short-haired woman in pants, no bra,
faces full of sadness anchored deep in pain
 faces bright with hope and joy
a babble of voices, alien, from crossed boundaries
 voices familiar and colloquial.

Each one from the margins
from some place
from some space
outside or inside
unwilling to hide
or simply abide in the familiar and safe.

Each one arrived in this spacious field
to plant their seeds
to water their weeds
with their pens and their sins
their frauds and their gods
their trials and their smiles.

This variety of souls
these people walking
all together are witnesses.
They testify to the poetry that's in us.

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