

# My Heart

By Glenn Currier

Tomorrow makes its way into the history  
of my heart – always a mystery to me  
it is full of people, music, feeling, and strain  
a morsel of ache and moments of drain  
it has taken me  
walked and run  
from rising to setting sun  
from shame to grace  
from a lower to a higher place.

This old heart has filled me with tears  
of sadness, joy, faith and fears  
awe and anger, glorious heights  
lowly dark and bruising disgust  
love full of passion, pain, and trust.

Touched by victories over incredible odds  
moved from darkness to cirrus gods  
from squalls and brawls and angry shouting  
snatched me from moments of demons and doubting.

Heart to beating heart in warm embraces  
football in sandlots and youthful races  
fearful greetings and tearful goodbyes  
falling in love with her big brown eyes  
heart to heart in evenings of sharing  
from being apart to coupling and caring.

And so tomorrow I and my heart  
go again for another new start  
in the hands of healers  
and angels from afar  
whatever comes from this  
if all is well or it goes amiss  
I fear not whatever the course  
for I have been - and will be - in the hands of the Source.

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