

A Few Seconds of Now

By Glenn Currier

I hear the deep soft clanging windchimes
and catch their movement in the wind
a sad flute sings an elegy
the green plants gently strain for rays
the sound of the heater
its warmth on my left leg and thigh
the wide body of the hawk
gracefully swoops down beyond the windows.

These seconds abiding
in the intense present
make long hours and ennui days
worth any minor miseries.

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