

# Tired

By Glenn Currier

There he sits head bowed in sleep  
leaning south on the weathered wooden bench  
too tired to take another step  
he dreams of a broken-masted ship  
wobbling in the water  
nowhere to go  
but a light from the entrails  
makes him wonder  
if there is hope for a voyage  
for another journey  
but his heavy limbs can hardly move.  
beneath the dank scene  
is a lingering certainty  
he's stuck here  
stranded in this sad moment.

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