

Witness

By Glenn Currier

Gaza, Ukraine, Ebola in Africa.
It is hard being a witness these days
and yet even saying that I judge myself:
What a whimp! I say.
What about the poor people
there on the ground?
On the ground.

Are we not all witnesses
to a thousand crimes every day,
the cloud of media
enveloping us?
The pain is spread liberally
into our souls
if we let it
and let it I should
sink in just enough to soften
enrich, remind me I'm human.

But still, it is hard being a witness.

Some people speak of witnessing.
Evangelizing.
That word is a sandpaper pill
I cannot swallow.

Yet, when I rethink it
am I not a missionary
every time I smile to you when I'm blue,
do the dishes, wash the clothes,
sand the peeling paint, fix the sagging door,
assemble the new shelves,
feed the cats,
really listen?

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Author's note: Inspired by James Kenneth Blaylock
[\[https://www.facebook.com/groups/PoetryInProgress\]](https://www.facebook.com/groups/PoetryInProgress) and his poems,
"Showbread" [July 29, 2014] and "Go Transcendental" [July 28, 2014].