

A Crossing

By Glenn Currier

As she crossed the bayou
the dark lily-padded strip of water
seemed a gateway to a wider world.
The train departed
leaving her family and church behind
anxious but excited as the locomotive
slowly picked up steam headed for a world
she had only seen in pictures.

I am on the road
a refugee
an immigrant
with infinite possibilities ahead
wrapped in a small universe I accept
but with freedom
to search
always moving toward
a home with no limits.

Author's note: Inspired by Melanie Durand's memoir, "[Crossing Bayou Teche](#)." Poem three of my Teche series.

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