

Half a Cycle

By Glenn Currier

I find myself caught in recycling
not cans and paper and glass
but thoughts and actions
habits can help
but being stuck in the habitual
sloshes me into a swamp
dank and stagnant.

What if I broke the cycle in half
opened myself to hidden reaches
of my mental soulful caverns?
Maybe this interruption
would reawaken my muse
from her drowsiness
sparkling and sprinkling me
with poetic stirrings.

It's worth trying.

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