

Beyond the Veil

By Glenn Currier

Her mind seemed red as an apple
she looked at me squint-eyed
as if I were a dark ugly shade of blue
when I spoke ideas
on the other side of her veil.
I could tell the veil had divided us,
me now a continent away.
Later a sadness washed over me
thinking of her departure.

Then I thought of her kind heart.

Both of our hearts pump life
into the most distant cells,
to our dirty toes and grimy fingers
fingers we must poke into stink and rot
poked with love
beyond our comforts.

So next time we meet
I will remember her heart.

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