

# Spewed

By Glenn Currier

I am spewed and scattered  
hour by hour day by day  
pieces of me strewn  
on hillsides and streets  
digital paths  
in many drafts.

I need a shepherd  
to tend my critters and creatures  
to gather the flock  
all the lost sheep  
of my plungings deep  
my roamings, my walk.  
To gather the diaspora  
not in a cage  
but a pasture  
rich with clover,  
clear water  
and care.

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