

# Beyond the Coffin

By Glenn Currier

You are standing there looking down at me.  
You suspect  
I am chained there  
I cannot let go  
I am not ready to go.  
You suspect  
but you do not know  
in the fog of woe  
if I want that lid to close.  
You think  
I want to reach my fingers over the edge  
to keep that lid from closing.

You think  
I still have a remnant of life  
in that old body  
and I want it.

You think  
you fashioned and clasped those chain links to hold me there.  
By your doubts you are bound  
in that box above the ground.  
Your bout with those doubts  
invade you  
rob the plump plumb of your sleep  
drape darkness over your light.

You won't give up your stubborn belief  
that you, yes you, can cheat fate...  
if you just try hard enough.

Your faith is fresh my son.  
Fall into it.  
Loosen the tentacles  
grasping events and their endings.  
Free the ferments of life.

Do not confuse control with creation  
let loose your irrepressible urge to create  
for letting go of the details  
does not derail  
creation.  
Yes, your old daddy knows that now

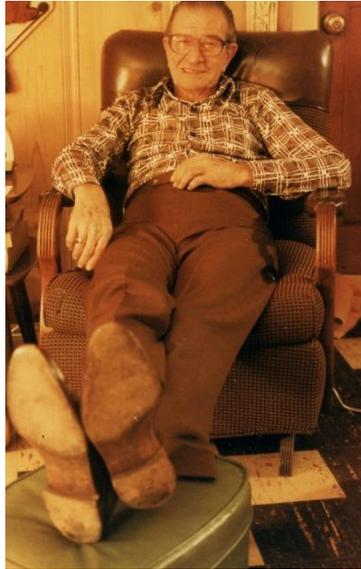


I no longer need to pound it into you.

I beg you my bright son:  
Yield me to ground  
to light and the sound  
of heaven's winds.  
Let your real living Father  
take hold of you,  
grasp your soul  
cherish it and hold it in his hands  
hold you close to his bosom.

I beg that new Light  
to hold you tight  
give you sight  
protect your night  
from the darkness of doubt  
and the guile of guilt.

For you are no longer mine  
but His  
You have chosen  
to be brother of the Son  
Embrace him  
your sole soul  
Brother.



*Author's Note: I hesitated to put the first draft of this piece on the website because it did not seem to be a poem as much as stream-of-consciousness. I actually don't remember writing this as I post this revision now (6-23-18). The original must have come from a dream, for I often dream of Dad and sometimes he is in the coffin and is still alive. So I revised it using my father's voice. Hopefully the images will give you some flavor of what he was like at various periods of his life. Notice the tile on the floor on the color picture. He built our den and laid all of that tile.*

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