

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

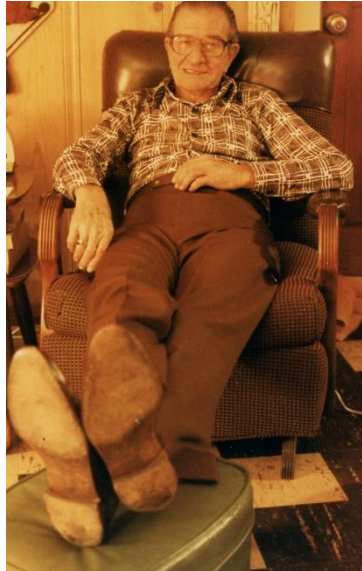


I no longer need to pound it into you.

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.

*"Beyond the Coffin," Copyright 2016 by Glenn Currier
Originally written 5-2-16 but revised on 6-23-18*