

# Blossom

By Glenn Currier

A man wants to make his mark on the world  
to leave something of himself that will endure.  
It is the human thing to do.

For some it is children  
for some a book  
a dare-devil act  
or other feat  
that will interrupt the routines  
of a father, mother, farmer, pipefitter, or pastor  
make them pause and notice  
for a moment  
or even learn a thing or two.

But I wonder if these small interruptions  
in the lives of other mortals  
are worth  
the sweat, angst, hours, gut wrenching  
and immense energy of a life.

The sage's magenta petals fall in the heat of the afternoon  
and no man, woman or child notices  
but bees lit there and sucked a little life  
from the blossoms' hearts.

Maybe I should be content to bloom  
for a few days in summer  
then fall away  
to the earth  
the love  
from whence I came.

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