

Poetry is my armor

By Glenn Currier

There is the ancient story of a shepherd boy
whose king outfitted him with armor
to ready him for the challenges of the day
and the boy could not walk
so he threw off the armor
picked up his sling
and tended his father's flock
with peace and joy freely erupting in song.

My armor is not wealth or wit
I cannot make myself fit
into the current conventions and hype
trying to conform to the normal type
stops up the energies that yearn to flow
freely and gleefully and urge me to go
to the dawn, darkness, clouds and sun
to wrap myself in words that run
like sparkling streams
and windswept dreams.

Poetry is my armor for each day
where worries and problem allay
where I search my feelings and mind
for the word elixir loosening knots that bind.
This armor does not weigh me down
but frees me to my triggering town
where I find and create the poet me
and the landscape of my soul's poetry.

Author's Note: My favorite book about writing poetry is one by Richard Hugo, Triggering Town where he says, "Your triggering subjects are those that ignite your need for words. When you are honest to your feelings, that triggering town chooses you. Your words used your way will generate your meanings. Your obsessions lead you to your vocabulary. Your way of writing locates, even creates, your inner life. The relation of you to your language gains power. The relation of you to the triggering subject weakens."

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