

The Grub

By Glenn Currier

I wonder what it is doing there
making its way across the sidewalk
just ahead of me
me on my walk,
the sun on my arms and face.
I wonder if I should have worn sunscreen
and if I will get skin cancer.
I am thinking about all those years in the sun
years that have already caught up with my face
peppered with scars from surgeries.

But there is the grub inching along.
It cares not what will happen to it
nor does it worry over the mistakes of its past.
Does it know it is not even a worm but a larvae
whose destiny was to become a beetle
if it had stayed in the ground where it belonged?

I wonder if I have long enough
if transformation will come before I die
if I have what it takes to surrender
to my destiny
or if I will continue to muddle along
adjusting this, changing that
with whatever effort and determination I can muster.

The Zen teacher says:
"Transformation arises from a willingness
that develops very slowly over time
to be what life asks of us."

I ask God if I will have long enough to really surrender to his will
to give in to the processes that will make me.. what?
A new man? A saint?
In my teens I wanted to be a saint like my aunt Madeline.
But testosterone ruined that dream.
What is it then that I want to become?

And God says "Why worry?"

Maybe I should just follow that grub.
Stop thinking about tomorrow.
One day, no, one second at a time.
The only present I have
is the present.

Maybe my true destiny is to be a larvae
and like that grub ahead of me
just keep crawling.