

# Have your way with me

By Glenn Currier

I cannot resist your wriggle  
your movement wrestles me awake  
from my routine slumbering lumbering day  
your breath  
your wind are my oxygen  
telling me I'm alive  
you move from heart to fingers  
and dance on the floor  
of this keyboard  
with your partner  
pen on the smooth flat surface of paper.

It is more vital to write my heart  
to write write write as I MUST  
than to obey some poetry manual  
or imitate Longfellow, Rumi, or Frost  
or any other.

Writing your movement is like breathing  
I cannot go long without it  
you impel me to this place  
this oasis  
this pure land  
these tropics  
where I let you speak  
and have your way with me,  
you my magnificent muse.

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