

# Three Threads

By Glenn Currier

Two souls wrapped together  
in seasons and all kinds of weather  
here we are these precious three  
you me and one we can't see.

Making our path, finding our road,  
through our hearts a river flowed  
a torrent of love and wild romance.  
We tripped, but we danced our dance.

Your big brown eyes held my gaze  
we talked and tried in a thousand ways  
to merge as we fought and sought a third one  
we drifted and flew from planet to comet to sun.

Where we were going we did not know  
we ran fast at first but now... we walk slow  
our speed or height mattered less to us  
than building together a bond of trust.

So we've yet another adventure ahead.  
All those years ago when we wed  
we didn't know the privilege we'd share  
from solid earth to now in mid air.

We've smelled frangipani and cactus flower  
sung sadness and joy and hymns of power.  
From three threads together we've spun  
a beautiful, sturdy cord of one.

*Author's Note: To my beautiful wife, our marriage and journey of love with our higher power, as we embark of another adventure through challenges of health and spirit.*

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