

# cloud before waking

by glenn currier

the cloud was gathering  
and i could tell that it was filling up  
getting saturated  
with enough grace  
to rain on and erode  
self-will and hubris  
the dark, jagged, and silly monolith  
which is ego and pride  
so wide in our species.

as the cloud completely filled and spread across the expanse  
a feeling of serenity and strength  
spread out within me.

after awakening  
it occurred to me  
that the membrane between imagination and soul  
is so thin they burst out on one another  
on occasion  
and when they do  
something marvelous happens.  
i think it happens more often  
in artists, mystics, seekers, believers,  
poets and children.

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