

# Old men will see visions

By Glenn Currier

I hear the piano playing softly  
pulling me from these rutted plains  
into a moist green meadow  
a vision of a flowing brook down the hill  
makes me believe the words of the Prophet:  
“Your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions.”  
yes, I am old, but I see and feel the rising gentle treble notes  
lighten my leaded limbs  
awaken my spirit  
and thrust me into the realms.  
It is the touch and glide of the pianist’s fingers  
across the ivory skin of the keys  
that transports me  
in the waning hours of this day.  
How sweet it is!

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