# Shield

## By Glenn Currier

Oh how we work to cut a channel
across fields blushing with heather
through stony hills riddled with thistle,
but fog covers and infiltrates our sodden shoes
and every labyrinthine tributary and crevasse
crawled by ants and beetles in their tough sheathes.

Through the misty morn
a shimmering weather vane
turned north beckons me
beyond the quotidian plains of my plodding
to the impossible dreams
yet nourished by my spirit.

Love and loyalty play hide and seek
in the brush and hedges
the warren where the animal digs and crawls
around roots, through worms and unexpected voids,
trying to make or find a home...
or is it liberty he seeks,
clean clear air and sunlight
freed from the confines that protect him?

*"Shield," Copyright 2012 by Glenn Currier*
*Written 9-13-12*