

# In Clouds of Gray

By Glenn Currier

Here I am in clouds of gray  
the curtain closing on the day  
on the horizon the last light  
softly lingers before the night  
bright voices of day's gladness  
fade away, my heart veiled in sadness.

The blustery afternoon shook the wings  
of elm, its leaves, flying golden things  
I hear them sing as they fall  
then whisper their farewell call  
now in the gloaming of the day  
the clouds invite rest or a moment to pray.

Ask surcease of sorrow ahead  
but dwell not on shores of dread  
believe the voice from inside  
in each passing moment abide  
let go the chains of control  
find a piece of joy in your soul.

*Author's Note: Ahead in coming months are serious invasive treatments for back, shoulder and other issues for someone I love very much. This poem is my attempt to process it all.*

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