

A Keen Aching

By Glenn Currier

I wrote a poem for him when he was still here
he was a Cajun artist without peer
for her a paean to a life well lived but now gone
her gentle self slipped into an eternal dawn.

All too few left who care
to read or hear
my poems of yesteryear
not even a single tear
from anyone but me
for these souls who graced my life
and led me to pause, think, feel, and write.

What sweet sharp sorrow
drifting now in this dark and lonesome lake.

Author's Note: Reflecting on poems written many years ago and wishing these special people were sitting in this room so I could see the expressions of their faces while I read their poems. Losing friends and kin brings a keen kind of aching. For my cousin Marcia Lister and painter George Rodrigue.

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