

# My Prospects

By Glenn Currier

After you reach the age of sixty and  
ten they say your prospects grow dim  
no more applications for schools  
just follow the traditional rules  
your stuck here all of a sudden  
no pushing the up button  
just down down into the basement  
don't even worry about placement.

Most of your future is gone they insist  
just make up your bucket list  
of all the adventures you desire:  
the hot air balloon to take you higher  
the magnificent distant lands  
the islands of sparkling sands  
all the places you wanted to go  
the celebrities you wanted to know.

But I say to them, in fact I insist  
I don't worry about the things I've missed  
but what glories and how many chances  
what children, what people, what dances  
are there in *this* day  
what smiles, what moments of dismay  
what poems, what islands of sharing  
what fortunes of listening and caring?

They say at this age your power is gone  
your status your strength and your brawn  
I ask how can I love you enough to be free  
to give you the power to change me?  
I wonder what is the prospect  
that I will take time to connect  
with the Great Mystery  
beyond the bounds of history.

This day this minute in time are just right  
for making a rhyme  
for feeding the birds  
for finding the words  
to express how glorious is this earth  
how grateful I am for my birth  
for kittens, blue skies, and your beautiful brown eyes  
I can't imagine a more precious prize.

It is quite surprising how my prospects are rising.  
In this day are fortunes of great splendor  
moments to be quiet and tender  
every horizon there is right here  
in this place not far from you dear  
neither below or above  
this is the place for love.

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