

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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