

Quiltmaker

By Glenn Currier

Every evening when day is done
my body tired from an active day
you cover me and ready me to come
into an orbit far away.

A place native peoples reside
where Kokopelli wanders and plays
and eagles ride the winds, glide
and rejoice in setting sun's golden rays.

I fly into a patchwork sky
where I am stitched together,
comforted, protected under your watchful eye
where hawks soar and tickle with feathers.

I visit frightful places
hear horrible screams
see angry and twisted faces
feel my fears in my teary dreams.

I am grateful for these flights
for the certain and steady care
that covers me on cold and windy nights
for this Quiltmaker beyond compare.

Dedicated to my sister-in-law, Virginia Hilton whose love and dedication are sewn into the magnificent quilt she fashioned and created for me with blood, sweat, and tears, who came to our aid and was there for me for so many years.

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