

# Young

By Glenn Currier

I thought they were over  
days of running free in hills  
tidings as fresh as clover  
songs that give me chills.

I thought they were past -  
moments of sheer wonder  
a hundred things to ask  
ideas that crack like thunder.

Being so excited to learn  
I feel that tingly air in my chest,  
and I've got faith and hope that burn.  
Good Lord, I thought none of these were left.

But now I hear the strains of songs  
inspired and sung with joy  
about forgiveness of wrongs  
God's mercy and love - Oh boy!

My bones are creaky and old  
but let me say that these days  
I am feeling confident and bold  
my rugged old soul is ablaze.

Thank you God for so many years  
for excusing the fire from my tongue  
for unrestrained laughter and tears  
for again making this soul young.

*"Young," Copyright© 2016 by Glenn Currier  
Written 6-26-18*