

Making My Way Back

By Glenn Currier

Why do I leave the clover meadow
cool and humming with life,
abandon the lucid brook
vibrant with freshness
teeming with rebirth?

Fanfare and foibles
cast me out, out, and away -
fooling, beguiling
with this good and that
singing familiar lines,
past melodies and moods
dancing, entrancing
with their fix.

I am numb with bluster
streams of noisy luster
flaunting bodies
clothed in lies
filling eyes
frilling tingling
oh so very pretty -
and empty.

This flourishing obsession
tries its best
to rob the soul
but it whimpers
and fades
its trembling blight
loses its gains
in the cleansing rains
in the gentle power
of the Light.

Now I am making my way back
making my way back
to where I belong
to the faithful and the strong
to a place I believe
to a field singing with green
to a river of hope
tributaries of love
where I am refreshed
where I am
redeemed.

Romans 8: 5-6

⁵ Those who live according to the flesh have their minds set on what the flesh desires; but those who live in accordance with the Spirit have their minds set on what the Spirit desires. ⁶ The mind governed by the flesh is death, but the mind governed by the Spirit is life and peace.