

We hitched to his joy

By Glenn Currier

It was late and I had fished too long
the sun was setting fast
twilight bay singing its song
would the boat's old motor last?

Back toward home I sputtered
Would I beat the end of day?
Limping along I muttered,
"How will I find my way?"

And then a quiet came over me
and in that still I looked out.
Just ahead I could barely see
a man landing a speckled trout.

"Hot dog!" he shouted with zing.
Then he glimpsed my little craft.
In Cajun brogue: "Cher you like fishing
this bay like me, yeah!" he laughed.

I hitched my boat to his joy
then saw the smiling face
I've known since I was a boy
in that glad New Iberia place.

How many of us have hitched our vessel
to this man and felt the surge of his life,
and spoken to him when in a wrestle
with our problems and our strife?

Who of us have taken flight
as a passenger in his jet
or trusted him through our night
or... sat down with him to bet?

Have you been hooked
by a joke or a story or a listening ear
or eaten fresh fish he cooked,
drank his cold Corona beer?

He managed to find a little more gas
and touch of humor in his steep hard climbs
Or exclaim "Kiss a fat man's ass"
in the fishless times.

In good stretches and bad
in calm of lake or fury of ocean
as husband and dad
he taught us *devotion*.

People kept him going.
it was his goal to make us smile
to get our energy flowing
and enliven us for a while.

For all who were family or friend
he trained us in the art of love,
to respect, to learn, and to bend,
to ride with the Guide from above.

He knew how to really hear
with compassion and kindness
our letdown, anger, and fear
till we could see our own blindness.

We are sad that he is gone
from the bays and lakes of our earth
but the ocean of his love lives on
and in our moments of joy - his rebirth.

So let us all sail
and let us all carry
let the spirit prevail
of our dear precious Gary.

Author's Note: Dedicated to the enduring spirit of Gary Reed who passed from us Thursday June 7, 2012.

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