

Wilderness Dreams

By Glenn Currier

I awaken in darkness
still terrified and running
from the mountain lion.

But what if I'm the prey
of my own judging
captive of my comparisons?
At times I feel those verdicts in my gut
like when I can't concentrate on a task
I SHOULD be doing.

When I notice my tight gut
and my mind wanting to flee
I can stop trying
and lying to myself
set my imagination free
roam a wilderness I choose
like right here on the flat and fertile plains
of this poem's lines.

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