

# Hidden Canyon

By Glenn Currier

Vines and their tributaries  
climb the wall overtake  
and name of our neighborhood:  
hidden canyon.

Four decades ago  
we explored the woods  
and found the rocky canyon  
etched into the landscape by ten mile creek.  
Our limbs were limber  
muscles young and strong  
adventure coursed in our veins.

But now no woods  
just houses and streets  
our jaunts into the wild  
with woodsy small creatures and critters  
are gone.

The mystery we found there  
now supplanted by novels, poems and stories  
of children, young explorers and writers  
and I traverse the thicket  
of my small universe  
searching the hidden canyons of  
mystics, dreamers and poets,  
combing a terrain deeply inscribed  
by the hand of the divine.

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