

Pilot Light

Glenn Currier

Today the pain is strong
it is a gravelly nagging voice
speaking its own foreign tongue
or no tongue at all just groans
or whimpers, or random unexpected wails
but it is there
an unseen, unending presence
an implanted
galling calling
thorn.

She has been corrected
a hundred times
always with the idle reply "sorry"
seemingly
to placate and deflect
another chide.
Is she unable to learn
or just unwilling?
I have taken into me
her and her flaw
a scratching
bedeviling
claw.

Oh! the stories each of us could tell
a million moments of our little hell
but just as sure as those thorns
haunt us and bore inside
there also light abides
like current ready at the outlet

we can plug in when we're beset
by fear, fatigue, and folly
or bouts with melancholy
maybe that's what they call grace
maybe inside of us there's a sacred space
where we can make our retreat
where our soul and circumstance can meet.

Being human
means having both darkness and light
always the dark is ready to bite
and pull us under
tearing our lives asunder.
Busy with a hundred tasks
playing our roles wearing our masks
we forget the calm within
and the deeper force under our skin.

The butterfly flutters by
snowflakes and autumn fall from the sky
we giggle with the little child
we brush up against the wild
write a poem, hear a song
breathe cool air sing along.
These tiny moments of grace
should remind us to embrace
and fan and make bright
the flame from that Pilot Light.

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