

Growing and Dying Together

By Glenn Currier

In the first light of this day
with too little sleep
I am feeling tired and vulnerable
but I have entered the dreams, fears, and pains
of other poets from far and wide
and it seems
we are all growing and dying together
maybe just a little at a time
line by line
these spirits enter me
and assure me I am not alone
in this drift.

I came into our garden room before dawn this morning
and read several poem of my friends and fellow poets on
the website: <https://www.HelloPoetry.com>, one of which
was from Khoi, my South African friend, who seemed to be
telling me, in his beautifully poetic way, that some kind
of end is near. Lately I have been feeling my age both in
body and mind. So this poem is what came out of my
sense of angst early this Thursday morn, August 12, 2021.

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