

# Small Reunions

By Glenn Currier

Are we not brothers and sisters  
we here gathered for our family reunion  
we who are sprung from the same impulse  
the impulse to lay clouds upon the page  
to simmer words into a rich soup  
with broth taken from the particles of our lives,  
we who are sprung from the loins of our creator,  
that seed planted somewhere unknown inside us  
his cells spread out in the fiber of our poems?

Our brotherhood our sisterhood  
is inseparable from that fatherhood  
that fatherhood that sometimes seems so distant  
we cannot remember the exact pitch of his laughter  
the strength of his arms  
the warmth of his breast  
yet when that poetic impulse visits  
we know we are home.

We here gathered have the same DNA  
even those who listen and connect to us  
as our words reach in and rest softly  
in their minds like pollen  
taken in a soft wind.  
Those who listen  
are our mothers  
who sit quietly  
as their child tells her stories of adventures  
adventures born of fantasy  
freshness  
and imagining.

We here gathered  
return home and begin each month  
sharing our vigor, our tone,  
the fruit of that impulse  
the fruit devoured with devotion

and patience  
and re-created  
in the imagining,  
in the inner eye and ear  
of each listener.

Oh what a gift to have these listeners  
who abide with us  
in the preciousness  
of these moments together  
as we speak for ourselves.

Though sometimes we are few  
in this small reunion  
its value cannot be measured in numbers.  
The tide of devotion and cherishing  
cannot be weighed or counted  
nor described  
but to know it  
even if only once a month  
is to know the feeling  
of warmth and comfort  
upon opening the front door  
and walking into the living room  
of our old home after being away for too long.  
The preciousness of these moments  
cannot be measured -  
only cherished.

Dedicated to the small reunion of creators and listeners  
called Poetry in Progress upon the 4th anniversary of their  
gathering.

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