

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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