

The File Cabinet

By Glenn Currier

I sit before the dusty file cabinet
papered with the past:
the eighties and nineties -
me full bore into my career.
What energy I had, what enthusiasm,
making, accomplishing
steady in my resolve to be somebody.

Certificates:
of death and marriage,
admiration and celebration.
Every combination
of records like investments in my future
a future now present.

Into the recycle bin
I cast reams of what once was,
saving only the pieces that tear apart
the deeper creases in my heart.

And what about the cassettes?
Would I feel pangs of regrets
discarding songs and words
recorded with care by Pop
of blues, booze, trains and truck stops?

This winnowing this sifting
finds me shifting
from the valleys of memories
to present practicalities.

But still It feels like blood-letting.
I wonder if I fear forgetting
the remnants of the past
the highs and the lows
the victories and the woes
the awakenings amassed?

I remind myself that these are just things.
The memory of mom and dad still brings
visions of trips and celebrations that die hard
with feelings of fondness, affection and regard.

All these particles of past years
do not comprise the I that appears
at this moment in time.
I don't think there was ever a self
that I could put on a shelf
permanently me once and for all.
I hope I can still answer the call
to my ultimate glorious fate
to always become to always create.