

Embarrassment

By Glenn Currier

The red face and squishy insides
of embarrassment
tumble through the hole in my house
my house so solid with bricks
and well-nailed wood.
I've worked it well
hammered every waking moment
troweled and fitted a veneer
so acceptable and kind
it would make Frank Lloyd Wright proud.
But even the coat of paint
applied only last year is peeling ,
aged by wind and rain
and incessant heat.

My apparel, so well-suited
for a glowing impression
is tight with my excess
a shade lighter
from agitation in the detergent
of my conscience.

I praise the pain of embarrassment
for its lesson:
That the me I knew I knew
is never really there
always weathered
within and without.

I praise this lesson
in emptiness
that makes me a little less full

of my self.

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