

My Visit to the Country

By Glenn Currier

I visited family friends
in the country
where I learned
to play kick the can
the thrill of gathering eggs
fear of the looming
moving mass of cows
the mud uneven with hoof cavities
full of rain and the mess of nature
unknown to this city boy
who lived on a street
of straight walls
and cut lawns.

What a strange marriage
memory and imagination.

Was there really a rope
over the sandy creek
a mile's walk from their home
my first skinny dip?
Really a little blond girl with us
my first view of female nakedness?
I do know my fear was vanquished by joy
as we splashed about in those childhood
shallows.

It was mysterious
this large farm family
their symbiotic bond
each child carrying out
assigned chores without question.

I was special
like a foreign visitor
with stories of yachts and airplanes
and other riches of my imagining
launched into their simple world.

Now I feel a tug of regret
and embarrassment
at my pride believing
in the superiority
of my sophistication.

Is it my memory
drenched with imagination
or did they really have the purity
good-heartedness and honesty
rare and alien
in the world
I would grow into?

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