

A Nap

By Glenn Currier

It was too late to take a nap
twilight squinting into night
but I needed to loosen the grip
of the day.

The twisted tautness in my gut
had risen to my shoulders
into my neck through silent strings
that played a blue elegy.

After half an hour I opened my eyes
thanked the darkness for the rest
picked up a small volume of Rumi
who woke me to his dawn.

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