

A Neil Diamond Sunday Coming Down Evening

By Glenn Currier

A confusion of duties and demands
fills the week past.

Must get out this report.
Can't forget that proposal.

Tree branches and leaves
are sheathed in ice
and clatter against one another
in the wind.

They are telling me
they are reminding me again:
there is another world outside
outside the walled, dutied one
that surrounds me
and envelops me each day-in-day-out.

Listen crickle crack, hey!
I'm cold, moist, don't ignore me.
Stick your head out,
let your mind join me a while
just a while
let loose
loosen the leather string
so tightly holding your insides together.

Author's Note: This was obviously written after a long day or week of work many years ago. My wife and I have had a long love affair with Neil Diamond and his music. I think the last stanza is telling me to let my hair down, get out a glass of rose wine, relax and listen to one or more of Neil's albums.

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Undated poem