

I'm pointing at you

By Glenn Currier

I'm pointing at you!

You there standing in the shadow
of that big mistake
you the quarterback who just threw
your third interception
you the father kicking yourself
for being so nasty to your son
who just dropped the milk.

You fill in the blank.

Where did you learn
to love being stuck in the mud
of your every mistake
so rutted
you get a perverse pleasure
in that brown vapor
unable to draw a full breath?

You fill in the blank.

Maybe you need to go back
to kindergarten
where learning is fun
and each goof brings a giggle
a flag waving or a friend saying
here's something else
to learn.

You fill in the blank.

Can you leave those clotted boots in the mud
nod at your flub
step out looking around
for the next chance
to try something new
to be kind to those who err
especially you?

I'm pointing at me.

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