

# Verdi

By Glenn Currier

Now I am a memory  
in recollection –  
a silly smile, twinkling eyes –  
betraying my plot to make you laugh,  
for life was much too ridiculous  
to be taken very serious.

But don't low-rate memories!  
A nephew of mine visited with me  
no more than half a dozen times,  
but he'll remember me forever.  
At first he'll feel a void  
but when he remembers  
those crazy moments with me  
the void will be warmed with a smile.

Memories are impressions,  
and, by God, I made a lot of them  
and - don't you forget it!

I knew who I was.  
there was no doubt.  
I am a monolith.

I will be the natural wit of the earth –  
I will be the daisy  
growing from soil fertilized my manure.  
I will be the hops  
flavoring beer for a bachelor party.

But really, seriously...  
death is peace.  
The noise of the city finally silenced.  
Death is freedom,  
life's burdens finally lifted.

Violence and disorder are no more,  
now in harmony with the earth.

At last all is calm.  
The earth and I are one.  
I will renew it.

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