

To Forget

By Glenn Currier

"Your poem may mean something to you
but it doesn't mean anything to me."

At first I reasoned it away:
It doesn't rhyme so he doesn't get it

but later it appeared as a sting
its venom circulating, percolating

the usual suspects in play:
"That thoughtless clod!" "Ignorant bastard."

It was a hook lodged inside my darkness
each rumbling recall pulling me under.

Then I remembered what grandma said:
"Some things are best forgotten."

This was a rock to drop off the cliff
into that fine fading mist of my memory.

The next time I rehearse a hurt
and feel the heat rising, maybe I'll remember

to forget.

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