

Splendor

By Glenn Currier

I notice myself being obsessed with fixing,
absorbed in what I am doing
with this device or that.

Not a bad thing surely -
to be productive.

The nation thrives on it
so proud when we are compared
on a line chart,
ours being the green line above
the other economies.

But am I so obsessed
that I can no longer
stop to notice the splendor
of a moss-hung cypress
silhouetted in the swamp
at twilight

except in my memory?

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Written 5-23-14*