

Slave?

By Glenn Currier

I had forgotten him
until he appeared in a dream -
he so qualified
me so average -
and I awakened barely recalling him
but the shame attacked me with a fury
and has not loosened its grip
even in the late afternoon.
And I thought I became a different person
after twenty years,
even in the last five years.
Am I still shackled to that old self
with scars like ex-slaves carried
from the chains and whips?
It seems people fade but feelings rarely do.

Author's Note: I bow to Samuya with gratitude for the poem below:

*"You can forget the person
but can you forget the feeling?"*

<https://hellopoetry.com/taumyasomar/>

Maybe the writing of this poem will loosen the grip of that feeling.

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