

# The Piano Listener

By Glenn Currier

Mom has been gone for years  
but just now I was brought to tears  
from a poem about my childhood piano playing  
and how she patiently listened, probably pained  
Mom told me she loved hearing me play soft or loud  
and 'twas the one thing I could do to make Dad proud.

Replaying years of hurt for mistakes they made  
bound me in shadows and shade,  
but now late in life I again recall  
the character of their care for my soul  
and cherish the humanity of these two  
and their suffering that got me through.

Author's Note: Written after re-reading a poem I wrote two years ago, "To tired to write?" which I have included below.

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