

Weekend in Manhattan

By Glenn Currier

After long weekend in New York
it takes a while for the numbness to wear off.

And the plane flight back
I could feel the release of tension
as if her huge embrace
no longer has control of my psyche.

This suburbanite feels the release
on the trip back home
while the native must learn to cope and ignore
her for his respite and release
and make plans to be relaxed.

Author's Note: This poem was probably written in the 1970s for that is when I made two or three trips into Manhattan New York. I have titled and revised the poem very slightly to make better sense than the original handwritten copy which was probably written on the plane trip back home to Dallas, Texas.

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