

# Ode to the Unmade Bed

By Glenn Currier

I have a friend who lives alone  
and practices  
with daily determination  
the ritual of making her bed.  
When I visit I make a point of walking to her bedroom  
for a viewing of her work of art.

I've often thought:  
if I practice this practice  
it might give me some semblance  
of order in a globe wracked with crisis.

But my mussed and unmade bed  
is a marque or warning  
don't expect the normal, aligned,  
or well-wrapped story  
in this house.

*Author's Note: I bow in the direction of my poet friend Philip F. De Pinto and his poem  
<https://pathetic.org/poem/1448122572> for the idea for this poem.*

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