

Bucolic Elegance

By Glenn Currier

It's Friday. Hello weekend
goodbye another week
the week's pressures
are yet pent up inside
my pores will not open to let them leave
no demon, simply taut
strings inside me,
tense and sitting in crowded office
tears of anxiety and fears
charge the air
with electricity of pain
yet alive with meaning.

But the aftermath is burden
another strand of my diaphragm
pulled tight – short breaths,
staring at the calendar in front of me
at anything upon which I can fix my eyes.

A try at a deep breath
but no success.
Friday night the hope of a peaceful weekend
away from the tensions of professional life
the hope of a few moments of rest and quiet
for two hours of continuous meditation
a while with some good music
a time enjoying a book.

These simple yet sublime
moments of intellect.

*Author's Note: This was probably written the summer I taught at Richland College in Dallas, Texas. It was just one summer away from El Centro College where I taught full time for 35 years. A former colleague of mine at El Centro, Jim Hankerson, may he rest in peace, had a keen skill with turn of phrase and he used to half-jokingly refer to Richland College, in the more wealthy climes of the college district, as a place of "**bucolic elegance**." We all smiled or chuckled when he said it because it was a backhanded compliment at the somewhat snobbish attitudes of some of the faculty, administration and students at that college. I can say these things now since I am retired, having recently found the yellowed copy of this poem tucked away in an old book of my poems. It was probably written in my temporary office after a hard week of teaching in that new environment.*

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Undated poem but probably written in the late seventies