

A FOUNDER'S RUN

By: Glenn Currier

Waiting at the light assaulted
by the noise of a garbage truck
a teenager thumping so loud it hurt my ears
a fire truck racing to a rescue

I looked up, noticed the street sign
and smiled at the irony.
Who and what intersected here
to drive the naming of this road?

*One evening, another bad crop loomed.
Full of dread he'd lose his daddy's land
the dying farmer's son stripped to the waist
ran with abandon flailing his arms
shouting his angst to the darkness.*

*Spent of his fear
he loped the dirt path
breathing in the sweet scent of cedar
lifted his eyes to see the moon
and heard its silver beamed strains.*

*He looked down at the moonlit rutted path
a soft note of hope stirring within
he visioned his neighbors running with him
and knew then - together - they would make a life
connected along that Pleasant Run.*

Author's Note: This poem was written and delivered at the Pleasant Run Poetry Night.

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