

Thick Strings

By Glenn Currier

The music of the day
plays silently in my psyche
and without noticing it -
on my better days
I bring it alive -
a bright piccolo of a smile or kindness.
On my shadow days
it is the bass fiddle in a minor key
begun from depths of pride
played in the lower register,
the bow slowly sliding hubris
across the thick strings.

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