

Letter to My Old Colleague Friends

By Glenn Currier

Dear friends many of you have moved
from surroundings I knew and loved with you
but my memories of us have not defused
like clouds hanging dark but always new.

In old age it is the memories that flow
and make you present with hearts beating wildly
times we drank beer decrying the status quo
and when we celebrated little things like being Friday.

We celebrated a lot when life was so full
alive with discoveries, conflicts, and diversity
when our desires and thoughts pushed and pulled
and we felt pain and hope in multiplicity.

But now so many of you are gone
to places unknown: some to you and some to me
and together we won't know joys of new dawns
we will deal with things like that damn aching knee.

For some of you your children are grown
for me poetry, love, and God enliven and wake me up
but nobody can take from me the bonds I have known
bonds cast with you in sharing, caring, and lifting life's cup.

In long moments in a waiting room
trying to ignore the next challenge of my body
I'll be grateful. I'll not dwell in spaces of doom
I'll remember those times of being good or naughty.

I'll visit the rooms and the halls
where we gathered to learn and teach
in those precious moments of my recall
I'll gather you together for the universes we've yet to reach.

Author's Note: This morning I came across a description of the "Epistolary poem" form and it gave me an idea to express something I've been thinking about recently. The title reveals the addressees of the poem, but hopefully others will find something helpful or meaningful in it.

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