A RESUME OF BELIEFS

John Currie

In 1964 I was a young Republican
And appeared along with my eighth grade English teacher
On a local television show.
I was responsible for 8 minutes of the show
During which I reported on a class field trip
We had made to our nation's capitol.

In tenth grade Biology class I fainted.
Actually I was protesting a lecture.
The teacher was telling an anecdote
About a woman who came back to haunt her husband.
I hate anecdotes. I felt a need to speak up.

For personal reasons I left town.
I was befriended by businessmen in soundproof cars.
A black man, who claimed he was a poet
And had killed a man, then been jailed
And escaped, gave himself up
during confession at the New Church in New London, Ct.
That was 1972.

Again for personal reasons,
I went to Block Island. There
I met the renowned priest, Father Phillip Berrigan.
He was outside Bill Stringfellow's house,
Wearing just his underwear and a St. Christopher's
And carrying a DuPont Latex paint can filled with blood.
He poured it on the roses and then went in for eggs.

Shortly thereafter, hitch-hiking in Rhode Island,
My eighth grade English teacher, who had quit
Teaching to take up being an FM DJ,
Picked me and Albert Pavone up on Route 95.
He told me that my brother was dead
And I should go home. Why should I?