

## A RESUME OF BELIEFS

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*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?