An Empty Circus

Bruce McBeth

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An Empty Circus

There walks the vertiginous tight-rope walker---
Beneath him yawns an abyss, bored.
He can only move down a narrow path
Trying to keep his equilibrium
And swaying all the time.
His life is an empty circus,
A collection of faded pictures,
Broken dreams, and dust.
Tarnished sequins that once glittered
On performers' costumes lie scattered on the floor.
Cobwebs clutter the ceiling of the claustrophobic arena.
Long-dead and forgotten stars'
Autographed pictures lie forlornly
In dressing-room drawers, staring endlessly
Into the eye of the camera nothingness.
The coloured sand has all turned grey
As the lights fade and the crowds drift away---
That's all that's left in this desert of the heart.

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Alone at Night

Black velvet views herself in her
Looking glass; my window frames
Her dark portrait outdoors. The moon
Hangs full among grit-sand of stars,
Flung far by Titan's fist.

Through a chimney, the house
Exhales ash. In my room
Shadows are phantom men,
Waiting in corners I will not go near.
Sighing walls silhouette waving

Tree-branches; little wall cracks
Whimper in sleep. Silent muse dances
Color in my ears, music my companion.

Betty Emerick

My bed quilts. I tried to sat up an
This particular song. He raised the kitchen. I noticed I do not have the kitche
Colors were lifted. The light tangled surprised me.
Arriving
I watched back to the moon, noticing what
The kitchen. I usually would would ever
I watched back to the moon, noticing what
The kitchen. I usually would have thought me. Usually

"Goodnight!," I replied.
"Dad please respond."
"Mom please respond."
He paused. I could
I waited.
"Momplease respond."
replied.