Waiting for Quixote

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WAITING FOR QUIXOTE

A play of plaid pattern
Surrounds a dancer's wing.
To praise the god Saturn
Mesmerized minstrels sing
in sounds that later cling.

Through cracks of broken brick
Tense tones describe the crime
Of purloined pride. The tick
Of life confronts a mime
In shades of rusted rhyme.

In turn, a jester jeers
At jealous men. His grin,
Malignant, mocks the fears
Of saner men. Their sin,
Revealed, arrests the din.

With words of tarnished truth,
The Bacchanalia dies.
Succumbing to the sleuth
Of time, once-raucous cries
Were now reduced to sighs.

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Connie Fink

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The Test

False teeth chewed the
Red lipsticky eversharp.
Under the
Secretary spread
There
Rested
A
Text book.
Inside her wig, thoughts
Opened the gates, to
Nothing.

The questions made her han
Rub the
Intricate make up
Until she looked like
Mud
Pie.
Her false
Eye lashes
Dripped a tear.

Daniel J.