Alone at Night

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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.

Bruce McBeth

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 sit up and
This particular room
I tried to lift my mother back to
the kitchen.
Colors were noticing
I looked back to the
And I watched
I tried to
I sat up and
Colors were noticing
Sighing walls silhouette waving

Bruce McBeth

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