

Through The Glass Dimly

by Judith A. Lawrence

The used car lot neon light
blinks foggily
at the oncoming traffic
on a dreary rainy afternoon,
and you and I peer out the window
of the highway diner
at the relentless downpour,
repeating our well-worn phrases
and pregnant pauses.

Odd bookends
stuck in familiar territory,
we have become lethargic
like old brood cows
in the confines of our meadow.

Yet haven't we always played our roles,
you, with your puffed up control,
but look, *The Emperor has no clothes.*

And me,
the bird with cement feet
flapping useless wings,
the ties that once bound
unraveling,
its life dimly,
slowly,
blinking,
to
a
halt.

