

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.

