Intermission

by Michael Tusa

Its So uncomfortable being an Angel in a sack

no place for your wings and your halo always drooping down as you try to light your cigarette . . .

your tunic always getting dirtied up and always catching on loose nails and splinters and always being torn by all of the unkind foreign objects who could never truly appreciate something so soft.

so many times I watched you fly around the kitchen beer in hand casting your chuckle onto each and every wall and laughing at the words as we watched them spill out on the table

The reflection of our lives loved living in your grin

Did you give it all away? Or lose it somewhere on the journey between the stars and your bed?

Something about reaching for the secret too soon seems appropriate

or something about how this is all just a big misunderstanding and how the wheels roll around and around and around

and that the play is not over and this is just an interlude an intermission a pause and you are awaiting us behind the curtain ready to deliver the punch line to the ultimate joke