

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

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