

Wendy Jackson "Between Acts"

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Tonight the rain fell down drumming,
The ache streaks right down my face.
A stain, a pain, so rusty.
The arthritic fall of dusty velvet,
Divides the night.

Another scene played in my youth
comes back to haunt me.
The jack-knife words we spoke,
unseen wounds that do not heal.
The sour taste on your tongue
will mingle with mine
Even as the curtain draws wide
and on the stage stand you and I.
Forgotten words, rotten play,
how to act, to play the game?
Awkward, naked, lost and small, vulnerable as worms
in rain..

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