

Verse

The Paradise

It is a poor
“efficient” theatre, this our
life, where some fool bumbling
usher loudly snaps the lobby
doors apart, allowing in the smoke,
expectant talk of those outside
– while we: still strain to see
the climax that we paid for, think
is there (a clue: the soundtrack’s final
blare), pure glare now putting
out the scene, its gray gradations;
squint after all to catch
the credits (*are* there
credits? surely there are
credits!) . . .

—*John Ditsky*