

SISTER ACT

Let the playful lover be on guard.
Melpomene and Thalia may swap masks
to hide behind falser faces-- one bored
with a man's embrace, one craving it.

Some swains are wise to the sibling game,
their own a swaggering chase, the thrill
of chance. Suspecting amusement waits beneath
tonight's dolorous visage, they follow
muffled laughter, half-skipping feet.
It's Comedy, of course, sweet Thalia
reveling in her sometimes tricks.

A suitor grabs her sleeve.
Black-hooded robe and baleful features fall;
he stares. Uncovered, she is still the same.
Her wiry fingers lock around his pulsing wrist.

Both are amazed he doesn't resist her
peregrine eyes. Not even when honest Thalia
dances by and pauses in the wings.

He tosses her a sidewise glance, peels off
his cardboard smile and stays onstage
beside Melpomene: Captor/captive,
uncaring which is which
except they have each awful other, all.

--Glenna Holloway