

CRITIC'S REVIEW OF THE LEADING ROLE

Death never was the villain we supposed,
nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts
could not go on without it. Scenes are closed
by saturation, change, the emptied facts,
not death. It's this, our wordly partnership,
our ancient contract still inviolate
that makes the drama work, that gives us grip
and drive. Consider how the years deflate
our starring parts. Foreverness allots
a strung-out tedium of now and here
while grinding down our once-dynamic plots.
The wise Director lets no sonneteer
recite so long he mouths a shibboleth
instead of song. Our roles revolve on death.