

Marcel Unchained

by Ray Nessly

Street mime in white face and white gloves, trapped in invisible box.
Tip jar empty. Marcel's solo-dancing the tango now, teeth clenching
ephemeral rose. Passersby pass him by.

He shackles his arms and legs. Imaginary handcuffs, intangible
chains. The padlock's but a ghost. The blindfold? Real.

Master of silence, in bundle on sidewalk, struggling like Houdini.

Tap-tap down the sidewalk goes a cane, *tap-tap* against the tip jar,
tap-tap against Marcel's noggin.

"Ow!"

"Sorry 'bout that!" the blind man says, reaching into his pocket.
He fingers his coins, finds just the right one, and plunks it into
Marcel's jar.

