

# Intermission

*by* Michael Tusa

Its So uncomfortable  
being an Angel in a sack

no place for your wings  
and your halo  
always drooping down  
as you try to light your cigarette . . .

your tunic always getting dirtied up  
and always catching on loose nails  
and splinters and always being torn by all of the unkind foreign  
objects who could never truly appreciate something so soft.

so many times I watched you fly around the kitchen  
beer in hand  
casting your chuckle onto each and every wall  
and laughing at the words as we watched them spill out on the  
table

The reflection of our lives loved living in your grin

Did you give it all away? Or lose it somewhere on the journey  
between the stars and your bed?

Something about reaching for the secret too soon seems  
appropriate

or something about how this is all just a big misunderstanding

and how the wheels roll around and around and around

and that the play is not over and this is just an interlude  
an intermission  
a pause  
and you are awaiting us behind the curtain  
ready to deliver the punch line to the ultimate joke

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