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The Guest Reality

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John Harper

THE GUEST REALITY

I was wiping your face clean with my index finger.
Maybe I didn't realize it had already been cleaned.
Then superimposition occurred and left an assortment.
For a bit, some faces in history
Were stealing outward, distinguished rubber noses
And carefully studied mannerisms
The audience so much liked.
Moderately until they planned out their own.

Then a clown and another clown are in a restaurant
In Budapest in the Fifties,
With mirrors and chandeliers, ice cream frosting and stale espresso.
They'll be smiling at other people.
Maybe they look wisely sad
As their painted bodies sparkle.
That means there's someplace else to go.