

## Entr'acte

Pray, do not mock me. I am  
a very foolish fond old man  
and fear I am not in my perfect mind  
- King Lear

1

*Two people crazy about each other*  
you said, always on one another's mind;  
and later, that the uncanny empathy we shared  
wasn't just a dream and might even have made  
unconditional love, with certain conditions,  
more than just a pretty notion to flirt with.

But when, that last time we held each other close,  
that easy intimacy no longer there,  
you said what I wanted any girl could give,  
turning the precious and personal into something  
ordinary that might well go for a song,  
everything became half-hearted.

2

People who study these things say that men  
in a break-up tend to jump into the void  
while women tend to have someone waiting in the wings  
so it was no surprise when you finally moved out  
after years of co-dependent abuse,  
you had someone ready to stand in.

What hurt was that you kept it secret from me  
like a daughter in shame and pride keeping  
her lost virginity from her father as if  
in becoming herself she somehow betrayed him,  
leaving me to find out by seeing you two  
together, his hands familiar with you.

3

*Lunatic, lover and poet all compact*  
said Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.  
So Dildo the Dotard in his own closet drama  
might parody: mentor, teacher,  
shaman, nuncle and psychotherapist  
by dint of transference all complex.

Enter Oedipus Rex and Father Time  
stage left stage right before the curtain.  
Blind the one, eyes gouged out in a fit  
of self-loathing, the bloody sockets rinsed with tears.  
The other, long-robed, -tongued and -bearded  
blood-sacrifice in the whisper of his scythe.