

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Four Songs

By Robert K. Johnson

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After every play's last act
comes every play's last act:

As the lights begin to darken,
silent women, dressed in shadows,

walk through the rows of seats
and bag what's left behind

to make the theater ready
for tomorrow's live audience.

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Have I lived too long?

Am I at a party
where all the other guests
have quietly drifted out

of our host's home and found—
someplace I don't know—
a party that's just begun?

