

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

Mirror Ball

When a man responds
to a woman's beauty
a door in him squeaks
open. Beyond it a mirror
ball flings beams
to caress her cheekbones.
She is invited in by bag-
piping clowns hitting
wrong notes, juggling bears,
a frog singing "Hello my
honey, hello my baby,
hello my ragtime gal!"
and the tatter of thousands
of typewriters. The air
is warm and salty. If and when
she smiles the ball supernovas.

© Gary Charles Wilkens 2008