

MAMA: Much better than last year's.  
 PAPA: Much.  
 MAMA: Yes, much.  
 PAPA: Well, I suppose we should put away the decorations.  
 MAMA: Use two boxes dear. One for the balloons, and one for the air.  
 PAPA: A fine idea.  
 MAMA: Yes, if you put them together, the air will just ruin the balloons.  
 PAPA: Ruin.  
 MAMA: Just ruin.  
 PAPA: Stain, too.  
 MAMA: Rust.  
 PAPA: Corrode.  
 MAMA: Ruin.  
 PAPA: Just ruin.  
 PAPA: (all of a sudden excitedly) What about Deacon Jennings?  
 MAMA: Is he still in the . . . ?  
 PAPA: I had better go see. (rushes out)  
 MAMA: (Sits smoking her water pipe.)  
 PAPA: (re-enters) He's gone! All gone. I think he flushed himself down.  
 MAMA: Damn. We'll have to call a plumber to get it unstopped.  
 (Curtain)

These few stifled feelings

Vicki Kessinger

These few stifled feelings for you by morning  
 I'll ferret out  
 and the warm coursing of them will congeal  
 to silver-thinned strands wound in the chambers  
 of my soul.  
 And you'll ask me how and look at the blood morning sky  
 dissipated to grey iron threads . . .  
 by then I should be up the staircase.