

Pinter People

Speak in bubbles pasted over head
Murmuring in sombre tunes
At tables reserved for the dead
With perfect plastic peonies
They slip through sleepless nights
To meet for games of solitaire
Under glaring shadeless lights
Holding hands Fellini style
As the moon begins to die
They sing an off key melody
And vanish with a sigh.

BARBARA DRIZEN