

Carmen 2014

We women 'of an age' walk
under soaring white arches
in our sensible shoes, looking
sideways as our younger versions glide past
graceful in their sculpted stiletto supports,
while we, too weary to worry about
floral print jackets matching
chintz pattern purses hanging from our forearms.

Burgundy haired girl encased in
flowing fuchsia evening gown
pauses in front of the theatre door,
ahead of the homeless vet
his scalp covered in leather
clutches his donated ticket
to take him to a world
left behind a lifetime ago.

He rolls himself in,
cane and water bottle,
necessities compressed
in his rear wheelchair pocket
ahead of the long lean man

sprouting knife-edge creased
chartreuse pants which end
where his sandaled feet leaf out.

Inside, I follow a platform of wedges
walking through the lobby.

Glamorous gowns abound
for the final season's performance.

We perch elbow to elbow
like small spring sparrows
in the upper reaches
of a velvet padded nest.

Lighting fades out,
we lean forward
listening below
a swell of song, story, dance.

Our own visions take off
peering from our aerie.