

Dressing For Cyrano

*I'll be seeing Cyrano today,
Wearing my father's nose,
Which even as I listen, laugh,
Cry, clap,
Will become yet more
Prominent,
As the rest
Of my face sinks,
In quiet compliance with
Two added hours of
Gravity's strict laws.*

*Though not known for it myself,
I love the poet's last word:
"Panache!"*

*I guess it takes a dash
Of that to don this unaltered mug
Among the young, the surgically buttoned,
and the artfully painted set.*

*Yes, that's it.
I wear that, too.*

*A dash of panache,
Baked into me
By he who loved wife and daughters
With no whiff of longing
For Roxanne.*