

DAVID WAGONER

Audience

One ear to a pillow and the other open
To the other opening night, I lie awake
And see and hear two plays begin again,
One in a bedroom with the curtains parted
For fliers, storm clouds, planets, and fixed stars,

The other cheek and its ear toward the old doorman
Locking the stage-door in the dark and shuffling
Back through the wings to double as janitor
And watchman, ignoring the old actors
Down on their luck, sleeping it off in corners.

Then checking the light-board, making sure the aisles
And seats are empty and the pit has been cleared
Of everything but cobwebs and old scores,
He sits in the first row and begins directing
Another run-through of the comedy.