

The Score

John enters, center stage:

his left foot rises with his hand, stepping forward
his right foot rises with his hand, stepping forward

nailed through his palms—no: through his wrists—and his feet
run threads of ink, spooled in ribbons of thread

man made marionette
carved wood
chiseled brow

John is hunched, head down, and limp
the conductor lifts a button
and john's head rises erect
his slack threads grow tight

the music starts
the hills are alive with the sounds of music
the hills have eyes
and John is a real boy now

he runs his bow along the strings until they snap,
and twang: music.

The conductor turns the page,
and John squirms,
turning in his sheets
THEY enter his room
grab him by the strings
and tie him up

tie his intentions shut.

The Script

I went to a play
My mother entered the stage, asked
have you seen my glasses?

FATHER didn't know that cue, and so he stared at her until
MOTHER entered, stage left
she spoke her proper line
and FATHER went on with his

My mother was still there between them, asking
really, have you seen my glasses?

MOTHER: No one listens to me in this house anymore. This empty house!

FATHER: Don't say that, not now.

They projected their lines to the crowd
while my mother fell to her knees and began to feel the stage with her hands

Calling (II)

The phone rings. John called.

his voice mumbled,
(poor reception)
his mind faded,
or mine.

canoe ear me he says
another bad pun
another coffee shop slogan

how's hel?

he gets me hung-up—

tongue-tied, she's dead,
Helen hung, no:
hanged herself

I untie her—untie my tongue

no, now I've
hung-up on John.