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Facades Incorporated

Deborah Conner

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FACADES INCORPORATED

I looked for the school today.
It is run by ladies who volunteer their time
To teach underprivileged children.
There were always swings in front,
But I never saw the good ladies or the children.
Today even the swings were gone.

Over another door is "Business School."
It is run by ladies to teach young girls
To become dutiful secretaries.
I saw the dry ladies and colorless girls,
As they were blown across the parking lot to waiting cars.

On main street is "A School of Beauty."
It is run by plastic ladies, who teach
Smudgy-eyed girls to mold other women's features.
I saw the masked ladies and the girls with frightening eyes,
As they stood alienated on living grass.

Mist swirls and stars fly.
I stand in front of a cave.
Its entrance is hung with
Bits of colored glass and bells.
They make music when the wind blows.
In a corner a shadow sits and blows a wooden flute.
The music of the flute, and the glass and the bells
Are the only things real.
And mist swirls.
And stars fly . . .

--Deborah Conner