

Dramatic monologues appearing as hollow or enduring pictures of personas wrestling with survival as narrators of their lives or cultivators of new versions of their souls?

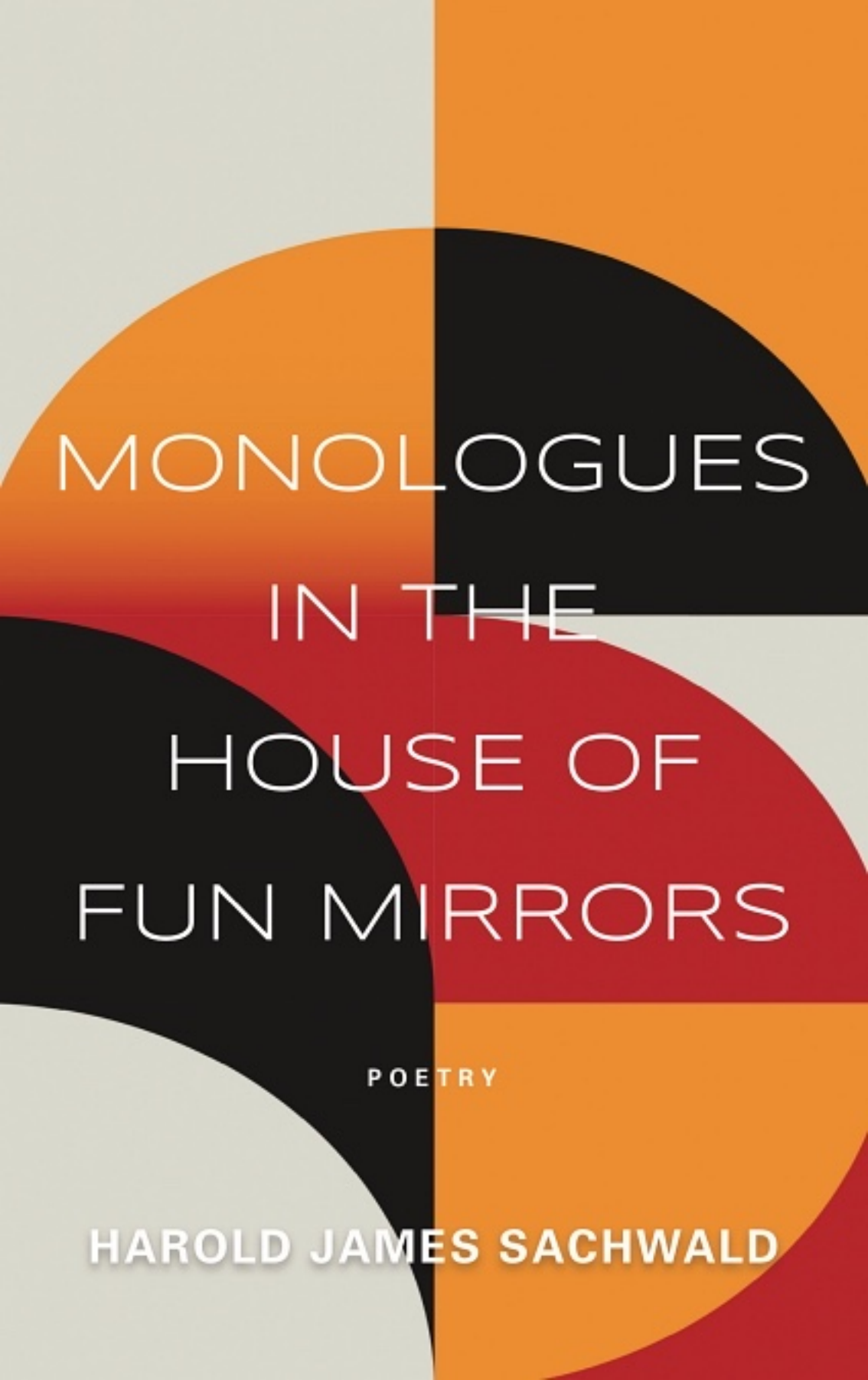
Monologues In the House of Fun Mirrors

By Harold James Sachwald

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MONOLOGUES
IN THE
HOUSE OF
FUN MIRRORS

POETRY

HAROLD JAMES SACHWALD

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“The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion, and so let all young persons take their choice.”

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERY 1811 to 1863,
British novelist

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JAZZ SAX MASTER JOE RAGBONE PLAYS RESTLESS NIGHTMARE INDIGO METER

Why sound so tortured, sax player?

6/8

Hear your droning screeches bouncing
varied pinging ball tempo less cadence
crossing the way to add pain
to those who drink to forget along with those
who forget to drink.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!
Oohabopacha! Dribleefopyawp! Ohhhhhhh!

Why jump the rhythm and jive yearning vibes of longing?

7/8

Let's stand in your suffering's caged feeling
with piercing exhaustion's revelations
like slipping on bananas and flying
amongst smashing staining cherries
forming mindful plastering blotches in momentary glints
to hear your sorrow with throbbing fever and dry tears
that travel slowly up and down and gently back and forth,
while another throbbing in and out movements mirror
amongst long forgotten swells.

How! Screech! Scream!

Yawka! Woagi! Ahhhhveebertongueboo!

Why look like a zippy zing sage lost in revelry of time?

Monologues In the House of Fun Mirrors

6/8

Your heavy brow squeezes expressive ridges
of rage and rowdiness rigamarole across your forehead,
as your mercilessly shifting lips billow
discordant blathering lung breath
while leaking glistening sweltering's cascade in droplets
rolling down your puffy cheeks
as all mankind present hails your morphing strain
in awe of your wrenching dragging needs
in breathless miraculous wonders
as the shuttling zeal of your fingers move in time
to enthralling compliantly panting gasps that generate
gutful auras of multi dye weight visions amid flash glows
from the listeners who know
that by now it's most likely too late
for those backward journey tracking recollection travels
of despair just to yearn for the silent sounds
of lingering youthful innocence
as chaotic dreams fill up the subconscious imagination
where a lost long ago spirit dwells.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Oohabopacha!
Dribleefopyawp! Ohhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Yawka!
Woagi! Ahhhhhveebertongueboo!

JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING

Long legs drinking champagne over there,
while the bartender pours whiskey right here.

In this place, it's raining inside many souls tonight,
but tomorrow the sun will shine.

Listening to the blues guitar defeats any momentary rising
happiness, which turns these fuzzy eyes to blurry red.

Watching the blue eyes smile from across the room,
this seasoned being knows it doesn't matter
to anyone tonight.

Two seats away, brown eyes smile,
as if a one night stand lady will suit this meager self.

After many hours pass, I want somebody
to sit right here tonight, please,
as this one isn't looking for sympathetic solace.

In this brain's eye which woman will fill
the breach inside this heart,
whose throbbing vein is only a river flowing out of time?

Just shine a light on this lonely night dream of mine,
then before leaving, put me down easy.

Only asking for just a little something,
which will comfort this old whiskey heart of mine.

LAST NIGHT AT GOLDEN EAGLE SUMMIT

Stormy skies swallow express train moving clouds
as the wind rips away woodland echoes
of nature's clatter crackling across the lake wrinkles
as the moon greets the stars.

Remembering steady calling cold goodbyes
in lonely night quandaries of fiery exchanges,
while standing still time waits on the other side bank
reflecting glassy water with fog wrapping itself
around the shore like rising smoke
from burning campfire wood.

Dredging up phony circling table talk
from last night's false smiles pouring bit by bit
from bottle drained breath blocking deceptions,
even as dimming lights hide the melting candles of life
where teary weariness drips through a cloudy crystal lens
chasing breezy ending heart beating unwavering judgments
traveling somewhere down
long gone dust hollow easy streets.

Always trying to take into account fading memories
of thousand miles away smiles rolling over
velvety outdoor fleece blankets with empty satisfaction
following stars that point in an unknown direction
to new unjust sorrows.

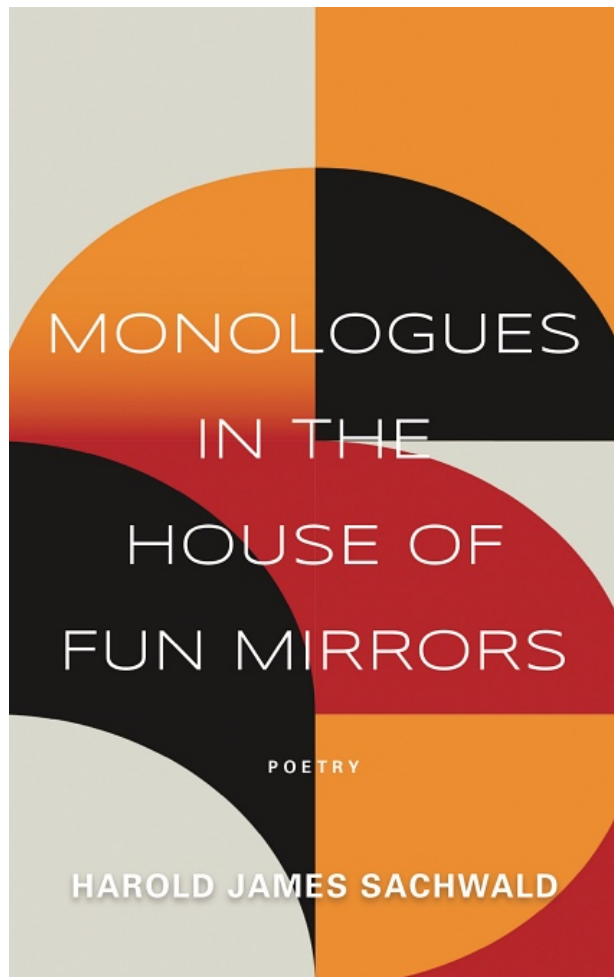
LIQUORED UP

Passing short skirts and long legged women
who no longer stare with liquid eyes
sporting bright white smiles
beaming out of wet red lipstick.

Searching for tarnished reflections of light
sailing across puddles seeping into the sewers of city streets.

Just yearning for just one more time of something
before forever arrives taking away
whatever was and never will be.

Resting forlorn and cast away with little hope for respite
while killing time trying to remember the pages of life.



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