

Opera Lovers & Three More

by [A. Gee](#) (April 2023)



Turandot, Tony Belobrajdic, 2021

Opera Lovers

up on the stage a tenor, Nessun Dorma
the set a modern wonder, *Turandot*
if I could but remember the performer...
remembering the flowers I forgot
remembering the frigid intermission
the spent champagne and chocolates on a plate
you made excuses, needing no permission
lust, mixing in with guilt; bell says we're late

no longer a duet, more a parlante
each part distinct, but sticking to the script

our rendezvous a scandal, in flagrante
devoid of feeling, naked, bare and stripped
a wanton thrust, a breathless, heaving bosom
no, not at all a coupling, more a sting
the minimum required for a twosome
up on the stage, the lady starts to sing

Ozy Meets Harriet

I met a traveler from a modern land,
and she's like: "don't you give me any lip!
Lie here—stay partly covered by the sand.
This picture will remind me of my trip."
Her stylish shades obscure her upper face
but I well know the strength behind that tone.
It's known to pharaohs throughout time and space,
and so I pose with her, a silent stone.

Thus captured, she will send me through the air:
"His name was Ozymandias, King of Kings"
and others will reply: "wish I was there!"
and add "oh, L.O.L, what ARE those things?"
And I'll stay here, refusing to decay.
The sand dunes that preserve stretch far away.

In Spring

let me be, you restless spirit
and I promise to obey
rolling thunder, do not fear it
heaven opens up to play
soon the snow will trade its glories

for the flower shoots beneath
mama bear will share her stories
suckling bear pups are all teeth
and the prairie runs with bison
heavy hoofs kick up the dust
elken antlers are enticing
and the does do as they must
let me go, you restless spirit
where the winter birds have flown
where the silence rules, you hear it?
I am off to Yellowstone

Victorian

Insomnia, my eyelids firmly closed
but sleep remains elusive as a mouse.
I must give up at last, and barely clothed,
I wander through the carcass of my house.

A creaky floorboard bends, a soulful moan.
The floor, at least, acknowledges my plight.
The wind draft on my skin, I'm not alone.
Cold fingers probing, promising delight.

The Cinderella staircase takes me down
the center hall where eminences danced.
Their faces wearing masks that must not frown,
the hostess having left no thing to chance.

The eerie glow of streetlamps permeates
where candles spread their warmth so long ago.
The library, for gentlemen debates.
cigars and whiskey—if you're in the know.

Ah, here's the kitchen, smells of ham and toil,

and well-worn wooden countertops, knives out.
The stains of countless cooking wines, and oil.
An empty pitcher thirsty for some stout.

Back up the stairs, the pictures on the wall,
well-meaning captures of forgotten smiles.
The promises we've made after our fall
did not survive our challenges and trials.

The bed's unmade, I try to sleep again.
Oh god, please tell me: will this ever end?
Please grant me sleep, I'll sleep like I slept then.
The ceiling's staring back at me, no friend

I scan the room for something to distract.
My jumbled stream of consciousness rebels.
The shadows ready for their final act.
It'll take the sun to overcome their spells.

Some shredded wrapping paper, left by us,
from packaging the wages of our sin.
The fireplace is lit, St. Nicholas,
will have to find a safe one to climb in.

My feet back on the floor, it's of no use.
I might as well get up and do some work.
The white flag's raised. It knew that I would lose.
insomnia accepts it, with a smirk.

The bathroom's cold, the mirror covered up,
and just as well, in no mood to reflect.
The faucet's dripping, and the toothbrush cup,
is empty but is waiting to collect.

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A. Gee has been playing with words since he was little, and has finally been talked into sharing. As an avid reader of classical poetry, he's been fascinated by the challenge of creating rhymed English poetry that wants to escape out of your mouth and be read out loud—think Dr. Seuss meets Chaucer. Well, at least half way. He has previously been published in *Sparks of Calliope* and is currently working on a collection of sonnets, *Sonnet Station*, which he expects to become available in 2023. His collection of humorous Greek Mythology poems, *Myth Takes*, is available [here](#). He is a happily married husband, father, and grandfather and he and his wife split their time between New Jersey and Texas.

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