

the HARLEQUIN

J.L. Conrad

Poem in Which We Become Creatures of Habit

The secret society had been meeting for months.
We recognized the signals: candy wrappers
littering the stage, the lights turned low, a scatter
of confetti in the aisles. We asked ourselves
why they had come to town. As it turned out,
such antics could not be tolerated, the scalloped
edges of their invitations to us notwithstanding.
They were shallow, we admitted, but not exempt
from our admiration. The dress rehearsal
for the arrests took place on Thursday: citizens
handcuffed and marched in line to the gymnasium.
In the cemetery, someone was blowing on a trumpet.
We were, in a manner of speaking, preparing
for our own lives. But what I mean to say is
none of this should be taken lightly. We are all
in a room waiting to be told which way to go.

Thank you for reading! Find more at www.theharlequin.org.