

## DENNIS HERRELL

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### Day 75, Scene 2

At this moment, have she and I  
become a play, she in scene  
and I the audience?

Has she forgotten the lines,  
or has some director, in a pique,  
purged speech from her script;  
given out the wrong cues,  
taken a turn for a new ending?

She assumes a thoughtful look,  
but her stare away somewhere goes blank,  
a light clicks off to a dark mind.  
Her body lies still,  
except for a mouth moving without words.

A nurse comes in on rounds,  
tucks the cover tight, whispers  
it's ok, you must be tired, dear,  
and pats her on the cheek.

### Nighttime

Junior lay there in the dark,  
still as he could, listening, watching  
for the dark person that might be in the corner,  
in the hall behind the closed door  
that should make him safe,  
not so scared he was trapped,  
helpless against the scratchy hand  
pulling back the cover again,  
touching him down there,  
scratchy hand pulling on his thing  
and squeezing and making him feel like a bad boy  
for letting it happen to him.

But he can't tell,  
because nobody would believe him just a kid,  
nobody.

And if he says something,  
something even badder would happen.  
He knows it would.

**Dennis Herrell** is like every poet in the world - always in training, and painfully aware of it. He writes both serious and humorous poems about life in this somewhat civilized society. He was born; he reproduced; he will die, but not before commenting about the process, and having a good laugh, or perhaps a sigh.