

A Poem by Frank De Canio

Aphra Behn's

unlike the Stratford bard, Will, forgotten.
And justly so, based on the play I saw -
"The Patient Fancy". Weak, ill-begotten,
it's less an adult body in the raw,
than a child posing in her mother's dress.
There isn't even jewelry and rouge
in lieu of verbal glitter and finesse.
The hoops that gird her petticoat are huge
enough to fill the stage with sweeping airs
and gestures of the grown-up world. But terse
mimicry with a purse hardly compares
with shapely contours of accomplished verse.
Despite the borrowed trappings of her speech,
real poetry is just beyond her reach.

Born & bred in New Jersey, **Frank De Canio**
works in New York. He loves music from Bach to
Dory Previn, Amy Beach to Amy Winehouse,
World Music, Latin, opera. Shakespeare is his
consolation, writing his hobby.