

COREY VAN LANDINGHAM

Deus Ex Machina

Drama's most realistic
 here—we make it up
 as we go. I love you
I loved you I love
 Love, though he
 has wings.
And, as Shelley
 taught us,
 like light can flee.

So we banish sunset
 from the script. The couple
 never went to bed
still cross. They kept on
 sitting at the table, waiting
 forever for the moon.

Any man
 can become hooked
 by a stagehand's artificial
wings. Failed
 plot point. Exit
forced. Like a finger
 they lift the machine.

The vatic feelers
 shut off for love.
 Our hero, insofar
as he is human,
 could not transcend
 the impatient final scene.

He improvises as desire
 does—turns blind
to the denouement.

Reconciliation. Triumph
over reason.
And the spectators
are satisfied.