
WHAT TIME / *Keith Allen Artrip*

(for Samuel Beckett)

Aged man, face wrinkled as an old love letter,
seated on black steel steps of an old fire escape,
for who or what do you wait? Godot will not come.
That you know too well. Marie? She'll not come,
married and living in the north, husband a drunk,
if tales of old dames across town are true.
Come now. Why the raised eyebrow? Not surprise,
surely, from one who saw liars and lovers
leveled to the same absurd height, slow descent
of curtain hems on darkened stages, unapplauded.
Come. Walk awhile with me. Coffee and a roll
will revive you; I too am hungry. If you're worried
leave a note telling them where you've gone,
wedge it between wall and stair; hope they glance.