

SHORTS – THEATRE

CRITICS

Seeing them lined up there ...
Like a coven of big, old, ugly vultures
Perched on a wire or rooftop
Ready to pounce on the first unsuspecting
Tasty morsel of live, red meat
Which moves on that luncheon buffet, called a stage, down below.

Yeah. I don't like critics.

THE GREEN ROOM

You know the place ...
Where stars sit waiting their turn to go on?
No one tells you about the disgusting 4-day old pizza
Or the sticky table top where someone spilled their soda
and assumed the "help" would clean it up.

The only thing green in the green room
Is the mold growing on the unwashed dishes left in the sink
Since the world premier opening of *As You Like It* ...

And I don't.

CHEMISTRY

We came to the climax of our scene ...
Passions had sparked, then kindled into flame
Glances, voices, subtle touches exchanged
Our eyes met, and there ...
In the ether between our pulsing desires
There ...
There ...
Was absolutely NOTHING!

Might as well have been caressing a Wheaties box
With a picture of Bob Richards on it.
At least that might have been funny.

No chemistry at all!