

Façades

Lou Beckerman

'No home should be without one.'

It was thick, with
a '75% OFF' sticker
Hard-bound
at twenty-five pounds
now prized for its price
at 6.25

Its slumbering poetic delights
which might have
lifted her to such sweet
heights on insomniac nights
would never be
read or recited
but languish neglected,
for effect,
on her shelves
of well-known volumes
tome to tomb
as in a mausoleum

She's utterly Zen
now and then
(impermanence seeming
pertinent); deems
herself Buddhist
and minimalist
while in her well-lit window shrine
shines an army of divine
enlightened figurines,
sacred knick-knacks
and the blissed-out
bric-a-brac
she's brought back

As a vegan,
her persisting penchant
for egg and crisp rashers
made it a phase - a flash
in the pan
So now eggs are
forsaken and,
but for bacon,
she's a firm
vegetarian

Once,
when Born-Again,
she'd move with ease
between Om Shanti,
Namaste and
Amen
Now
lonely
she craves only
the *right* company; not
the wrong kind
of humanity
who might see,
behind the façades,
her fear and
fragility