

POETRY

The lady vanishes

The silken handkerchief turns amber.
My heart stops; the lady vanishes.
I am surrounded by lavish death,
in the magician's secret chamber.

The audience grows restless. A breath
escapes this bony cage. We wait but
there's no third act. Show's over; no more
magic. Thank you all. The time of death ...

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Arash Emamzadeh maintains a poetry blog
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CMAJ 2012. DOI:10.1503/cmaj.111598



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