

XVI: the tower.

by Elisheva Fox

my high school philosophy teacher
smelled permanently of
black coffee, ink, and cigars.

i think he tried to warn me.
i think he knew.

“theatre is beautiful,
and acting is a wonder,
but they’re dangerous, too.”

i laughed and blamed
his platonic camaraderie,
his age,
his classical outlook.

as it turns out,
he was
not incorrect.

damn him,
he was utterly right.

i was so skilled
an actress, then;
lethal, really.

until
one day,
seated primly
next to my husband -

i saw her
and the curtains fell.