



"That I'm the fool, this I  
acknowledge now,  
So early in the night to press the  
point.  
But like a lobster in a pot, the  
heat,  
It rose so slow — a kindness fate  
bestowed.  
I missed the signs; I let my guard go  
down.  
The fight, unthinkable — not meant  
for me  
Or mine. A storybook tale told by  
two...  
One we both hoped to hear. But  
endings fail  
The plot for some; the denouement  
undone.  
The page prefers those lines that  
speak of peace,  
of joy... a trust transcendent,  
infinite.  
These stories we all know and tell  
again  
Exist in static worlds. No change,  
no growth,  
A happy ever after set in stone...  
Where off the page, revisions do  
occur.  
Ideals, illusions homemade...faith  
misplaced.  
What tales we tell...beatific,  
eloquent...  
Not meant for here. . ."

# god's own cartoon anvil

by Michael S. Crawford





**"So this went on. And on.  
And on...And on.  
  
And I, uncomfortably numb,  
played through.  
  
What had to be was not,  
what was, was wrong.  
  
What once was right all  
fell to hell; yet on,  
  
And on I stood. You watch  
such waters long  
  
And hard enough, you'll  
see yourself float by."**

**THE PLAYERS:**

**Heath Harper, as Man**

**Grey Summers, as Woman**

**Angela Denny, as  
Other Woman**

**Reko Moreno, as  
Other Man**

**Jill Carter, as  
Significant Other**

**Edward Bundage,  
as Stranger**

**Taavi Mark, as Lawyer**

**John Outtrim, as Judge**

**and Michael Marlowe, as  
Bar Friend**

