

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ILLYRICUS

Ron Bayes

Flatterers abound
& you seem oblivious
to this obviosity.

You loll on your
elbows after the bath.
The towel

Merely accentuates
your desirability.
You ask me to leave

If I cannot talk
of more pleasant things
& toss your damp curls

I tell you of my devotion
& of my fear for you
& the State.

Your eyes sadden.
The wistful smile
seems to tease, feigning sorrow.

You draw the huge towel
up (highly dramatic),
cock your head toward the door.