

Missing, Remains or Seed
(a play with reality)
or, Foxtrot in Your Throat or, Playing with Peter
by MichaelVSmith

(Lights should come up to create scene of mystery, fuzziness.)

M- Peter says a lot of things
he says hello
How are you?
he says, there are so many of you
and you are all silent
suddenly
he's very happy to see you
let's have a conversation, he says

P- Michael talks about me so much
sometimes
I don't know what I'll do.

M- Keep talking.

P- When he had sex,
it wasn't the cock
that he liked the best

oh yes, you missionary
types, you straight and narrow
conservatives, he could have sex
to beat the best of them...

M- no

P-...it was the waist, that large zipper, he said,
keeping the halves together
that he liked the best

Michael was at a party once and when he left it,
he walked out of the city with the nighttime
swelling in front of him in the heat
and with the hazy light of the city swelling behind him,
he knew he was caught
in the middle