

The Many Faces of Ariel

Mortimer Nova

enter sara stage right
tattered shirt and a black eye
threads are falling from her thighs
and 2 of her strings aren't mine
in comes harry, in a hurry
the wolf dressed in man's skin this cotillion's so romantic
throw yourself into the sea
the shadow of the burning man is
screaming out in agony
stepping from the foreground lights
away from arson's irony
the king's retired and left his suitor
a shark that doesn't seem to sleep i'm a leech and a disease
we behave so lovelessly

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