

“The sound of the organ ...”

By: Lauren M. Halligan

The sound of the organ rings within the theater,
filling every intricate mold of its gold-finished architecture,
eyes of aristocratic women and distinguished men close,
as chills run down the spines of every patron in the red upholstered chairs,
the chandeliers gleam, catching the curious eyes of children,
and the twin griffins above the door watch slyly as they take it all in,

ladies in the powder room file out with the scent of Chanel No. 5,
and backstage the entertainment rehearses one final time.
“Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome to Proctor's Theater.”

“We've all got secrets ...”

By: Lauren M. Halligan

We've all got secrets we refuse to tell
and we keep them locked in our personal hell.
I've got a key to that place,
wrapped around my throat,
just take it, and tell me I'm not alone.

“You know daddy...”

By: Lauren M. Halligan

You know daddy, I got this whole misery thing from you.
And I know I don't say it enough,
but you're the only one that gets me through.

“Your bones may be older...”

By: Lauren M. Halligan

Your bones may be older, but you understand my loneliness.
and I heard it in your song that you do.
And it may take a while for us to break solidarity,
quit saying that we are all alone.
We both know we yearn for affection,
and I think we've got it somewhere inside ourselves
to love.