

Richard Meyer

Self-Portrait

playing with photo effects on the computer

My ghostly disembodied face
(repeated two times two)
caught floating in a flattened space,

an apparition vaguely seen
immersed in red and blue
with brazen yellow, orange, and green.

It may be Pop, but is it Art?
For Dada it won't do.
Surrealistic à la carte?

Perhaps a post-post-modern piece,
a strange eclectic view
done in a moment's mad caprice.

Let others see what they will see,
for me it's me it's me it's me.

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Exit Stage Left

*And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. ~ Shakespeare*

In life's performance, from the start,
he played a stock and minor part
to less than flattering reviews.

Abruptly in his seventh age
he got the cancellation news
that hooked him off this earthly stage

and cast him in oblivion —
no curtain call, no further run,
and no applause when he was done.