

The Romance of a Nonbeliever

Ken Poyner

When he raises the dead grown men cry
My wife assures me. I've checked twice,
But no money has changed hands. Not that I would mind
Paying for the show—but only where the wife
Might laugh as well, get at least a good night's
Good sense out of it. Serious as a week's rain
After a week's rain, she intends with two
Other couples this put on to be real. I know
The man does it for free only as
A teaser, will soon be bringing back loved ones
At fifty cents a word, fifty dollars a rap
On the table, maybe as mist in the kitchen
For two hundred. Like me, the other husbands
Are coming to find the wires and foot treadles,
Point out how commonplace anything the dead say
Through our medium is. I expect him
To seat the wives, treat them like they were still of a state
To dance topless at bar for tips alone.
No doubt he will have a full black coat, a voice
That makes good people think of an older man
Watching children run on a playground.
His movements will be as slow as the wife
After ten years in bed even when her flannel nightgown
Isn't in the way. I've seen all
The Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing movies:
I'll know if he moves the table with his knees.
But when he gooses my wife and claims the dead know
She was in former life the wife of a passionate man
That is when I go over the top
And we get all of this set down to basics.