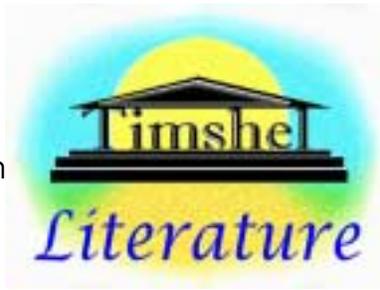


Justin Katz

*Timshel Literature*

jkatz@timshelarts.com



www.timshelarts.com

P.O. Box 751

Portsmouth, RI 02871

401-835-7156

### **To My Audience**

by Justin Katz

I hear whispers through the window,  
Creeping footsteps in the hallway;  
They're the shadows in the darkness,  
And the statues in the store display.  
Strange circuits in my telephone,  
Are why it never rings, you see;  
And crows that seem not quite alive  
Float the street a bit too patiently.  
One asset that I've come to have,  
What keeps me just one step ahead:  
I foresee ev'ry move they make,  
And I'm really hunting them instead.

I know just who's the mastermind,  
A name I hear in ev'ry hiss;  
And ev'ry where I look it seems  
I find traces of this nemesis.  
I've set aside a special room  
With nothing but a single chair;  
I'll sit upon the villain's knees  
Put head in hand, and just stare and stare.  
In time I'll bring forth all the proof,  
Establish my sanity,  
Replete with charts and catalogues  
Of the more ephem'ral evidence:

Glances caught in public places,  
Cars parked crooked in their spaces,  
Couples stopped in feigned embraces.  
It's all subtle, yes, but common sense.  
Notes passed secretly with flowers,  
Hikers that walk on for hours,  
Dancers out in thundershowers.  
Could one see this as coincidence?  
A counterfeit society,  
Except for maybe two or three,  
Like misanthropic charity,  
Unaware to sympathize with me.

The sum of all my hoarded facts  
Insinuates a well planned hell;  
And so I've found a place to hide,  
A vast and hidden citadel.  
From time to time I must submit,  
And risk disclosing my abode;  
But stringently I lay it out:  
A call in esoteric code.

I tell you this with faithless hope.  
A writer's trust I give to you.  
Perhaps you'll take me at my word,  
But then you're in on it, too.