
POETRY | FALL 2014

Dude, the Stage?

By Sean J. Mahoney

My clonus reduced to a joke
like a violent STD or chuft band
members wandering the corridors
backstage in Cleveland.
And while the audience finally
ups and leaves before
performances ever begin I show
alone to tell of living behind
the opaque curtain of pills.
Theater managers and janitors
remain and can only look away
hoping I will leave
without asking for help.
I am 4-5 steps out of time
going forward now
and caring only how my
doppelganger - a truly gifted
singer, a mercurial artist, finger
on the pulse of this progressive dive -
will react to this onslaught
of delays, re-tunings and vocalese:
“test one, test two,
sclerosis, sclerosis.”

Multiple delays, weak
strings, compromised truss
rod, hollowed body and much
anticipated encore calls
for a show that never launches;
the burden of its own weight
at height above its own creative
sluice.

Sean J Mahoney lives with his wife, her parents, two Uglydolls, and three dogs in Santa Ana, California. He works in geophysics. His work has appeared in *MiPoesias*, *Muddy River Review*, *Occupoetry*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Wordgathering*, and *Pentimento*, among others. Sean was diagnosed with Primary Progressive Multiple Sclerosis in April of 2012.

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