

Roberta D'Camp

Trans in the Band

Grandpa stood up tall and beamed his grandchild smile
Baton flicks ticked our gears with the precision of a midnight
cricket

A family music box clinging and ringing, each of us a bump
I was a trumpet a bit out of place, too bashful to be so brassful.

His clarinet is still, fill out the will, ne'er to play, lay the bouquet.
Never took off the mask for you, I didn't know what you would
do.

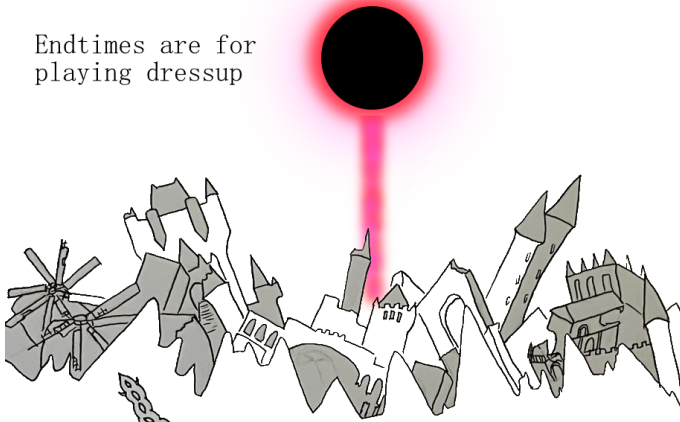
The quaintest fantasy is to be surrounded by brass,
Playing those old songs like in the past,
In my dress among the jumble of chubby uncles,

No stares, no glares, just grandchild smiles,
Jokes about bassoons while we play out of tune,
What a dream, to think of tuba gleam,
Happy clarinets just like yours,
Playing Sousa on the shores.

Yes I know it's so bizarre,
"I love you the way you are,"
Wouldn't that be crazy for you to wake,
And say that I'm not a mistake?

What if you woke up just once more,
And then your granddaughter answered the door.
I think of you saying her new name with glee,
The sun setting as they play songs by the sea.

Endtimes are for
playing dressup



Look through the abyss
to see the pink

When the sun
bleeds sable
the demons will
think we're angels



Roberta D'Camp
Ember Up Doll