

No More Decorating the Mud Man
by Donna McCaw

Cruel game over,
Clay footed cad and coward,
The man behind the curtain uncovered,
Knees knocking.
He's abandoned the love he claimed he'd discovered.
A whole past discarded.

She, left shamed and alone again.
No looking back this time
Enough salt tears shed
Move and keep moving
Keep the cold and narrow bed.
This soap opera's dead.