

## POETRY

## The lady vanishes

The silken handkerchief turns amber.  
My heart stops; the lady vanishes.  
I am surrounded by lavish death,  
in the magician's secret chamber.

The audience grows restless. A breath  
escapes this bony cage. We wait but  
there's no third act. Show's over; no more  
magic. Thank you all. The time of death ...

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Arash Emamzadeh maintains a poetry blog  
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