

A Dinner Party: A Poem/Play

by Richard Gulbankian

Act I:

Scene I: Inner dialogue

Science can do many things
but hold the strings of time
I used to fear tomorrow's face
and my sorrow left me blind

Scene II: The guests arrive

I was very open with my thoughts of tomorrow, I showed my guests with pride
I lit a match and described the small flame, who knows what went on inside
I lit my coat on fire to show how it could spread with no rules, making a scene
They seemed to agree to some extent, but thought my example extreme

Scene III: Main festivities

I accepted the fire's raging confusion
At this point my guests painted my picture
I decided to do everything for fusion
And make a pinker image from crimson

The paint crumbled away and the flames reached the carpet
And the painting mixed in with the fire
As unknowingness swallowed my artwork whole
This appearance I still desired

I chose to walk in the heat and sit there silent
Observing my guests start to leave
I expressed the position caused me no violence
But they still ran out and screamed

Scene IV: After the party

I realized the burnings that covered my body hurt
And got up to take a shower

The pain now eased
I made some dinner
And sent my guests apologies and flowers

Act II:

A Conclusion: Today

When we are young, the future is scary
And we try to express this fear.
When we grow older, our past gives us a heavy burden
When our fear of past and future combine,
It often is quite hectic
Worrying about tomorrow will burn us now
And trying to fit into a frame society painted us yesterday won't fit
It is best to live life in the present,
without rhyme scheme, boundaries, or fear
I can now grow as an independent being
With honesty and empathy

Epilogue: Tomorrow

This is true maturity,
Living true to now, unforced
Growing up this way will give some comfort
And keep me unscorched