

## **Sybil, or Dancing in the Cartesian Theatre of the Absurd**

We are married to ourselves,  
wedded to this certain uncertainty.  
We wake ourselves in the night  
when one turns over.  
We look at other marriages happier  
than our own and we marvel:  
Jesus! Together  
all those years without killing each other!

We two chained as prisoners  
scything the high grass along the steaming Mississippi  
roadside by single swings of the pendulum.  
Sometimes one prisoner falls,  
sometimes the other,  
but both are required to pick up the slack,  
to make the same distance in miles,  
or the walkin' boss will put both  
in the box for the night.  
Sooner or later one prisoner falls,  
sooner or later the miles won't,  
and the one left standing can't do it  
alone anymore.

We coexist, but that doesn't mean  
the body wants what the mind wants:  
the guts are nuts:  
they're out of control,  
they raise their own hell.

This wretched elasticity can only last so long  
before something snaps.

– Jeffery Greb