

A Poem For An Actor Friend

In fury, you protest and scorn
Your master's slavish treatment.
Fierce passions, you with words perform,
Disclose a soul's bereavement.

But wait! bereavement settled on
By parties both consenting
Is less affront and more a bond
Than what you're representing.

I bless it not – this bond you have –
But think you are deceptive
For making victimhood your badge
When never non-agentive.

You should have rather made yourself
A servant of your art.
But now, to men by greed propelled,
You've sold your broken heart.