# THE PROSE POEM:
## AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 2 | 1993

# Lonesome Ceilings

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LONESOME CEILINGS

The aloofness of ceilings is merely a pose. Don't be fooled by the way they coolly hang above it all, unsullied by the messy scuffle. Scions of privilege, wainscotted or girdled in virginal white, ceilings look on and long to get down. Certain notable exceptions notwithstanding (the Sistine Chapel, Altamira, Grand Central Station, the sky itself), no one ever takes notice but to find fault. Think of the awful burden they must bear without wincing! Is it possible despite the herculean show of strength that the *plafond* secretly dreams of changing places with the floor? Take a late November 6 o'clock ceiling. Have you never noticed the crude tattoos, the suspicious streaks that break out overhead at twilight! Shadows perhaps. Or perhaps a desperate fantasy played out while the world is busy elsewhere—a pantomime of plastered timbers aching to be trampled underfoot and ravished by gravity.