

Assembly at Madame Tussauds

The select of the earth
Are here solemnly assembled
In neat bean rows;
Each in his or her unblinking stare
Watches unperturbed, being no further
Bothered by the heart's maddening thuds.

The vision of each seems xray eyed,
Looking undistractedly past
The stone-walls to what
Is much too much
Outside my nominal powers to touch.

No sighs, here, I hear
No smiles on the tight lips appear,
In what is surely a last act;
Their's is total tact.

An Ace Hand has conjured
This world, and any others.

— *Keshav Malik*