

Beauty and the Beast: Jo McDonough

The crowd roars and moves
like a salivating animal straining at the leash.
Surging, resting, and surge again.
The warm-up band has agitated
its hunger and it is
desperate and petulant.
Nothing can assuage its yearning
except the sight of her.

The lights roam the hall,
Soundtracks seek to soothe
without snuffing the flame.
Hissing and spitting
the beast is restless and unwilling to be tamed,
A voice announces her imminent arrival
The beast mounts in heat.

She arrives with majestic strides
As a peacock displaying its vibrant tail,
Commanding the moment she fixes the beast with a peremptory stare.
Every eye is fixed on the beauty
projected everywhere.
Momentarily hushed in awe
Her confidence and flamboyance need no applause.
The electric body heat
says it all.

The band's familiar rhythm starts
pounding the air.
Her voice calls and soars
In ecstasy the beast raises its wild head
and howls at the sky,
As a visual extravagance assaults its eyes,
The intimacy between the beauty and her beast forever sealed.
This arrow sunk deep in its side.