



### *Mystique of Her Generation*

Sometimes we startle ourselves, or  
Someone rustles by our mind's eye (too quick to notice)

In instants, they come shuttling through  
Whipping past and we forget or recall

But the impression is brilliant  
And we lie and say we had a strange dream.

My mother's celebrity catches me off  
and I forget her starring roles

So plentiful I forget her domesticity  
Omnipresent, divine

In a turquoise gown, sequined  
Triumphant at her film's premier

She is happy. She smiles at media hags  
They are lost school yard friends

Distant now and professional  
and with microphones.

Can you trust her as I  
When I tell of her talent?

Her roles are of an intrinsic design;  
I will never understand each plot

Ones set forth by my parents,  
acted with stunning realism.

Or characters—far too many—  
with motivations

Flashy lives offered, rustling by us  
A thousand miles away, a second:

Sequined, glamorous, eternal  
and sneaky.

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