

Clark Anne, Armchair Theatre

This house is full of loneliness
Of sad weary silence
I switch on the television
For some company
Two actors
A man and a Woman
Give exaggerated little moans
As they simulate
A so called stimulating f**k
For my entertainment
Beneath the endless groans
It's not real
It's pretend
Just like we pretended that last time
To make you
Night is the most difficult part off all
I don't need this
This vile, crude reminder
Of how we play out our roles
Without any script at all