

The Return of Maestro Insana 9

It is time, time we take our leave, and say  
A fond goodbye to all that, and move our dumb  
Show on the highway home. We share a hurried  
Breakfast on the freeway -- soft popcorn in 10 cent  
Bags and warm Pepsi in throwaway bottles --  
And leave the city behind us under the mist  
Of morning patiently awaiting the arrival of  
The passing commuters with the tense expectation  
Of a man spread-eagled in the sun upon an ant-hive.

The Return of Maestro Insana 10

Darkness at noon on the road as we enjoy  
A punctured tire, the Maestro wandering off  
To explore the woods while I work diligently.  
Ready to go again, he is missing. I follow  
The spongy path he has taken, find him staring  
At the shafts of sunlight streaming down. And  
As we stood humbly amidst the majestic redwoods  
The cathedral-like silence was broken only  
By the distant sounds of advancing chain-saws.