

The Return of Maestro Insana 11

At Boise, Idaho, in the center of nowhere,  
We stopped in a local emporium to partake  
Of a gentle game of pocket billiards, an art  
Which the Maestro compares in grace, style,  
And beauty of form to a Vivaldi Concerto.  
Quaffing a tall stein of beer deliberately,  
Chewing on his Ben Franklin factory-second  
With the studied air of a funeral director  
Selling a casket to the bereaved, the Maestro  
Broke the balls with a florid determination  
And proceeded as softly and carefully as a man  
Making love, as one normally must when the  
Stakes at risk are a beer and the quarter.

The Return of Maestro Insana 12

Gagging past Mud Volcano, Calcite Springs,  
Panhandling bears collecting homage like coin  
Booths on tollways, we reached Old Faithful.  
Chill spring air raced outside the ranger  
Station as we watched the countdown on the  
Clock. We elbowed out with the crowd and  
Waited. A glorious eruption of white hot  
Water against a cold blue sky. I noticed a  
Tear slide down the Maestro's cheek and I  
Thought perhaps he had been moved by this  
Marvel of nature. No, he commented quietly.  
It had merely reminded him of his days in the  
Old country when he was strong and hale and  
Able to come once every sixty-four minutes.