

Superstar

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Remember that scene in the Arena production, how the lighting
enables everything else, the man's featureless
silhouette, an abrupt clap, then
his dangling body,

so different
from the version I saw
today, Judas bulky, the chain-link noose
bulky, the man stage left and inches
from our seats.

Either way, more visceral
than seeing Jesus, who's dead
too, was seeing Judas, a revelation
of who we are.

I shouldn't say *we*. I should admit *I*.
But haven't we all known
despair or something close to it?
Haven't we all felt, occasionally, backlit,
a shadow others can't fully discern?
Perhaps we need just to move
forward, away
from the glare a while, the man, me, you, merging
with the chorus, that ragged crowd that doesn't know
what to think either as they conclude
their cathartic score.