

Charade

Holly Cole

When we played our charade,
We were like children posing;
Playing at games, acting out names,
Guessing the parts we played.

Oh, what a hit we made!
We came on next to closing;
Best on the bill, lovers until
Love left the masquerade.

Fate seemed to pull the strings -
I turned and you were gone.
While from the darkened wings,
The music box played on, and on, and on.