

## Armchair Theatre

Anne Clark

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 fuck  
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