

## Send In The Clowns

I walked away,  
I ran bigod, to unjoin the circus.  
Bun mad dancing bears, terrified tightrope walkers,  
That indelible clown's smile and everywhere  
Some top hatted, red jacketed, whip cracker ringmaster.  
I should have run further, faster.

"Ranging up and down like a caged animal" Father complained.  
Over-active, under-stimulated? I don't know.  
Clear to the mountained sky, a working part of it,  
Burn water on my tongue, ice fire air in my lungs  
And Nobody for a decade or three.  
But the circus has caught up with me.

My eyrie, my window on the world.  
Now the world glues its red nose to my pane, except in winter.  
Crash bang! Some joker walked right in, befouled my toilet basin.  
Absence spared me his white faced plea, spared him my disgust.  
Must I now lock my door, am I to blame? Was this my fault  
And did that slapstick execute a backward somersault?

Telescopically I see the ferry come and go,  
She slides to and fro, a cartoon boat on the horizon,  
Removing last week's un-dead, replacing them with fresh.  
Oh and now look, phones on selfie sticks, see the faces that they pull.  
They smell my blood, I can't outrun these garish zombie clowns;  
No taste but red hot noses that will always track you down.

Anything they dream or touch and everywhere they go  
Is prostituted foul and false, becomes a painted side-show.  
The inked in tear of Pierrot, I'm black and white in mind and face,  
And I would walk away again just to escape the human race  
So please come soon cold winter winds, roaring the coal with charcoal skies,  
The fury seas that give me peace from vacuous smiles and needy eyes.