

## like the carnival

lately,  
i realized you like the carnival  
'cause this ride's machiavellian  
consonant with the bumper cars  
thrill of impact, you collide  
run over anything, meld  
or fragment anyone, for fun  
just for one won doll

kisses  
dissolve, like cotton candy  
tongues the sun's rotisserie  
lovers steal 'round a corner  
escape the breaking shower  
sleet mist's burdened brow  
sends the revelers scattering, as  
steam wants to be remembering  
her laugh was summer sex  
sticky, just hangs in the air  
melts you to an asphalt stain  
for someone else to stroll into

march  
right out this tent's torrent  
glimpse gusts on the tip of my...  
(bent and salty, the pretzel stand)  
dancing 'bout the pouting sideshow  
familiar scent of something baked  
you just ate, your breath, piercing  
my eyes, the whine seeming  
balloon animals, reticent to yield  
like sweaty fingers, squeaking  
from magician's tears

your  
whisper calliope once blew  
tracing of my face away, so  
bloodshot eyes and ruddy lips  
read like mind of a harlequin  
laughs, mirrors the scream, tall  
shrill distortion, weighted  
in lines of misshapen hope  
they call a smile, disfigured letters  
the trappings, just the wrappings  
blowing spirals of carousel's  
sound all the while. your

way  
too bacchanal, while i'm funereal  
step right up, we have a winner  
a bloodied prize stuffed to carry  
past these harried grounds, transformed  
by rain these sagging, clinging bags, to  
stolen candy kidnapped kisses, whirling  
past sands to tracks of train whose  
whistle signals the refrain, of this  
friday's vanquished circus show  
for saturnalia, and all gone by sunday

a screaming clown contortionist stance  
ticket master amusement man

who just wants off the ride.