

Life Is A Picadilly Circus

Who will bring coffee to the bearded lady?
The night breeze teases the tops of trees.
Memory echoes through empty space, in faded colors
silence settles the tarpaulin.
The Carnie stares into the dark,
starry reflections cast back to 'muse the old.
Above his head a string of lights sway
against the backdrop of a clouded sky. Raindrops pilter his cap.
He turns to go. Drips drop to the dusty ground,
small craters of a distant moon.
Fingers grasp the cooling cup like gnarled roots 'round a stone.
Who will bring coffee to the bearded lady?

He peers through the half-curtained window.
She sits, cushions envelop her oversized body.
The heady scent of musk oil escapes the open door.
Candle flames flicker shadows on silk drapes
hung like bat wings.
Let the egress remain clear . . . no darkness entwine,
nor malice satisfy.