

i still remember when the circus
came and marched
through the middle of the town.
they waved dressed in sequins
with rainbows and banners
side by side with the animals
which had been through all of this before.

towering jugglers on stilts.

a strutting ring master tipping
his hat like street royalty.

painted gypsy women from the antiquities
willing to tell the future in their side tents.

clown feet clown riot dancing
with happy sadness.

the cleanup men with their cleanup tools
and cleanup barrels following the parade.

everyone knew how to behave in their version of controlled chaos.

i waved back and waved and waved and waved.

now
that street is just like any other street.
the circus is never coming back
my uncle said one day
the magic just ends.
easy for him to say
he was already on his fourth wife.

when the circus came.
wf.h.
2024