

## [THE BURDEN OF CLOWNS, SHELLACKING WHITE]

The burden of clowns, shellacking white  
shrouds off their floppy bodies,  
hustling the embalming parade  
through convenience funeral homes  
with laughter and pink wigs,  
bloodthirsty brats & teddies in tow,

their cherried-out onesies in tow,  
wherever they balloon—white  
lines of regret or the salted wigs  
used to ward off vampires, their bodies  
cooling supine in funeral homes,  
mute and red-nosed parades,

make-up jumbled in tornado parades,  
those Pogo & Tonio types aglow,  
so my jackal-faced father stumbles home  
after a night of cinnamon schnapps, white-  
faced, tripping over raw bodies  
and adjusting his soiled work wig

in speckles of moonlight, adjusting his wig  
so it looked stern as Bozo's last parade  
before he went inane and twisted the bodies  
of Cookie and Wizzo together in neat bows,  
the brats and mothers turning white  
and green in the asshole of his home—

as a child all I wanted was that big-top home,  
acid-squealing daisy on my right lapel, a wig  
as luxurious as Cepellín's, and a white  
lie, but we invited the sleeping parade,  
the purple impudence of a tagged toe,  
invisible grief, clowns & their bodies'

rainbow musculature, stitched-up bodies  
dug from graves, my littered house  
thick with waste, oh Blinko, did you row  
a bitter moat around my dad, did you swig  
the toys from the carpet, did you aid  
Weary Willy at the end of the black

show, you left the bodies and black wigs  
in my miserable home, the parade  
long gone, but always, always in tow.