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,
aid-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.