

Seal On A Revolving Carousel

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The carousel spins as it's ridden by people for their amusement and with relatively no care
And you are merely a humble part of the revolving wheel of fun
A typical representation of a seal with a saddle treading not water but instead the air
While it may be a source of joy and conversation for others for you this is a job to be done
A job you'd like to believe you do well though you've got your mistakes and faults
Those small creaks and cracks like any other seeming machine
After all you're still here while you've watched others lose their place in this seemingly eternal waltz
Being alternated for newer models that also never last long from what you've seen
So there's a perpetual gap it feels like as replacements come and go
And you are stuck on this working ride of joy hoping that you compensate for that vacant space
As you go along with the rest of the show
The riders talk sometimes but don't really seem to notice what's there to make a case
That that much has changed even though for you it feels like plenty has
But what do you know you're a seal on a carousel
A smiling clown of the sea doing your best to keep up with your ride's pizzazz
You're not sure when or even if you'll ever move on from where you're bolted down so here you dwell
Too stuck in the rhythm that's been made trying to match the happiness on the face of your outer shell
Working the best you can as you hope the fun comes back and the strain and stress ease up a little
On the revolving doors of this ever busy carousel