

Matinee

Sit down and watch,
it's about to happen
the curtain draws to the side
and the performers whirl about.
Figures stand, wave, thrash, spasm,
Figures drenched by the spotlight,
oily, slick,
they have no faces, just sequined fronts
enticing people to come watch.

A colorful little car comes out,
it's funny horn braying,
rolling as if with a limp-
something's dancing on it's fourth wheel off to the side.
The car's a classic, the staple of the show
what everyone comes to see,
to talk about with club words.
The small thing goes round and round,
led by glitter-faced performers who
hope you don't see it's stiffened equine features.

Come take in the show, grab the bottle,
the glorious bottle,
They'll grab it for you, pour it into a spoon,
a beautiful spoon
Come, swallow,
it even comes in two flavors,
scarlet and cerulean,
arsenic,
cyanide,
swallow it and the world will become a Great place,
even as it is burning, burning.
The spotlight ignites two figures,
oiled and smoldering,
the wood posters come down
in a rain of words and ashes,
the behemoth creatures balance on their balls still
the animals pulling the carts are too anchored to move.
Pieces fall out, performers flaunt incumbent locks,
links chink to remind you that this is your circus.

Kailee Doherty, 11/6/16