

# When the Circus Comes

*by* Darryl Price

La La La La. Oh. Are you there? Well, let's get started.  
This is no hitching a slow ride. This is no  
more silent wishing. You're making this up as you  
go. I know they want you to believe everything  
fascinating and impossible is on the  
outside of your life. They've always been liars. It's  
became a way of life for them like all other  
forms of bullying violence. They want you to  
be afraid of love. The thing you could do to stop  
them in their tracks is to quit believing you don't  
matter. Here, let's make a little poetry to  
go with our sweet touching of hands. This thing you could

do is signify bravery by lifting you  
up at every chance you get. You could say it's your  
sacred duty to think for yourself when you've been  
handed kitchen scissors and told to run. But why  
not be the one who opens doors? You could say you  
want more, even if nothing lasts forever. You  
could make a real serious, wonderful plan to  
escape their boring, mind-numbing speeches. You could  
live forever by being here now. They want you  
to be afraid of tenderness. Don't wait. Do it  
while you're still alive. They're behind all death. You could  
fling yourself about because you insist on joy.

Tell them you can't be bought. They've always been afraid  
of dancing. They want you to be afraid of making  
a noise. What do you want to see in the mirror?  
You could use your whole life as a restorative  
resource of wellness and freedom. They want you to  
be tied to the railroad tracks of time and space. You

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could go on without them. You could skip a dream or  
maybe two over the ocean. You could hope for  
better words to express how you feel. You could not  
give up your soul for anything or anyone.  
They want you to be afraid of sorrow. You could  
be happy to be a friend to truth and beauty.

