

Big Top Boogie

by sean m. poole

I had the blues. I was feeling down the day the circus came to town. There was cash in my pocket and a bag of weed. I went to the circus with a desperate need to renew my faith in the good of mankind. Perhaps under the big top some laughs I'd find.

I rode a painted pony on an old carousel. I slapped the strongman's mallet. I rang the silver bell. Lost inside the mirror maze reflections torn asunder I screamed as if I'd gone quite mad.

From the exit chute I blundered out onto the midway below the neon lights beneath a brightly painted banner of a dwarf in spangled tights beside a time worn canvas tent with a sign that read, "WEIRD SIGHTS!"

Proffering a railroad spike as if it were a rose the Blockhead shows the rubes it's real then pounds it up his nose. The crowd goes wild. They love the act. They whistle, cheer and holler. I reach inside my old grouch bag and give the man ten dollars.

My hope restored I wandered on. No hurry and no worry. At Moroni's Golden Bull café I ate a plate of hot green curry.

Later in the bigtop I watched the Grand Parade. I bought a bag of peanuts and fresh squeezed lemonade. Beautiful ladies flew through the air. A chimpanzee danced a waltz with a bear. Elephants trumpeted. Lions roared. A tattooed strongman swallowed a sword. The ringmaster bantered. The band played on. By the Grand Finale my blues were gone.

