

Grand Finale

by sean m. poole

Adam hitched his dinosaur to a covered wagon. He drove the Virgin Mary to the Faire. Shiva rode behind them in a silver limousine combing out his long and flowing hair.

Joseph Smith was washing plates in Moroni's Golden Bull café, a tawdry ptomaine palace on the carnival midway.

Satan runs the taco stand. He's always got a line. Jesus works a ding there, too. Changing water into wine. Mary Magdalene's his counter girl. She fleeces all the marks. Buddha works the cups and balls. They gaff those sheep like sharks.

Ghandi owns the hot dog booth. St. Paddy sells the beer. Grab your meat and spread your buns! The weenie roast is here!

Houdini has a tin cup and some clown's got a duck. They're saving souls for nickels. Step up and try your luck!

John the Baptist fronts a burlesque act. His patter's smooth and slick! Like tinned sardines the drooling rubes inside his tent are packed. They're eager for the trick. Salome dances the Hoochie-Kootch with a hot dog on a stick.

Noah's in a big-top tent with his petting zoo. He's got Dodo birds and unicorns and velociraptors. Two!

Santa flies his reindeer around the center ring as they perform Handel's Messiah. A most amazing thing!

Mighty Joe Young the gorilla my dreams! Flies through the air with the greatest of ease ignoring the screams of the winsome young lass snatched by the knees from her tenuous perch on the flying trapeze.

A maniacal clown vehicle races from the shadows and careens headlong into the center ring from whence emerge a horde of harlequins and one supersized soprano who lifts her skirts and so begins to sing.

