

Unday Morning

by sean m. poole

At the Bizarre Bazaar in the village of There You Are we waited on the platform when the Midnight Special steamed into the station pulling a plain brown wrapper disguised as an invisible train that suddenly burst open spewing forth a fully formed Five Ring Fabulon Spectacular! A Sorcerer's Circus filled with seductive sounds and Salacious sights guaranteed to delight the eye and please the mind.

That was the year we lived on the banks of the Doo Wah Diddy Diddy and we danced the doodah day ballet in bubblegum trees with crested kookaburras until the dawn broke like crystal goblets smashed against the rocky cliffs of time. After time we swept up the gleaming shards tossing them to the trade winds where they scattered exploding in a torrent of beaks and feathers like birds shot from a cannon in a psychedelic sideshow.

We wandered the midway in a magical place peopled with frogboys and lizardgirls and sword-swallowing dwarves when a six foot tall fire breathing man eating chicken swooped down from high atop the Ferris wheel bursting into showering cascades of amber orange embers shimmering torrents of sizzling sparks plumes of bilious violet smoke rising like a Phoenix from the ashes of our Cotton candy dreams.

Four sinister clowns with wings and tails and skirts held high trotted a T-bone Tango Two-step on an enormous cerulean blue beach ball balanced on the nose of a wine red walrus perched precipitously upon a hubcapped Diamond Star Unicycle of unique design. He turned to us and smiled between gleaming ivory tusks that morphed into the keys of a player piano performing a symphony in Asia Minor with musical notes pouring fully formed from out of his gaping upturned maw as a daring young man on a flying rampart leaped from the gridiron and fell hurtling at lightspeed into the canyons of your mind and out of the cockles of your heart.

It was Unday morning. We ate breakfast then went home and took a nap.

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