

Ahh

Lorraine Feather

Town to town,
We caravan.
We move our world by night,
Hobo clown,
And cannon man,
And families bound by flight. I dream another dream of you.
I feel the hunger of your stare,
As I am twirling by my hair.
I know I never will forget
The broken rope, your strangled cry,
Until I found the nylon net. Once, I was a stranger to this life,
As green as any First of May.
You were a beast in gold lam;
You bore the mark of careless claws.
Your need was deep, as mine is now,
To feel the thrill of wild applause. Look at all the people out there tonight, darling.
I think we have a full house. Im so excited.

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