

## Was Not Was "Prologue"

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Poet:

Crowds give me the jitters,  
One look at them and -Boom!-  
My spirit turn into loose change.  
And they'll get you turning cartwheels  
If you let them get too close.  
No, I'd prefer a quiet cloud in Heaven  
To this noisy tenement.  
Living on love and friendship...  
What else does a poet need?  
What you hear in your heart,  
The clumsy truths that stumble  
Past your teeth half-naked  
Are smothered by the ticking of a clock.  
It takes years to dress them  
In a time-proof suit.  
Toys are made for the moment.  
What's genuine outlives galaxies.

Clown:

Rust-proof truths, eh?  
If I hear another word about prosperity  
I'll flip.  
There's a crowd waiting-  
Who's going to entertain them, you?  
They can tell you'd rather  
Sit on a tombstone groaning  
Than juggle or joke.  
Lighten up, my brother.  
Listen to that applause!  
Go ahead - be a noble fellow  
Vent your every fantasy  
Squeeze your heart dry-  
But take heed:  
Nietzsche died a lonely madman,  
Jerry Lewis has his own telethon

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