

Crimson King

"Cirkus Including Entry Of The Chameleons"

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Night: her sable dome scattered with diamonds,
Fused my dust from a light year,
Squeezed me to her breast, sowed me with carbon,
Strung my warp across time
Gave me each a horse, sunrise and graveyard,
Told me only I was her;
Bid me face the east closed me in questions
Built the sky for my dawn . . .
Cleaned my feet of mud, followed the empty
Zebra ride to the Cirkus,
Past a painted cage, spoke to the paybox
Glove which wrote on my tongue-
Pushed me down a slide to the arena,
Megaphonium fanfare.
In his cloak of words strode the ringmaster
Bid me join the parade . . .
"Worship!" cried the clown, "I am a T.I.
Making bandsmen go clockwork,
See the slinky seal Cirkus policeman;
Bareback ladies have fish."
Strongmen by his feet, plate-spinning statesman,

Acrobatically juggling-

Bids his tamers go quiet the tumblers

Lest the mirror stop turning . . .

Elephants forgot, force-fed on stale chalk,

Ate the floors of their cages.

Strongmen lost their hair, paybox collapsed and

Lions sharpened their teeth.

Gloves raced round the ring, stallions stampeded

Pandemonium seesaw . . .

I ran for the door, ringmasters shouted,

"All the fun of the Cirkus

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