

Horace Pinker

"Carnival Nostalgia"

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i laughed with him no tears in his eyes always wore a
grin was a nice disguise
he looked like any other and these hands won't ever
cover can't see inside
he looked like any other never did realize but i heard
those fists they
did fly do we ever know myopic vision has transformed
this show into a carnival
nostalgia for this task bury your memory with the dirt
on these hands i
laughed with him he snapped like that did he hurt his
friends golden silence
grins he looked like any other of our friends and i hear
it's typical these
days do we ever know myopic vision has transformed
this show into a carnival
nostalgia for this task bury your memory at last

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