

Steve Kilbey "Trapeze Boy"

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I hadn't thought about Mrs. Morgan for years
Until I read in the paper that she had died
When I was a boy, Mrs. Morgan played solo
With my mother every Tuesday afternoon

There were two other women there
But I can't remember their names anymore
Monkey, Magda, something like that
Mrs. Morgan collected opals

Her husband Ted owned a circus
Which kept him away and out of the picture most of the
time
I'd come home from school and the women would be
hard at the cards
I liked Mrs. Morgan, she always had a little chip of opal
for me

And said that I should save it for a sweetheart
I came home one day and Mrs. Morgan was crying in
our kitchen
My mother told me to leave them alone
I learned later that a boy from the circus had fallen and
died

He used to ride the trapeze
Mr. Morgan went out of business and they moved away
I've still got the opals.
It's funny how someone you've never met manages to
stay with you

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