**A CLOWN’S LAMENT OF LOVE**

When do you suppose

If I am quiet and wait

Music will start

Curtain rise

They’ll open up the gate

For after all

I’ve heard the

Siren’s song and call

Every reason knows

If you give your all to all

You get to see the show

I’ve waited in

Love’s storm and rain

Work well before the dawn

Even laughed at woe and pain

Kept on keeping on

Smiled and nodded

No sign of angst

Nor tortured face

Of sorrow

Thought night was black

With loss of you

I sought the balm

Or perhaps

Ernest lover’s

Salve and grace

On waves of longing

Tossed and cast

Blind to cold

Chill of past

Dreamed of joy tomorrow

For have I not

With life blood shed

So dearly bought

With soul half dead

Spread fruitless ---- seed

Grasped at last

With every pilgrim weeds

A precious thought

Place in line

Of hope

How else to live and gone

It hurt too much to heed

The voice that whispers

What if

Your circus that left town

Waved goodbye

In heart breath’s mist

No touch

No hug

Nor simple kiss

Left behind

To pine

No notice I was there

No care nor

As soul and spirit bleed

To empty silent sound

Of gone

Gone left

This poor

Old castoff

Clown

*PHILLIP PAUL. 10/09/2011.*

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