

one winter afternoon

(at the magical hour  
when is becomes if)

a bespangled clown  
standing on eighth street  
handed me a flower.

Nobody, it's safe  
to say, observed him but

myself; and why? because

without any doubt he was  
whatever (first and last)

most people fear most:  
a mystery for which i've  
no word except alive

—that is, completely alert  
and miraculously whole;

with not merely a mind and a heart

but unquestionably a soul—  
by no means funereally hilarious

(or otherwise democratic)  
but essentially poetic  
or ethereally serious:

a fine not a coarse clown  
(no mob, but a person)

and while never saying a word

who was anything but dumb;  
since the silence of him

self sang like a bird.  
Most people have been heard  
screaming for international

measures that render hell rational  
—i thank heaven somebody's crazy

enough to give me a daisy