## Wilderness House Literary Review 19/4

## Luanne Castle Playing the Fool

Disguise yourself as a juggler; see if coins will flow from an emptied cup, learn to read the faces of onlookers. They will notice a pressed costume. What is the tallest thing in the distance? Behind the crowd, is it mountain or eagle? Perhaps a small junco fluffing its feathers. Sometimes they make the biggest splash. My father is mirrored in me, the clown or king's fool, learning tricks to amuse. When the air, heavy with anticipation, causes you to twitch and the coins come tumbling down, the shells rise on the beach, the spectators stop spectating, it's over.