

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

Miranda Newberry
Follywood

Neon sign at the funeral home
announces the death and the end and the gloom
main street lit with synthetic red light
foyer of sinister desperateness each night.

Come one. Come all. The Greatest Show on Earth.
Name finally in lights. Ante up worth.
The town. The people. The Dead. All sleep.
the ominous sign continues to blink.
Names. Dates. Beginnings and births.
Incessant neon emitting sadistic mirth.

Distorted reflections bleeding unicorn cackles
As the coiffed rabid demon-dog raises its hackles
Pasted on smiles and Stepford wives sirens
Counterfeit greetings being fed to the lions

Poppycorn petals scatter the walk.
Robotic prophets spewing pointless talk.
The ringmaster in black, yawning caskets balk
The puppetry in center ring starving eyes stalk

Notoriety won, uncouth freak show bark
Solo performance, spotlight in the dark.
Down into the grave, tattooed a mark.
Cold, alone, devoid. Stark.
Blink. Blink. Blinking still.
neverendingfilmreel
Step right up.
Time is now.
Star of show.
Take a bow.
Laid so low.

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Don't know how.

Fool clown paint on the brow.

Wipe away.

We all fall.

Come one. Come all.