

Night: her sable dome scattered with diamonds,  
Fused my dust from a light year,  
Squeezed me to her breast, sowed me with carbon,  
Strung my warp across time  
Gave me each a horse, sunrise and graveyard,  
Told me only I was her;  
Bid me face the east closed me in questions  
Built the sky for my dawn...

Cleaned my feet of mud, followed the empty  
Zebra ride to the Cirkus,  
Past a painted cage, spoke to the paybox  
Glove which wrote on my tongue-  
Pushed me down a slide to the arena,  
Megaphonium fanfare.  
In his cloak of words strode the ringmaster  
Bid me join the parade...

"Worship!" cried the clown, "I am a T.I.  
Making bandsmen go clockwork,  
See the slinky seal Cirkus policeman;  
Bareback ladies have fish."  
Strongmen by his feet, plate-spinning statesman,  
Acrobatically juggling-  
Bids his tamers go quiet the tumblers  
Lest the mirror stop turning...

Elephants forgot, force-fed on stale chalk,  
Ate the floors of their cages.  
Strongmen lost their hair, paybox collapsed and  
Lions sharpened their teeth.  
Gloves raced round the ring, stallions stampeded  
Pandemonium seesaw...  
I ran for the door, ringmasters shouted,  
"All the fun of the Cirkus!"