

Jester

your jaw cranks open,
another gaudy show of guts.
your curtains pull back and
I see what they see
slobbering smile
lolling eyes
motoring mouth
harsh and rash
a jester dancing for crumbs
we laugh and we laugh
at *not with* you.

but from the bleachers
I reach to you
for more
there must be
more red eyes, midnight flies
muted hangovers in purple
evenings, just you
and I, now
I sleep in your sheets
without you.

do you see what I see?
facedown in the water
jokes still spill
to oiled fish below.
the show must go
on and on you laugh
and howl into waves.
I'd still be screaming too
I ache to scream like you

do you know,
I'd scream on your stage,
what I would do for more?
wash your hair
swallow your food
scrape your name on my wall
only if you'd let me.
you could strip and still,
finally go still.