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Carousel Child

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CAROUSEL CHILD *(for Ed)*

Jennifer Bleuel

The animals marched up, one by one,
Under spinning colored lights
And you stood there and loved it all.
The center ring spotlight; clear, white,
Reflecting on you.
So easy.
Sitting on the best horse on the carousel
And watching the wide-eyed tightrope dancers
Who danced especially for you. Faster.
Were they the ones who made your eyes so dark
By dancing with you?
Or were you the one to change their dance;
To take away the nets.
Either way, you'd had enough of the circus.
It started so good,
But now you wanted out of the racket.
Live a little bit. Raise a little hell.
Now instead of saving glass animals from carnivals
You collect people.
Your eye is caught by the sparkle —
The vision of yourself
Reflected from devoted eyes.
Feeling so much older
 wanting to be.
Building walls of time
 between you and the carousel
 over broken illusions
Safe inside your fortress.
Never spinning. Holding on.
But those mink dreams keep coming back.
Maybe someday you'll be able to build
Your own carousel upon them.
Still a circus child at heart.