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Highwire

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HIGHWIRE

first the sound of the beli the interruption, the something out of the blue, the ordinary; so we speak across prairies, marriages. is anything wrong? there are clown firemen frantic with their net, there is a falling troubadour, a lion wobbling on the highwire, unpredictable. first the megaphone and then parasols floating under the bigtop seals diving through diamond rings hello Elly hello hello. the sword swallowers the flame eaters magic a matter of presence of looking the other way: is the lord in the cannon? is the lady in the tiger's mouth? you could almost say we were back to watching the circus come down monkeys unravelling, tent coiled in its cage, leaving us children in this empty field, the sawdust, the posters: some temporary disturbance some way of meeting up with the animal, something to talk for, some sound of bells.