

THOSE WITHOUT LIFE *

by Diane Minneman

BENEATH THE whirling stripes of the merry-go-round canopy, the glossy wooden ponies slide first up, then again down their smeared chrome poses to the thumping dissonance of the jubilant calliope pipes. A shellacked, black pony chases a glazed, white pony while both undulate on their fingered silver shafts and the carrousel revolves with a dizzy whirl. The wheezing carnival pipes spew their melodic exhausts into the cigar clouds and the black rubber stench of the caramel air. Each pony that just passed circles again with the same dilated, black eyes; the permanent, exhilarated grin; the immobile, unfurled tail. A sudden moan—the merry-go-round stalls.

* Freshman Writing.

