

The Flying Trapeze Artist

Mistaking myself for a famous high flying trapeze artist, I climb the ladder to the top of the circus tent. A short man of muscular build named Lars tosses me the trapeze from the other platform. Leaping forward, I catch the metal bar first with my hands and then, in a swift and graceful motion, I somersault into the air and catch the trapeze with my knees. Swinging back and forth while upside down, the blood begins to rush to my head and I notice that Lars has very good hair. Meanwhile, the sparkle from a sequin on my bustier has caught the eye of a white Siberian tiger, causing him to break free from his cage. No one else appears to be panicked, as it seems that the inbred animal has set his sights particularly on my designer bustier. Damn it, why did I love Madonna so much as a child? Lars, a busy man with many places to be (or so I've heard), has descended the ladder, and below me I see that he is trading beauty secrets with the bearded lady. They run their fingers through each other's hair and gesticulate dramatically. The ringmaster and the fortune teller are placing bets with the audience about which limb the tiger might go for first. And a man in the front row hopes to God that the battery in his camcorder holds up. "This could be the big winner," he shouts.

I just gotta hold on. Just gotta hold on.

Alice Chapman