

## Clown Psalm

I'd like to think the tent is yours,  
the crowd carefree as wildflowers,

that your net is ever present  
and there will be no accident

aerial or equestrian,  
no insurgency of a lion.

I am just one clown amusing  
you and the crew of your choosing.

I toil and spin and hoard sad thoughts  
beneath the grease and polka-dots.

But you already know that *if*  
you're who you say you are, tough

love of my life, backing off fast  
when snake-eyes roll. Come, holy ghost,

must I die to shine like a star?  
Wishbone, I squeeze into my car.

I toot my squeaky horn and shoot  
my cardboard bang. O cosmic hoot,

laugh least or last at my routine,  
here's praise--you see where I have been.

Lord, I adore your poker face,  
your striking jeweler's eye that weighs

a sight gag. I love it when you laugh  
at my pratfalls, your rod and staff

basic props--like my chalk white gloves  
articulate as mourning doves.