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Circus

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Circus

I sing: *rest on me*
like a stretcher.
At the *tra-la*
last moment, a glass
of *doo-whit* water
appears *fa-fum*
and the diver lands.
The first diver
produces a glass of water
from her sleeve.
Explicit, if not
explicable: sun works harder
to get through now.
Red roof through leaves
like blossoms in leaves—
and why not?
I can't feel it getting colder
yet: June bugs
overturned on the sidewalk,
and white.