

Circus Lady

I could have been:
Lawyer, accountant,
Bareback circus rider.
Could have filled my soul
With dead white lilies.
A money-goddess, you see,
Is a crowd-pleaser.
Could have bounced around the ring,
One foot balanced on a strong equine spine,
Body encircled by a cloud of pink tulle.
Could have loved you.
I understand (I do that well).
I comply: dance for you—
All tits and ass,
Do tricks—
A mermaid riding sea foam.
There is just one thing
You must understand:
I do not wear out.

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