

Cirkus (Including "Entry of the Chameleons")

King Crimson

Night: her sable dome scattered with diamonds,
fused my dust from a light year,
squeezed me to her breast, sowed me with carbon,
strung my warp across time.
gave me each horse, sunrise and graveyard,
told me only i was her;
bid ne face the east closed me in questions
built the sky for my dawn ...
Cleaned my feet of mud, followed the empty
zebra ride to the cirkus,
past a painted cage, spoke to the paybox
glove which wrote on my tonque -
pushed me down a slide to the arena,
megaphonium fanfare
in his cloak of words strode the ringmaster
bid me join the parade ...
"worship!" - cried the clown. "i'm a t.v.
making bandsmen go clockwork,
see the slinky seal cirkus policeman,
bareback ladies have fish."
strongmen by his feet, plate-spinning statesman,
acrobatically juggling -
bids his tamers go quiet the tumblers
lest the mirror stop turning ...
Elephants forgot, force-fed on stale chalk,
ate the floors of their cages.
strongmen lost their hair, paybox collapsed and
lions sharpened their teeth.
gloves raced round the ring, stallions stampeded
pandemonium seesaw ...
i ran for the door, ringmaster shouted,
"all the fun of the cirkus!"

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