

Circus of the Dead

by lex *Monday, Jul 24 2017, 1:25am*

international / poetry / post

there's no cheer or applause
in this circus
clowns have no need of make-up
they run this circus in plain appearance,
given authority by the dead audience
outside the ring

all is inverted in this place
laughter is replaced by misery and regret --
the audience, due to foolish previous actions
and inactions are forced to watch performers
mock and torture them relentlessly

this circus was created as a consequence of the audience's
group folly and subservience to the clowns
that run this torturous event, relishing in their insanity
and un-reason as they run rampant

tormenting the audience is extreme but justified,
each according to his/her lot
tho waxen, grimacing faces speak in one chorus of
silly fool me, we have earned our 'reward' and the only
escape from this torment is to suffer the consequences
of previous actions until all debts are cleared

whips lash souls without refrain, woe are the dead
in this place of anguish

the name of this circus is
world

do not be beguiled,
a single soul rises
from the bench screaming, 'i resist
this nightmare world,' understanding that
all the clowns would focus all their malevolence
on the refusenik -- he must be contained, others may
also refuse to be maltreated, which would end the torture
of this place forever

