

Tipsy Bozo Before the After Party

If I were not a clown,
 I'd wine you 'til we dined,
 dine you 'til we roasted,
 get cooked until we blended.

But I'm a joker from far away
 with big feet first and crescent grimace,
 and can't stop during the day
 finding myself more, snores galore.

So what I'm stuck
 in a smile today.
 Let's woo one another
 until borders shimmer.

If I were not an actor
 and you less, well, yourself,
what might occur
 we'll never know
 beyond this smooch
 (and I won't disclose).



"Stewed Down to the Bone"



THE MAIN STREET RAG

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