

Red House Painters, Funhouse

Weight has fallen on me
like a part of the sky,
and life's hell getting up
off the floor.

Raise the blind
and let the day shine in.
Out with this gray into air.
Darkness tones
in our chinatown home.

View of rain clouds
from the window,
moving behind the pale of her face.
A thousand circus mirrors
cannot move a frown.
We are the real clowns,
and the sun rarely shines
our way.

And when it does...