

# 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...