

THE LAUGHING CLOWN

The clown, trapped in his gilded cage,
laughed hysterically as before.
Seabirds flew by, unimpressed,
to seek a quieter distant shore...

Not for them the frantic dance
of noise from this crazed Pleasure Beach.
The desperate scramble to enjoy.
The prizes always out of reach...

Why had he returned here, now?
Simply a nostalgia trip?
A futile move to slow the flow
of time's relentless icy drip?

The Water-Chute was such a lark.
How he had loved the Noah's Ark...
Now voices mocked inside his head
from mum and dad, both long since dead.

'What is it that you hope to find?
The clock, it can't turn back.
Accept your life is in a mess.
Too late now to change tack.'

But something in the clown's strange eyes
said, 'All is not yet lost.
My laughter's here forever more
for everyone. No cost.'

And now he knew why he'd come back.

Knew what he'd always known.

When laughter rang out from the clown

he felt far less alone.

Melville Lovatt