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Voice From the Cage

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VOICE FROM THE CAGE

Mr. Zoo Keeper, will you be making your rounds today? We are howling, we are clucking in distress. It's been ages since you've come. We smell awful, we smell to high heaven. Sorrow, sickness, and flea bites are our lot.

The rabbits still screw but their weakness is optimism. Even the lion doesn't believe the fables any more. "Pray to the Lord," the monkeys shriek. I've dyed my hair green like Baudelaire. The big circus tent, I tell everybody, still stands in the distance. I can see the trumpets glow. I can hear the snare drum.

Ours is a circus of quick, terrified glances.