

Thoughts on Love and Clowns

The world is full of clowns.
Red noses grow harvested by internal bleeding.
Wigs hide the lack of skulls —the brain is free to take it all in.
Oversized shoes help not to lose footing.
They're hard as rock. We don't have a choice.
Smiles stay in place by otherworldly inertia.
They've gone on for so long they're static now.
Tap them and they'll fall.

One at a time we roll onto the stage like when mankind first built
the wheel.
The show's selling point?
Love.

We love like we're being paid for each tear we shed.
(Joy, terror, comedy, and many others have that in common. At
their peak, we cry. It's all one and the same.)
We love and the audience claps.
We hate and the audience boos.
Classical conditioning —that I learned.
We love to the claps like the dog to the bell.
Let the one who loves for the sake of loving throw the first stone.

Love is pretty.
It must be.
Else there'd be no audience.

It's dramatic.
It must be.
Else there'd be no tension.

It'll end.
It must.
Else there'd be no climax.

The only show in which people stay seated through the end credits.

The world is a stage.
Not in some great opera house.
It's an open mic in a tiny stand-up comedy bar.
Three minutes and you're out.
"Next clown, please!"

So you don't like love.
Close your eyes and you'll hear it.
Cover your ears. Still you'll feel it. A cold gust to make your skin
crawl.
Rip it out. Your heart will beat to the rhythm of the fanfare like the
long line of marching clowns on death row to the stage. Love kills.

Love is in the script and I'm a method actor.
I live out my role. I may outlive it too.

Stand-up comedy doesn't pay much.
It would if you bargained.
But we're not even workers here. We're slaves.
We tie up our own chains each day.

Love is a certificate of authenticity.
It says: "Yes, you live."