

Cirque de Lune

Paul B. Lotz

Come marvel at the fine array,
Our ruler's grandeur, power, on display.
Holding his court at midnight soon,
In a circus of the Moon.
We three perform for him, ourselves intrigued.
The Acrobat, Magician, Puppeteer,
Knowing all too well our sole purpose here,
So we are not fatigued.
And whilst our gambols may amuse,
Spinning plates, tricks made to confuse
The eye, subdue the mind; we know our cues.
Skill hath obscured the hard truths we portray,
We fear our King may discover some day.

A raised brow, mildly diverted,
Back to a youth he hath reverted.
Satisfied to wax and wane
In leisure. If our refrain
Doth please the court, we cannot say,
But oh, the night is short, we must away;
Or turn to bronze, should we delay.
The Sun usurps the throne of kings,
All stillness but puppet pendulum swings.