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AN AMERICAN COMIC (A PANTOUM)

JAKE FRYE

Culminating in one, single punch line,
beads of sweat string together
the adoring crowd
of an American comic.

Beads of sweat string together
like the nimbus clouds
of an American comic's
blunt cigar and sharp wit.

The nimble crowd
will weigh his words—
blunt jokes and sharp wit—
from the safety of their seats.

The weight of his words
are far less than his gut:
"No seat is safe from my ass;
you should all pray I don't fall!"

He shoots from the gut,
plays a hand full of jokes,
each a prayer he doesn't fall
from a life on the road of comedy

He plays a hand full of jokes
on his adoring crowd
an entire life on the road of comedy
culminating in one, single punch line.