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don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

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A Night in Funland

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Deb Jipping

NIGHT IN FUNLAND

I went to a carnival yesterday
A five ride thriller for a dollar
Feeling as an ant must
I jumped out of the van
Wishing it wouldn't be as imagined
But I was too old for dreams
Of laughter at a carnival

I saw in the distance
A giant greasy machine
I had to know
I ran ahead of the others
And pointed in the sky
I wanted a quarter thrill
Just like all the rest...

Janice, Mary and I bought tickets
With eyes tightly closed, we climbed
Scream, Janice went hysterical

And our screams and
Hysteria
Bended and blended with the atmosphere

Crawled off, jellyfish
Laugh and walk on
In five minutes

Forget the sensation

Sister Janice and I felt desires
To become counter-parts
of the wind

A contraption
"It hasn't broken before, has it?"
But

We stood
And watched
With all the other nameless faces in the crowd

As two fat women
Tried to push and squeeze
Their bodies into one seat

More entertainment
We, of the crowd
Responded

Carnies love the screamers
As sadists we clustered
More thrills