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The Fat Lady's Revenge

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THE FAT LADY'S REVENGE

The sun dripped apricot
As we sat under the shade of the big oak
Planning it carefully
And
Drinking cherry Kool-Aid,
Letting its sweet remains melt into red moustaches.
We waited 'til Saturday.

Then Erica crawled into Dad's Tuxedo
And floated in ripples of black,
Transforming her into the ringmaster.

And Chris Peacock taped mustard-yellow yarn
To his rear end and he snarled
Like the king of the jungle.

And Peggy Nielsen did cartwheels and somersaults,
Bouncing like a dropped penny,
In her carnation-pink leotard and slippers.

And I stuffed goose down pillows up my shirt and down my pants
And stuck cotton between my cheek and gum,
Molding into the fat lady.

The sun dripped apricot
And Erica waved her gleaming baton
In an extra-wide wave to commence the performance.
Chris exited his cardboard-box cage
And cut the air with his swift swinging tail,
Shaking his dust mop mane.

Peggy flipped and twirled,
Smooth as wildflower honey,
Flowing across the freshly cut lawn,
As if she could glide on grass.

I could only waddle and cough up cotton
And blend in with the backyard shrubs,
Watching the others float in fun.

I grabbed the garden shears,
Slit open my pillow stomach,
And tore the stuffing from inside,
Sheeting the backyard in a soft, feather storm.

Chris's tail went limp,
Peggy's somersault landed her face down in the dirt,
Erica's baton slashed into the rose bush after she lost
concentration,

And

I smiled
In the glowing apricot
center stage.

Maureen Katherine Clancy