

1988

The Circus

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THE CIRCUS

The frying grease
Like an audience.
The pan is a one-ring circus.

Papa Joe is hungry,
An animal in his undershirt.
Big and hot, he calls
Anita.

Drop in the whities,
Long and meaty.
Spitting and jumping,
Curling in greasy patterns
Like Papa Joe's hair.

Come here, he says,
I'll show you something.
Father takes daughter,
They leave me to frying.

I fry whities for all,
Long and meaty.
But I never eat,
And Anita isn't a little girl
Anymore.

Kay C. Hope