

THE PARADE AND AFTER THE PARADE

The parade was a sad little affair,
three or four tiny witches, a pirate,
a Dalmatian, a black cat, a pair of dice.
There was not even a band or a baton.
A single police car led and the rest of us
community-minded cream-puffs maundered around
hoping the spirit would strike us.
A cockroach was talking to a hula-goddess
and nibbling on her lace bodice.
It was a dark day downtown
as we drifted off in space.
And then we returned to our houses
and sat down and cried into our hands,
something about not having had a mother
or a father, and this didn't make us
a freak of nature or anything, and I
patted you on the head and we stared
out the window at the oncoming unnecessary risks,
an activity we liked very much.
It was like walking at night with a baby
or falling asleep on a donkey
and spitting off a cliff. Otherwise,
we have pretty much forsaken popular hobbies,
such as wearing camouflage in a forest of stray thoughts.