

CARNIVAL AT FALMOUTH, MASS.

I come to see the freaks.

The hawker howls
in rhyme
a 60-watt Shakespeare
biting off the heads
of havana cigars
he scares old ladies
into fits of giggle

the Amazing Bona Lisa
turns into a skeleton
and yawns
with dull drugged eyes
she stares at lawyers
and fishermen
drunk

while cowlicked offspring
chatter like cartoon monkeys
gather around the alligator boy

behind a trailer
I watch a 40-inch
man stroke the thin
girl's thigh

he looks at me
and laughs

BLACK & WHITE

There is a movie
in her hair.

Everytime she moves
I see Greta Garbo
kicking Charlie Chaplin
down the street.

When she sleeps
by my side
I smell popcorn
hear the muffled laughter
of balcony lovers
and search black strands
for the title of this film.