

Wildering

The Funny Man seeks a soul mate
on the other side of every window

The Funny Man has a strange feeling
he might live safely inside
the heart of a child

The Funny Man sitting inside
drawing pictures
of worlds turned topsy-turvy

Beat faster still, he whispers,
I can lift you into the heavens
of your dreams, fly away
no chores no homework no play dates
no boredom

like the wind you cannot be trapped
you can leap over dead ends
high above the tallest walls

The Funny Man's hair is curly
he has the bright blank eyes of a god
lips curled in half-disgusted pleasure

when he embraces the world, overpowering
everything, will concentrated into
touch, a will so awesome
we avert our eyes
in accepting the energy
we hope might be love

when he has finished
a blinding blue
sky cut into by the horizon
debris scattered everywhere

trees knocked over
cars, power lines, homes
tossed
rocks tumbling

The Funny Man paints the sky red in the morning
he stores green electric waves in the noonday sky
that turn into yellow and white explosions in the afternoon
under a heavy blackness where he hides
when he's gone
sheer dark violet spreads through the evening sky

two stars hover around the crescent moon
where the Funny Man has fallen asleep
after jumping so high
he was too exhausted to fall back to earth

And when a big, bad summer storm
Came banging. "What was that?"
You asked, leaping onto our bed.

"Oh, the Funny Man wants to visit.
He's knocking on the windows. His manners are
Wild. Trying the doors, banging front and back
He runs from one side of the house
To the other as fast as lightning!"

You wondered the shapes
This mysterious figure can take,
This goblin you knew being the wind
Won't fit into a shape. Just like
"This Little Piggy," the Funny Man
Is a game that never ends.