

Little Clown

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A poem about...well, I won't give it away ^^ Besides, it's art so it's always up to interpretation ^.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Blackwell/13010/Little-Clown>

1 - Untitled

LITTLE CLOWN
By Lee Blackwell
Little Clown, with chipper demeanor. Little Clown, have you seen her? You'd be surprised; Her wandering eyes, An interpretable hue, But there are some out there Who recognize - her iris Must be blue. Blue like the sea - in the dead of night. Blue like the sky, reflected by the sea - In the dead of night. And her skin is white. White like clouds, right before the rain comes down. Or like snow, turned to slush by water flow. And her lips are pink. Pink like apricots, that have begun to rot - To long kept on the vine. Or like a rose, a dry and brittle rose - Dehydrated by time. Little Clown, where could she be? That silly imp, you can see her, But only when you choose to see. Oh, Little Clown, Whose eyes may be blue, Whose skin may be white, Whose lips may be pink, But I think - It isn't true. I think in the dark, when she's alone. There in the dark, in the privacy of home. Reflected in a mirror, crisp and perfect glass, Free of all flaws; without a single crack - Little Clown, when in your time, Have you taken off the mask? Have you let your true self shine? Or are you afraid - Scared of what you might find? An innocent child, on your behalf, Keep secrets of anguish - while you laugh. As you tell little mischiefs - to entertain. There's a vault behind - to seal your pain. And that precious little girl, Who knows too much of the world, She stays inside. Hidden in your head; she confides, The secrets of despair. Quietly - to herself, she sings of many things. Lullabies for demons and tales of rotten kings. She keep to herself, and safe from you. She gathers pitiful tales, so that you - May laugh and frolic and bow. She sings even now. Little Clown, have you met Crying Clown? That sad, lonely thriving clown - As you are the dying clown. Soon that sad Crying Clown will succumb to her fears. She die alone in a river of her tears. The dam will break - And so will you. Tears will fall from those eyes of an interpretable hue. Then at home, all alone, You will glance in the mirror of perfect glass, And all becomes clear, purified by those tears. The water fills your eyes, Soon you realize, That once interpretable hue - Is now a stark assured blue. Your skin had shown like a harvest moon. Bright, it was white, and gone too soon. The tears wash away, The convincing masquerade. The whiteness wanes so quickly - Leaves behind skins just pale and sickly. The tears trudge on, at a patient pace. You sit stock still, Just staring at your face. The lips are nest; those tears are merciless. The smile on those lips is gone before they hit. Sooner than you wanted, the tears have moved on. And the rotten apricot is now gone; never to come back. Your lips are simply flesh and chapped and cracked. In the trails of those tears you can see the blood - Of the poor drowned Crying Clown you never met. But you know hers is the face you won't soon forget... You'll see it in the eyes of those you meet. You'll recognize the face, you'll know it's she. Little Clown, you knew it to be true. Underneath your mask, singing song of despair - Crying Clown was you - and you always knew. Beneath your thin and frail disguise, Lived a pale chapped-lipped girl with stark blue eyes. Your masked self did its best to hide it, But over time it grew more difficult to fight it. Nonetheless, you tried your best. Yet the laughs soon strained - The cheers soon waned - And then you felt the pain. It had seeped through, The very hurt you worked so hard To subdue. Now the mask is gone, Entirely and completely, It hasn't left a trace. And you have no more disguises to hide your face. Forced to acknowledge the face in the mirror, Still wet from its tears. Forced to accede to the face you tried to forget. The face in the mirror - it's you. And yet, is there nothing you can do? Little Clown, such a pitiful creature - Denying herself to the world. But Little Clown, your still thriving - Beneath the sad girl in the glass. Little Clown, we honestly love you. More than we've ever known. Our lives would be helpless without you, Our tears are painfully cold. Little Clown, where are you hiding? Why won't you come out and play? Always watching, always biding, For the perfect and glorious day. The day Little Clown will be free. Free to laugh and to bow. Little Clown, the stage is set - the world is waiting. You can come out now, Little Clown.