

Return of the Highway Clown

Return of the Highway Clown
he's lifted me up and let me down.
Return of the Highway Walker
face harlequin painted
with the smile of a stalker,
smooth telepathic talker.
He can mime his way through anything.
He returned from the stars and what did he bring?
A Holy Grail whose glory we sing.
And it's filled with Robitussin.
Yes it's filled with Robitussin.

Return of the Highway Clown
a vagrant from some other town.
He looks haggard with the Riddler's Sin
with a face painted grin
to hide thin lines
 wavering across his face.
The hourglass ticks, offbeat
 displaced.
The world closes in on him every which way
as he sits and drinks at the Rusty Spoon Café.
He is lost in the desert of an endless night
 with dementions encroaching,
 his last draw fast approaching.

He's a wild card wizard with no place to call home
but the nothingy zero, the empty all-one.
He's a cowboy renegade who makes the quick draw
who has shattered reality, snapping the straw
that broke the camels back over the abyss,
he's in the presence of snakes who eternally hiss.
The spark of his existence is blinded out in a flash
as he runs to steal the crown in one last mad dash
he wears the dunces cap and he's got a gleam in his eye
as he sits on heavens roots, gazing at the branches
 hanging down from the sky.