

Impending Doom

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Out of nothing, nowhere,
a boy grasping a red balloon
wavers over the circus tent.

Into a blood moon, he soars
over a lone tree in a field
at last dusk devoid of stars.

On the saw dust, clowns cry
such riven, snapping tears.
One aims his rifle skyward

As he falls, tiny elephants,
figs of his imagination,
wildly blast their trunks.

Inside his expanding head,
rough feet stamp their weight.
They inhale his collapsing air.