

Clown School in France

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How do these two things fit together—
the rain falls on the just and the unjust, and yet
all the umbrellas are made in the poorest countries?

How far away from your troubles do you need to get
in order to understand them? The earth seen from space
doesn't show graveyards. But it seems a long way to go.

And who is hee-hawing in the balcony
of the mad opera of desire? And what is so funny
about the tumult of the heart?

I ask myself—if I had known these answers sooner,
then what would I have done? I would have gone
to clown school in France.

Unschoolled, I have learned
that the smaller half of what is sad is funny
and the larger half of what is funny is sad.

A younger man might consider a life in the big shoes,
with face-paint tears and drinking alone in the trailer,
but it's much too late for me, my dears.

The invisible child is in the park again
or does the wind just blow the swing?

If I could have seen into the future, then
what would I have done?

I would have gone.

To clown school
in France.