

“Porge the Clown Defies Death!”

Porge laughed at that advertisement,
he knew that it hadn't
really helped. He looked
and leapt left as the bull careened
at the small frame, and sighed
down the field at him. His heart pumped
Anna. It was precisely a year
with his blood throughout his body,
this thing of life coursing in his veins.

Since she died
a subtle irony, had made the day she left
faster than the bull could run, pounding
the world, the same day that he,
in his ears louder than the crowd's roars,
had entered it. Everything stopped
He lived for the rodeo,
when she died,
even her present from last year was still unopened
Here where danger and laughter combined.