

THE RAIN OF AN INSANE SKY

I was working the assembly line when the roof dissolved and the fun began.
The organ revolved, played by the fool with gigantic hands and a toothy smile.
He holds up high a stock quotation.
He hits me with creative destruction. He shoots me with the comedy gun.

The novelty noose came down to the sound of a drugged hyena.
It was custom fitted around my chances in the lion's arena.
I said, "Why can't I be the man who sweeps the candy wrappers?"
Filed as careerically challenged, erased from the book of life.

Chorus: "Get used to the ride", he said, "You're going to be on it for some time.
I was locked outside, trapped under the rain of an insane sky.

The umbrella started to spin, peacock lights in Calypso flashing.
"The rules are you can't win", he said, "You can't break even, and you've got to keep trying."
The seals nose me my fate. A dollar ninety-eight is the company severance.
They paint my face with mascara. They slap me with a mackerel fan.

They handed me over to clowns, a human cannonball aimed toward unforgiving ground.
My wife is waiting with a broom and a dustpan.
The fool asks me to sign and puts on his hat with the Martian antenna.
With gasoline all over my clothing they tossed me through the hoop of fire.

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