

## Prism Jugglers

Handcuffed skeletons washed ashore.  
We walked in sandals of cantaloupe rinds.  
We wore newspaper fedoras.  
We anointed stars the source of our laws.  
We drained cocktails across the sea  
through really long straws.  
We hid live doves in hollowed-out Bibles.  
We shot cannonballs point-blank into gongs.  
We juggled prisms, as you know.  
We were roosters paid not to crow.  
We binge-watched sitcoms set in sweatshops.  
We finger-painted our own Rorschach inkblots.  
We blinded each other by bouncing the sun  
off our meat cleavers. We played pianos  
whose keys were upturned human fingers.  
We shook human hair pompoms at the fuckless moon.  
With poems in Sharpie on water balloon  
we bombed the doomed.  
Our stovepipe hats prevented dementia.  
Our bowling shoes prevented mildew.  
Our clown shoes prevented hubris.  
Our crowns of thorns prevented déjà vu.