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Fifteen Hundred Clowns in One Room

here hugely, widely, decidedly so  
are men with big shoes to fill—  
what can you tell me about this good life  
a reporter wants to know but the clown  
doesn't take him seriously instead he says  
I love the backwards upside-down e  
you can find in the dictionary  
I love the jump rope used to hold up  
my pants because first it was a clothesline  
I love that I can look around and see  
a thousand different men who had potatoes  
instead of peas with their lunch today  
I love the vines in every overgrown  
garden where a gangster has buried his hoodlum gold  
I love the sorrowful, little-dog face  
of the famous vampire bat  
no really says the reporter but the clown  
is on a roll, he's clowning through the room,  
squirting his flower into the face of every  
smiling-frowning man he sees  
Laugh it up! he yells to the crowd and  
everyone knows for certain what he means