

CHAGALL'S CIRCUS

"The entire world within us is a reality, perhaps more real than the visible world." Marc Chagall

I imagined I soared through your *Grand Parade*
on a purple goat
past fiddles laughing
a rush of emeralds,
a trapeze drifting in a red sky.
I dreamt I saw Vivaldi's ghost on horseback
in your upside-down world.

Once I stood behind a split-rail fence,
while men with muscled arms fed elephants
and tied canvas with thick ropes
Wheels creaked across the dirt road,
then circus madness billowed into an empty field:
bears on bicycles
tigers perched with swiping paws,
their yawns like yellow thunder in the wind.

I like to wander through
your gusts of paint
with robust acrobats
walking on their hands,
with turtles and gypsies
turning cartwheels on the grass,
It's the feel of dancing barefoot
to revel inside
the surprise
inside those borders.

I want to linger there
on the outskirts of memory
where the invisible
becomes visible
whenever I need to remember
how to enter my dreams.