

The County Fair

Seat upon seat crests horizon and sinks
below tent cloth and people festivities
Blinking lights of the wheel telling of
music children's laughter a fresh breeze

Wheat-fields of white hair and gray
Ones for which no ticket has need
are waved past the gate only this day
Wrinkles and canes to be admitted free

Eyes peering into yesteryear focus
glancing face to face to face
recognition's answer is No No No
as geese yield to Fall's ordained call

Spice of cotton candy captivate the air
Apace with smell of horseflesh fetid dung
The bleat of goats climb over bar and rail
Free is penned securely at the gate

Mowers and blades for cutting Estate grass
Even old tractors-ground was once plowed
Equipment costlier than yesterday's farms
and now is milk still privy to cows

Carousel ponies merrily prance to old tunes
a Ferris wheel raking the sky touches earth
the wind knows of the wheel's empty seats
Whoooooooo. . .

Will you give answer to the wind