

Sideshow

I.

He's wearing clown's knickers.
She's chewing gum.
He's pulled out
A map that pulls their heads
Together:
Chalk to charcoal.
Whiskey-cola.
Old Spice and garlic breath.
A hug and a kiss on platform thirteen.

II.

In the next berth,
He is born again.
His bifocals lie
On a pile of her T-shirts.

He's been to the bank and the barbershop,
She—to the mall and the Trendy-do.

He holds the tickets.
She holds his hand.
He drops a joke
And she doesn't catch it.

They smile at each other in the blurry mirror.
They'll be in Chiang-Mai in the morning.

III.

The bunk bed men are knocking on doors.
It's all a factory of clanks and zips.

He needs coffee, and a shave, and
The fountain of youth.

She wants a shower and
a bowl of khaotom.

The warehouses slide by slowly now.
Out come the backpacks
And the wall of touts.

She opens wide for a fresh stick of gum.
He really needs that coffee now.