

“For All the Crazy Faces”

by

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The life of lunacy depends upon the dance of the harlequin;
Gargoyles watch the laughing, painted face, the wild movements run like ribbon;
All the world's waiting for a wrong step, watching for a missed beat,
But the pretty fool's own garb hints at this schadenfreude philosophy's defeat:
Red check's the fire, dark check's the ashes-the light in her eyes is the life that outlasts eternity.