

Lyric

Steeplechase Park, 1907

All disaster arrives disguised as beauty—
pink flames through the Barrel of Love
like a wife who tames the night

with lace and light. Listen to the turnstile:
the horses on their loop-tracks whinny fire,
laurel-lit, igniting the stream as they race past

the games of chance—sidewalks shell-pressed,
shining as desire shines, crowned with smoke
and gowns of ash. For a time, let us sit beside

the nearly blind man who has kept the hour
by the Wonder Wheel's spokes. Gondolas, dark-
sparked, shriek through the water, only ghosts

and gossamer at the oars. And there—
the flare that has a beckoning finger in it
beckons: Don't turn back. Come home.

Many thanks to *Denver Quarterly*, in which this poem originally appeared. A copy of the issue is available here: <http://www.du.edu/denverquarterly/past/index.html>