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Spreading Light

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It is where
I move along to the gallery
of same-sex sandwiches
Corridors with condiments and condemnation
that entreat me and repeat revulsion
that makes my eyes water
from within and without.

It is where
I move along to the bemusement
of the moneychangers
With oily-pompadours and scaly smiles
who seduce virginal buds of solitary joy
with Kewpie dolls that weep
from within and without.

It is where
I move along to the carnival
of barren billets,
Respite from wanton favors and rhyme
It speaks of the daze of summer
that makes my heart break
from within and without.

It is where
I glide along the midway
of freaks and pin-heads
The zealot whispers the walrus song
The Barker offers me one on a stick
In the land of screams, I must choose
from within or without.

There are two ways of spreading light:
to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it.
—Edith Wharton