THE BALLAD OF GLUM MCGLEE

Secret Geek

I killed a clown from Chapeldown
The name of Glum McGlee.
How vile the smile
He wore the while
He stared back up at me.

A crooked knife cut short the life
Of hellish Glum McGlee.
I slit him twice,
Each careful slice
The surgeon's apogee.

I watched the blood around him
flood,
Less glum his face than glee —
And even though
He emptied so,
He smiled back up at me.

Through painted eyes, through
desperate cries
The smile of Glum McGlee
Grew wider there,

He had no care,
The cries were mine, you see.

I cut his throat — I self-promote —
I ended Glum McGlee.
So why did breaths
Puff up his chest
Like sails upon the sea?

At once he rose, dear gods the clothes,
The clothes of Glum McGlee —
They opened wide,
Like ruptured hide,
More clothes than clown was he.

The buttons loose, the bow tie noose,
That rendered Glum McGlee
His red nose split,
His shoes unfit,
Extended all to me.

And what remained of what was named
Unhappy Glum McGlee?
How riled his eyes,
How wild his sighs,
How empty and how free.

The suit, dark-grim, abandoned him
Abandoned Glum McGlee —
And wrapped around,
Ripped flesh and wound —
His clothing put on me!

How we did dance our dark romance
The suit of Glum and me
We (s)laughtered towns
Two tortured clowns,
Locked up in destiny.

Four score I searched, through libraries lurched,
For truths to pay me free.
In tomes forbid,
On shelves long hid,
I found salvation's key.

It's not a crime to trade in rhyme,
A trade that sets me free.
The suit will come
The suit of Glum
To all who these words read.

They never found, from Chapeldown,
The clown named Glum McGlee.
Though be ye told
His stranglehold
Shall pass to you from me.