

A Clown of Cotton Circles

With an air of dalliance,
He's reclining in a dish in the hall,
Clutching two bright silk carnations,
A clown of cotton circles.
You can push him into many happy poses,
Or just throw him down,
He's so colourful soft and floppy.
His face always has a happy grin,
With eyes lit up by sequins.

A jaunty little clown,
That many people helped create,
And hundreds like him;
Raising money for their local hospice.
He exudes such vibrant happiness,
I'm sure he comes to life at night,
And practices his art;
Dancing on the moonbeams,
With balls and balloons.

And even takes his bicycle,
To ride up amongst the stars.
I dreamed last night,
That all the souls, of people,
Nursed at the hospice,
Came singing down the moonbeams,
From misty sylvan glades,
To welcome my little clown,
To those hanging gardens in the sky.

Each brought a clown of cotton circles,
As a token of their loving thanks,
Friends of the hospice,
Received a few pounds for every clown,
For their golden target they had striven.
All donations given; bought gifts and flowers,
Through prisms returned, as water from a fountain,
Cascading to earth,
Bestowing love in abundance.

This ever moving circle,
Mirrors bond of love and hope.
They sat among the cloud,
This happy ethereal crowd,
To ponder on the people who had lovingly,
Spent years making clowns of cotton circles.
And the nuns at the hospice,
Who had tenderly cared for these fated souls,
Making their last fleeting days carefree.

The bright spirits leaned on the morning breeze,
Playing on gossamer strands,
They danced along the shafts of light,
Singing their life songs as a melodious farewell.
From the misty vales of tranquility,
My little clown cycled down a sunbeam,
Tossed his bicycle beneath a cloud,
Then tiptoed on down the wind,
Tumbling through the golden fringe of morning.

Grace Clarke



Misty sylvan glades