The Dying Clown

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Abstract

My tragic face ventured from Mother’s womb And everybody laughed to see me cry, So all my life I heaved a comic sigh For them, and now shovels will dig my tomb...
Your life is founded on an idea as old as the 6th century B.C. Buddhists—that of destroying your egoism and self-assertion, and your payments are made in sweat and blood and tears. Your purchase is a blessed state of release in this life and then with the tiny effort of one lost breath, you will achieve Infinity.

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by Bill Nolan

My tragic face ventured from Mother's womb
And everybody laughed to see me cry,
So all my life I heaved a comic sigh
For them, and now shovels will dig my tomb.

I'll put my greasepaint on. They've left the room.
A clown must have his comic face to die
And can't unmask even in death's cold eye—
I'll wear it at the wake to break the gloom.

It's strange how faces hide the inner mood;
Always I felt contented underneath
While they were sad behind those frantic grins.

I was their grief a while, their heavy brood;
But now my soul garlands its funeral wreath—
What clown have I? What fool will wear my sins?