

Freud in the Fun Park

Climbing woozily from the teacups, checking, rechecking
his glasses in the inside pocket of his immaculate white coat,
He would seek the comfort of daffodils by the side of the path,
and pick one, holding it gently,
Languidly regarding the windblown sundress of a costumed mouse,
with a grandfatherly, sly smile.
The place would press his thin shoulders low, soften his beard,
amidst the great machines and mighty trees,
Where, after failing to sink a single hoop, he would leave the midway,
sinking amidst the great coils of throbbing rides,
He would carry his cigar, as yet unlit, past the painted mushrooms, the towers,
feeling that perhaps it is not his time,
Until, standing at the darkened opening to the Haunted House,
he would slowly light up, and, bringing it to his lips,
enter, proudly ablaze.

John Phillips