

Big Red Shoes

The children laughed and the children played,
As my big red shoes worked their charm.
But after the act, none had stayed,
As the confetti would slide off my arm.
My big red shoes went up the stair,
With graffiti strewn on the wall.
My right hand held to my colorful hair,
My left held a squeaky, red ball.
I reached the door of room 310,
And opened with a grate and a creek.
I dropped my gimmicks and entered my den,
With mold and a new faucet leak.
I peeled of my shirt of green and blue,
And removed my shoes gleaming red.
I took off my pants, and began to remove,
The paint stuck across my head.
I, the jester, sat in my room,
And buried my face in my hands.
The floor was cluttered with bits of costume,
And crushed and empty beer cans.
Tears seeped through and moistened the floor,
As the terrible irony set in.
The big red shoes twinkled near the door,
And the colors dripped off my skin.