

## **Diane Passero**

### **Cotton Candy**

In April the carnival came  
full of excitement and promises  
awaking my imagination  
Shirtless freaks following my thoughts  
bearing tattoos of naked ladies  
riding skull faced horses.  
A large breasted woman wearing ruby wristlets  
resembling the inappropriateness of handcuffs:  
Handcuffs atop of red and black silk sheets  
Black lace running wild  
as a girl running through a field  
of lilac bushes. Is there anything  
so sweet as the smell of lilac?  
Your lips touching my lips.  
Our lips sipping whiskey. Unconceivable delight  
accompanies drinking at the carnival.  
What more is life than a fantasy?  
A fantasy of living  
the reality of dying.  
Is dying then so terrible  
if I live my life laced with sweetness?

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