

# Exuberance is Beauty

Exuberance is beauty, is  
us at a small-town county fair, is  
you specifically, screeching 'ohmigod' like  
'ermagerd,' is  
wondering whether you could paint  
another plait of purple in your dreads, is  
finding it such a riot the t-rex has tiny arms  
that you buy a babydoll with a scratchy doodle of  
one trying to jump and clap  
that exaggerated v-neck is.

And then I see the man  
standing on a wooden stool,  
paint roller in tanned hand, twirling  
royal blue up the struts of the Tilt-a-Whirl.  
The ends are scrunched like his sleeves  
and the sweat of his face flies to meet the blue  
that propels itself to gum-pocked concrete, but he  
is smiling the heat away, and to the side

is a boy, rolled from the same brush,  
watching on with a neon popsicle  
sweating cherry flavor down his hand, and he  
is looking so pleased to see this thing be done,  
even if it'll be out of state in a day  
and start peeling again in a week,  
that when he finally takes a bite  
and chews his cheek  
and jumps like a shock from a socket, he  
is being too entertained to care.

And then you ask what I think  
about going on the bungee-jump ride again.  
And I make that snorting noise, the  
one that says caring isn't cheap, not even  
cheaper than two paper tickets  
and something colorful to touch.