

## *A Night At Circus Latino*

*A night at the circus,  
oh what fun!  
What a treat!  
A night out at  
Circus Latino,  
come on,  
what are you waiting for?  
Let's go!  
Look,  
there's the Big Top  
all covered in lights,  
sparkling and beautiful  
all pretty and bright,  
in the darkness of  
the cold, cold night.  
Inside it is warmer  
the seats all laid out  
red seats and blue seats  
in sections and rows.  
Ushers in black,  
Marty takes our ticket,  
he tears it and says,  
"Sit anywhere you like in the blue."  
We had money for treats,  
it was burning a hole in my pocket,  
as far as the boys were concerned.  
So they spent almost all  
on optic fibre*

*glowing, flashing things  
which they waved back and forth  
and used them as swords!  
Of course,  
they are boys,  
what else did I expect?!*  
*The lights go out,  
we wait in eager anticipation,  
the smoke machine  
belches out a thick cloud of smoke  
and the music begins;  
loud blaring sounds  
of traditional circus music  
and my Xavier cries!  
I hold him close,  
I jig him and bounce him,  
cuddle him and soothe him,  
and hope like heck  
that he'll settle soon  
and get used to the noise  
and the spectacle  
or I'm not sure what I'll do.  
Amidst fanfare and noise  
Circus Latino begins.  
First there is Gustavo  
doing the Rola Bola.  
"Oh wow!" exclaims Brydon  
as Gustavo  
balances precariously  
higher*

*and higher.  
The boys' eyes shine  
with wonderment  
and amazement  
as they watch  
act after spectacular act.  
By now Xav has settled,  
he's found his smile and his laugh  
during Smarty the Clown's  
hugely funny Ragdoll Clown act,  
Brydon helped him to find it  
with his own infectiously loud laughter.  
We were amazed  
by the beauty,  
the strength  
and the skill of each act.  
There were some  
up in the high heights,  
the highest of heights  
swinging and spinning  
on trapeze, hoops and straps,  
all pivoting and twirling,  
athletic and flexible,  
strong,  
graceful  
and beautiful,  
sparkling,  
shimmering  
and shining.  
Brydon turns to me and says,*

many times through the show,  
"She's stronger than you mum.  
She could push you over easily!"  
'Thanks son,' I think,  
just a tad sarcastically;  
although, it is true,  
I'm sure that she could.  
But the boys' favourite act,  
their most favourite of all,  
began when the stage  
went dark,  
as the Fire Dancer Chris  
made flames dance  
around on the stage;  
the boys "oohed"  
and they "ahhed"  
as fire danced round and round,  
spinning high  
as it flew through the sky  
spinning, twirling, whirling,  
this way and that.  
"How did he do that?"  
they incredulously exclaimed,  
eyes wide and shining  
gripped by the magic.  
"Practice," I answer,  
"Lots and lots and lots of practice".  
They laughed loudly  
at Smarty the Clown;  
were amazed by the juggling of Ariel,

especially when he juggled fire!  
My boys really,  
really,  
really liked the fire!!  
They loved the giant bubbles Rebecca blew  
and Alison on the Cloud Swing  
almost touching the top  
of the Big Top as she swung  
back and forth;  
they were amazed by the Gauchos  
with their drumming and dancing  
and boleadoras  
swinging and clattering  
faster and faster  
and faster  
and faster.  
My boys,  
loved the circus,  
the Circus Latino,  
with it's bright lights,  
loud music,  
spectacular acts,  
exciting atmosphere,  
and so did I;  
it was wonderful,  
magical,  
filled with fun,  
and laughter,  
and so,  
after such a wonderful,

magical time,  
we were sad to say good-bye  
to the circus,  
to the Circus Latino  
and we hope that perhaps,  
someday,  
we will meet again.

Carla G.  
1<sup>st</sup> July 2008



Soaring on eagle's  
wings

*'Carla is on the dangerous, yet exciting adventure of discovering her heart, walking hand in hand with her God – her creator, shepherd, friend, father & lover – and becoming truly "alive". She is finally beginning to live the life she's been created for and becoming the woman God has created her to be; the woman God originally intended when he created Eve and all the 'daughters' who came after.'*

*And for those of you who are interested in all the details –*

*Carla was born in Sydney, Australia in 1970; she grew up in Melbourne, Australia and had what you would call a pretty ordinary childhood. She has been "happily married" for 15+ years to Tim and they have three wonderful sons – Brydon, Kael and Xavier who bring them great joy (most of the time!) and who they are currently home educating.*

*"A little bit hippy, a little bit weird, a little bit alternative and a little bit left of centre" is a pretty good description of this 'dynamic duo' and their family.*

*She also loves reading good books, her family, her God, good food, adventure and romance, spending time with friends, good movies (especially 'Ever After', 'Lady Hawk' & 'The Lord of the Rings' trilogy), nature in all of its glory – although not so keen on spiders and slugs! And of course, she loves writing – poetry, short stories, novels & posts on 'Eve's Daughter' ([www.evesdaughter.org](http://www.evesdaughter.org)) and 'The Great Adventure' ([www.thegreatadventure.info](http://www.thegreatadventure.info)).*