Cartoon Campfire

by Darryl Price

This is the parallel room I keep my heart in. Got a solo fireplace. I don't want to invite anything else into the story. It doesn't matter if no one knocks on the door ever again. I'm too shy to hope for much more than a couple of

Interesting shadows between the teardrops raining outside anyway. I don't mind. It's not too bad. I did the best I could to make a work of art out of the corruptible birds outside my window, for you. I must admit when you tore down the curtains and

Wrapped them around yourself I thought you were only making a fashion statement not a diversion. I didn't get the allusion for the longest time. Now I feel like something has straightened out, has happened in here, but it

Could be just a crack in the light finally settling in. It could be the crack is in my own head. I HEAR BAGPIPES. They're not a joyful sound to me, but a lament and a plea for some return to sanity(and sea). The ocean has a mighty

Pull even this far out from heaven. Oh I'm pretty sure they don't want the likes of me up in there, I've got way too many questions. I'd be the first one to ask, why all the sorrow, when such a little bit goes a long, long way? I'd be

Thrown out with all of my poems fluttering down behind me like artificial tears, artificial petals, artificial butterfly wings. Yes, it's going to be a long, slow fall back down to the ruined ground I'm afraid. Like heavy wool blankets

Crumpled in the corner, no one is going to want to have to lift them up all by themselves. I can't say I blame them. I made my escape. I won't give up freedom now. I could always feel it in my throat you know, the path was on

A forever trajectory and I was stapled to it by a million sad stars. I'd like to share a cigarette with a comedian. I can't give it up and I

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won't. That's all I know for sure. The rest is like pulling yourself through a small

Cluster of STICKER bushes, you don't have a choice if you want to sing an authentic existence sONG about the experience. Don't worry, I see the irony there. You're damned if you do and lonely if you don't. The skeletons dance regardless of the funny

Faces you'll pull, make to clear yourself. But what they say on eye television is not what we should ever see happen in real life. You mustn't be quiet. Whatever it is it doesn't matter, but to me, for me, I've always treasured what no one else could seem to

Hear. And inside that wonderous landscape of impertinent noises I found you, dancing like a mythical faun around a sun-bursting, splashing fountain of youth. I could no more give up that dream than give up breathing for a
Living. So here you go, more poems than you'll never know what to do with. And one last thing: I've never felt so glad in my entire life to let go of my words and believe they'll make their own friendly way home again. A sweet Goodnight to you all then.

Paris Is Alive

Vive la musique, vive la liberté, vive la France!

We are all living cities of light, only some of us are turned off. When

We get there, we get there. We find we fit in the shape we were

All along. They can blacken the skies with their poisoned cups of spilled over anger.

They can disrupt the freedom of music of the spheres with their own rain of

Out of tune hate filled bullets. But they can't see in the mirror that is

Each and every face. They can't hear the human pain more unbearable than their own

Perceived punishment for living. The master they serve is eating them alive. The master they

Store in a scowl is rewriting the pages backwards in the hopes of reaching total

Annihilation, not Paradise, but hell. And still ordinary laughter will crack the spackle of doom.

It starts anywhere with a smile. It travels with a kiss, a hand holding a

Hand. This is what the people know. It's not a religion. It's not a military

Quest for power. It's a poem, a song, a feeling. And it has no boundaries.

When we get there, we light up. We are all amazing cities of light. It's

Dancing. It's laughing and crying. It's dreaming. It's being together inside our hearts. They can

Chop off as many flowers as there are blades of grass. It only takes one,

Even one of their own, to start a garden. Just ask the moon and the stars.