

Sitting Around a Cartoon Campfire

by Darryl Price

Looking at the Moon, thinking: is this then the parallel room I used to keep my heart in? Got a nice solo fireplace. I'll give it that. But. I don't want to invite anything else into the story of its four walls. It doesn't matter to me if no one knocks on that door ever again. I'm too shy to hope for much more than a couple of maybe interesting shadows, slotting themselves neatly between the passing teardrops, raining outside the crisscrossed windows. Anyway. I don't mind. I say

it's not too bad. I did the best I could to make a work of original art out of the soft gang of corruptible birds singing high flying traps outside my window. I must admit when you tore down the maroon curtains and dramatically wrapped them around your naked self, I thought you were only making a latest fashion statement, not a robbery diversion. I didn't get the allusion for the longest time. Now I feel like something has straightened out in me, has finally happened in here, but it

could be just a crack upon the light finally settling into the ceiling joints. It could be the crack is in my own head, letting out too many halfway baked ideas. I swear I can hear bagpipes rampaging through a ghostly birthday party. They're not all a joyful sound to me, but a lament and a plea for some return to sanity(and sea). The ocean has a mighty string pull, even this far out from heaven's shores. Oh, I'm pretty sure they don't want the likes of me all up in there, I've got way too many

questions. I'd be the first one to ask, hey, fellows, why all the sorrow, when such a little bit goes such an awful long, long way? I'd be

thrown out with all of my crazy poems, fluttering down behind me like store-bought 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 dyed blue wool blankets, crumpled up in the wintery corner; no one is going to want to have to lift those up all by themselves, if

they don't have to. I can't say I blame them. I made my escape long ago. I won't give up that sheer thread of freedom now. I could always feel it in my throat you know, as a boy, the path was on a forever Cosmo trajectory and I was stapled to it by a million sad stars. I'd like to share a cigarette with a comedian now. I can't give it up, that kind of laughter. and I 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 fun

choice if you want to cling to an authentic existence of songs about the loneliest 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 all the funny faces you'll be pulling; make to clear yourself of all pending charges. But, what they say on eye in the sky television is not what we should ever want to see happening in real life. You mustn't be quiet. Whatever it is it doesn't matter, but to me, and for me, I've always

treasured what no one else could seem to hear was going on. And inside that wonderous landscape of impertinent noises I somehow found you, dancing like a mythical faun, around a sun-bursting, splashing fountain of youth. I could no more give up dreaming that dream again than give up breathing for a living. So there you go, more poems than you'll ever know what to do with. And one last thing: I've never felt so glad in my entire life to let go of my few earnest words and

believe that they'll surely make their own friendly way back home again. A sweet Goodnight to all of you then. And the moon. Especially the moon. Yes, it's you I'm talking about. It's always been you. How many times do I have to say it? I'm tired of saying it, to be quite honest, but pretending it isn't true is just not me. I could wish you a light rain, but there's just too many interpretations of that sly report for a good night's sleep to occur. It isn't a feather, but then what is? Now you see me. Now. You. Don't.

