

# Sitting Around the 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 golden pair of solo fireplaces. I'll give it that.  
But. I don't want to invite anything else into the  
now story of its four walls. It doesn't matter to  
me if no one knocks on that door ever again.  
I'm too tired to hope for much more than a  
soft 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  
outsider art out of the soft gang of incorruptible birds  
setting high flying traps outside my window. I must admit  
when you tore down the maroon curtains and dramatically wrapped  
them seductively 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. Only  
now do 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  
stalactite ceiling joints. It could be the crack is in  
my own head, letting out too many halfway baked bean  
ideas. I swear I can hear bagpipes rampaging through a

child's ghostly birthday party. They're not all a joyful sound to me, but a lament and a plea for some instant 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 beside 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 narrow escape long ago. I won't give up that sheer thread of freedom now. I could always feel it caught in my throat you know, as a boy, the path on a forever Cosmo trajectory and I was stapled to it by a million tacky sad stars. I'd like to share a cigarette with a comedian now. I can't give it up, that kind of bursting forth laughter. and I won't. That's all I know for sure. The rest is like pulling yourself roughly 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. Oh. 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 impending 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-beaming,  
splashing fountain of youth. I could no more give up  
dreaming that dream again than give up breathing for a  
good enough living. So there you go, more poems than  
you'll ever know what to do with. And one last  
stupid 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 with her flawless arched back. Especially the  
hanging down moon. Yes, it's you I'm talking about. It's  
always been about 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, simple 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.

