

# Solitary Lunatics Up On The Roof

*by* Lore Prior

Your Indiana Jones hat flops tortilla limp by my ears.  
"It's an adventurer's hat" you amend.  
You sea-lion grin when I let you dress me in it.  
Just black sweats, black shoes and the hat  
all clinging to the brick: your comfy neighborhood starfish.  
Your spanish neighbor with the neat goatee  
cracks up in his folding chair as I clamber shit scared  
rung by rung to the roof.  
He's probably laughing at your hat.

Up top, the sky is like a fist fight-  
fat lip purple and bitchslap pinks get wilder as the tabs kick in.  
Those hovering lights are aliens!  
we assert with insistent like-mindedness  
from where we sit directly beneath the airport flight path.  
"Shit!" you shout, and you shoot to your feet,  
jerking backwards, hurling forwards, evading hidden beasties  
while I piss myself petrified righteous.  
"It was angry!" you explain, but you've hallucinated a bug.

The sun's been crammed below the horizon  
and every shadow is itching for the borders of the evening world.  
In the acid darkness things rustle unnatural-  
through the popped cherry of our spook hymen,  
everything's a threat-  
life looms more terrible when you're sitting down.  
Freshly vertical, we tower monumental with the kaleidoscopic haze,  
and our mouths open wide as our pupils-

every fucking inch of night is sparkling like a kindergarten birthday card.

The bowl of the sky's lacquered a thousand times over,  
each layer's infused with fireflies, crystals, bioluminescent  
hydrozoan jellyfish.

I take off your hat and swallow the moon.

