

**On Vacation, Sitting Around a Campfire
Eating S'mores with Death**
(A Pantoum Poem)
By Michelle Ross

In the darkness I watched the fire burn
Exotic embers singe my marshmallow bait
My guest hovers over his fading s'more
"Pass me a beer" he said, taking a bite

Not after me, I wiggle in my seat like used bait
I asked if fate was fickle like moth paper
"Like starched cat quips", he said in between bites
Confused, I turned back to the dancing fire

It waned, so I tossed in more newspaper
I saw Kate coming up the darkened driveway
Confused, I looked at her from across the fire
"Finally" he says, rising to his feet

Kate glided like amber wind up the driveway
Horror hit me as I realized his purpose
My mind raced at the beat of running feet
Panicked, I whapped him with a frying pan

I can't lose her, so I purposely
Whap him once more, just to make damn sure
Angry, Kate snatches up the frying pan
"You idiot" she cries, "that is my father"