Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 10 | Issue 1 Article 9

June 2010

When They'd Gotten the Bear in the Cage

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Recommended Citation

Carney, Rob (2010) "When They'd Gotten the Bear in the Cage," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 10: Iss. 1, Article 9.

Available at: https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol10/iss1/9

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Carney: When They'd Gotten the Bear in the Cage

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it was punished for their anger, for taking up space where they would've preferred potted plants

or a pretty aquarium: a shimmer of fish like the room's own rainbow,

and bubbles coming from a deep-sea diver, and there on the glass their own faces smiling back.

It was punished whenever a growl escaped. Then threatened with worse for its silence.

The next morning, they hammered up signs all around it: *No quiet unhappiness allowed.*

They hung banners demanding that it laugh more, colored pie charts of all of its problems,

threw sticks in its cage and told it to go fetch, which all makes perfect sense

if you twist sense like a corkscrew and the only wine you ever open is the bottle of your own desire.