

Song for Cathy to Sing

by Darryl Price

The snap of a broken heart is exactly
One second longer than this poem is going
To be when it finishes up being said . The snap
Of a broken heart is unlike anything that
Cartwheels out of sync with the rest of
Us truly lucky ones. The broken snap of a
Heart will echo around the room like a
Dying rock kicked or tossed aside without even the latest
indifferent regret behind it.

The snap of a broken heart is like
A tree branch during a thunderstorm, it no
Longer fits in any window. The snap of a
Broken heart is the thorax of a butterfly
Under the thumb of a clumsy, chubby child;
It cannot repair itself after that much heavy
Lifting, and never will again. The snap of
A broken heart is the spilling of coconut

Milk from the moon's own torn apart bosom.
The snap of a broken heart is the
Sensational car crash of the new last century.
The snap of a broken heart is the
Blunt sound of dirt hitting the blade of
A monster machine, looking and never finding a
Snug fitting soul to encapsulate. The snap of
A broken heart is the scream of a

Barely concealed root cut in half without a
Worm's reconstituting wit to mend its form. The snap of
A broken heart is nobody's secret fortress any
Longer. The snap of a broken heart means

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Only one thing, you are no more a
Possible painting, only the forgotten mashed easel on the ground;
your
Colors will never mix into new meanings again,
They've blown their alphabetical statement into final struck glass
angels of light.

We're Not A Balloon Animal

by Darryl Price

"I have whole days where I feel like the ghost of a child."--
Richard Brautigan

Nobody knows. This cage's a heavy pair of binoculars. It brings
trees close, but not close enough
so you can reach out and touch bark with your bare fingers, which
is all
you want to do. That's its stupid ruse. Oh, you'll have clouds I
suppose floating
momentarily within your grasp, but they too soon tire of your vain
attempts to make
morning mean day.

