

# This is

*by* Darryl Price

nothing. But it could be something.  
I don't know. We'd probably have  
to agree on at least one  
thing for it to turn around  
and face us. Then it would  
have to be named, set free.  
We could watch it fly away  
together. That's a portend to the

blinding future. All of us go  
into the unknown alone. But it's  
all been done before. A zillion,  
trillion times. By people braver than  
me. Smarter than me. Better suited  
to the inevitable sorrow than me.  
Clouds go by. New clouds form.  
We all look up and say,

hey, look at those crazy clouds  
go! Everyone gets taken away. No  
one is allowed to stay by  
your side forever. The papers got  
it terribly wrong. Sometimes you're the  
trickster, the Cheshire cat, and sometimes  
you're just Alice. But it could  
be something. That's the point. We

don't have to accept the scientific  
notion without question. We don't have  
to play with shadows on the  
smoke polished cave wall to fall  
deeply in sleep. Or even fall awake.

We are creative every time we  
do anything. Dreaming is a building  
you can go to work in.

But the end result is a  
baffling mixture of memory and memory  
and memory. It can't get much  
sadder. So why do I want  
to take your hand? Stand still  
in the pouring rain? Not care  
if I get drenched? As long  
as I'm with you? Because it's

right. It could be something the  
world has never seen. It could  
be the same thing the world  
has always seen. I don't care.  
As long as I'm with you.  
Because it feels right to me  
in all the places I am  
being alive. Because love is you.

Bonus poems:

Dances from a Mountaintop  
by Darryl Price

We came a very long way only  
to find out we were not that  
far from where we once started. I  
liked the unexpected dances we stole under

the taken for granted moonlight; everything receded  
into forever, looked like nothing but coats,  
covered in smashed galaxies and ashes. But

you looked like something else with all  
that bright light on inside. We came  
a long way to receive so many  
nasty scars from the different clouds rolling  
in. You know what I mean. It  
doesn't matter what you call this thing.  
It happens. It happens to all of

us. A long way to realize we  
were given only stories of yesterday to  
keep us company. Someone please just give  
me a story of what is happening  
to us right now. Instead, you'll burn  
them down to a wicked silence like  
a coven of clocks and there they

are back in your pockets the very  
next morning. Nobody ever said the cosmic  
joke isn't funny. I've worn out many  
pairs of shoes on this journey, haven't  
you? Some people only live for the  
more expensive replacements. We were not that  
far from the bridge of lily padded

trees. Isn't that the way it always  
goes? And for some reason, I'm still  
rowing this little boat across the vast  
oceans to deliver your mail to the  
scratched stars for you. I wouldn't be  
doing it at all, but you asked  
me to, and I said I would.

I'm not a liar. Far from where  
we started, we changed into other people,  
stepped out of the mirror, fully formed.  
Right remembering of what to do next  
doesn't come flowing out of your fears.  
It can't. It won't. We came looking  
for vivid love, but that was so

much bigger than our hearts put together.  
I remember now. You looked like everything  
I had lost. And there you were.  
We were not that far away from  
having it miss us. I guess I  
didn't know I'd been hit until it  
was too late to ask for rope.

Wild Rabbit  
by Darryl Price

Does everything have to be done on  
our knees through far too many tears? What  
kind of world is this? You handed it  
to us before we knew much, or were  
ready to pay even the smallest  
price. Is it any wonder we lost

our way in so much violent traffic?  
What were you thinking? Either we would  
swim or drown? Who gave you the right to  
treat us so cruelly? One minute you're  
having the same hunch with the same friends  
and the next you're being torn apart

by another group of much wilder  
animals. Once I was sitting on  
some cool ancient stones watching the sun  
fill in the paint by number trees when  
suddenly a little wild rabbit  
came and sat down ever so softly

right next to me. I decided for  
some unknown reason to touch it.  
It let me gently rub my human  
hand over its ears and down its neck  
and furry back. Neither one of us  
said anything to blame the other

for anything that was happening  
out there in the noisy world. There was  
no need to despair. No one knows where  
we are. We both had our enemies  
waiting somewhere in the rest of the  
day to attack us, but for that one

kind instant of time we were just  
being ourselves, two together, so  
silent and at peace in the playful  
breezes, smelling the faint aroma  
of some mix of summer's bursting with  
yellow petals, flowers. Birds watched us

with singular eyes and jerking heads.  
I stayed close as long as I could. Then  
got up to walk back to work and the  
little wild rabbit got up, too and  
slowly hopped away, a short distance,  
but not before giving me one fine

look back. I smiled for the first time in  
a very long time, felt like maybe  
whistling a made up on the spot tune.  
I would hate anything to happen  
to that rabbit, but I know at least  
one thing that did. And it wasn't bad.

