

When You Love Someone

by Darryl Price

you set the world in motion. When you love
someone you reset everything to glow.
When you love someone you forgive the world.
Everything is possible. When you love

someone it is time to go on home. When
you love someone you're reborn as someone
else completely. That is why love is the
answer. Why all you need is love. When you
love someone your voice sounds like your own kind

of truth. When you love someone you dig in
your purse or pocket for extra change. When
you love someone the best is yet to come.
When you love someone you are an all time
great music listener. You are a deep

sea dreamer beginning to dream to life.
It doesn't have to be romantic; it
just has to be real. When you love someone
it's oh so nice to meet you. That may sound
funny, but it's true. When you love someone

the lost key is already in your hand.
The hidden magic door is already
in its fair frame. The clouds are already
quite delicious, even with rain coming.
When you love someone you might think you've been

shot. Yes, indeed. When you love someone your
poet pal will stand his sacred ground for
you again and again just as promised.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/when-you-love-someone>»*

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When you love someone it will make all the difference. And that's something worth noting.

Bonus poem:

The Old Pretender
by Darryl Price

tells you things you can't seem
to forget. And still you
refuse to remember
his name. The pretender

sits in his grey sweater
and types, watching a cardinal
sitting, singing at the
top of a tree to no

one in particular.
The old pretender used
to be a serious
tragic lover of the

sea. The old pretender
said when this war's over
I suggest we use what
little time we have left

to dance and sing. The old
pretender stood so close
to the sky it took your

breath away. Still you let

him fall. The pretender
pulled the trigger, made art
all over; silence was
spoken. Still you remained

invisible. The old
pretender doesn't feel
he's made a mistake in
choosing you to receive

these stolen moments of
his time. I can't really
understand this kind of
happiness. But can you?

A little more brightness; spread the word:

Here We Go
by Darryl Price

"Love was never blind, but I was."--Scott Avett

Stand on your head. Now stand on one
strained foot and hop around in all
seriousness. Now turn yourself
into a wild mountain lion
statue. What are you, a balloon
animal? Who's twisting you, you
or them? Juggle mountains, tip two
flowing rivers from one hand to

the other (What is the sound?), for
all to see. Learn to levitate
in your sleep, while your lonely
partner only wants to be touched
tenderly again by you, or
another human person. Do
you really need this dishonest
grandiose lie, elaborate

distractions from the sound of your
own foolish breathing? You're alive.
You will die. I know the ageless
yoga guru looks amazing,
bathing in the afterglow of

Angels visiting all the ports
of her body and mind, but that's
not where her beauty comes from. She's

mastered the art of wishing. The
living universe has got a
million ears, but not all of them
are good listeners. Some can be
dangerous. She's very careful,
of course. You wouldn't want to be
misunderstood by the ancient
gods. This was all well and good at

the last turn of the century.
But, well, speaking plainly from the
human heart might work just as well
for us right now. Ringo put it
this way: there's something you can do;
give more love. We've been turned out of
the garden a long time now; we're
always looking for a clever

new way to sneak back in. Maybe
that's not the answer we're looking
for. Don't be sad. Do what you like,
but do no harm. And remember,
it's all in your head. But so who's
doing all that pouting? Just ask
yourself: What's wrong with us having
our own crazy dreams? Making your

own beautiful noise in the world?
Nothing. There's just as much evil
skullduggery in heaven as
on earth. Follow the insane trail

of money or moonbeams and you'll
find the same hungry figures in
the waiting shadows. Communion
of Holy Breath is natural.

It doesn't have to be bought. Or
sold. It can't be tricked. Its love is
pure because it doesn't blame you
for its murder. Its love is
pure because it is a Phoenix.
It always comes back stronger. Its
love is pure because it's never
out of reach. That's no illusion.

