## With Nothing Here But Me I Begin

by Darryl Price

to unwind looking for the answer. I confess I wasn't so discreet as life demanded, laughing like a nowhere poet. Nothing relieved the god awful boredom. Many times I confess I hadn't really taken the vitamins, crying like a court jester thrown into a dungeon on market day, and felt ashamed of all human hypocrisy everywhere. Many times over I confess I'm

paranoid; I can try to love the police but they all act like Hitler to me. Many times I confess there's a sadness inside. Often I say to myself I guess I can describe a circle as well as the next guy. I put forth my arms, look, I confess to embrace the whole world, too, but just because you're in it. Many times I confess I've been places and seen things that didn't appeal to me, weird things worried me, like proselytizing guys

looking for disciples and money. Many times I confess my own quick sarcastic stupidity lacks all sense of tenderness. Many times I

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confess I'm scared, a madly lost cat, a paradox, I'm sorry, really. But if I close my eyes the horses are beautiful again; the haunted hopelessness I can do without. I must confess I only wish to be real, authentic, surprising, human and kind with you in both joy and pain.