

A Hypothesis in Two Parts

by Darryl Price

A. Dandelion (Part I)

Go down, ahead. I've seen that avenue
all my life. The burning weeds are full of
the lovely fallen. I truly believed
in what you said, we were going to meet
and become wild and free of the list of
secret lies. When I lift my waning thoughts
now, see how you are still hiding, something
inside of me dies forever each time

it happens love. A warm embrace is not
in the stars, not for my dreams. My eyes are
shut off, and they see nothing kind. I think
you've dropped the one true song I gave you to
return. It's an old story I never
wanted to be any part of. I would
have said no, please, thank you, anyway, I've
just seen the falling shadow hitting the

brick wall. He's barely holding on to his
starless mind. His body is not so proud
to be out of those kinds of chains, but like
someone carrying a bucket of tears
in a windstorm. I'm closer to a sad
creaky windmill than a single apple
tree. Closer to rain than air. The only
conversations I make are with the long

lonely minutes. I doubt you'll ever see
my floating face across the sky again. I've
only this small park bench of grief for my

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midnight company. The conversation
is always a little one-sided. Go
ahead. I'm already out of words for
your silence, kissing your door. I don't know
what to say. Something's missing. I follow.

B. Another Attempt at the Same One (Part II)

It's every man and every woman.
I know you don't want to hear this, but
it's true. They were already here. They
can never ever escape us. We

are coming always into being,
too. That's what you are recognizing.
You're interested to see if there
is possibly any way out of

this tunnel of love that you haven't
already tried. Each door invites you
to come on in, into a dream, but
oh how the room looks vaguely the same,

familiar and yet completely
different from what you expected
to see on display. Each window has
its particular view of the vast

ocean, but sometimes it's only a
mere speck on a raindrop before you
fall asleep. It's every man, hunting
and fighting, praying and talking to

the walking giant of the milky
universe about solving the old
mystery once and for all. And it's
every woman, a flower unto

herself, decorating a box for
a sweetheart cake of understanding
and a fair slice of tender mercy
before giving birth to the whole world.

