

# A Shooting Pain

*by* Darryl Price

Some things are like a long gone shooting pain.  
Some people are remembered like a flickering  
candle snapping in a faraway  
window. Some things are gone, but they just  
won't fade away. Some people are still alive  
only in lonely photographs, taken  
when they weren't nearly ready to smile  
or even look away. Some things are best

left unsaid. Just ignore me. Some people's  
echoes are best left unanswered, even  
in silent prayer. Some things are like arms  
around my neck, but you are not one of  
them. Some people are never understood.  
Some things are nothing more than the plum of  
childhood fears. Some people never say goodbye.  
Good morning. Some things are always next

Monday. Some people are the unsolvable  
less one knows. Some things are so beautiful  
you cannot move until they are done  
driving their point home. Some people are capable  
of killing you with a violin  
string and a deft bow. The sorrowful  
man's arrows are usually more on target  
than not. Some things are poisoned at the

tip or at the touch. Others have the power  
to heal you just by being present  
in your heart. Some things are the right choices  
at the right time. Some people only appear  
in dances. Some things are being

said that create your story for you, unless  
you say otherwise. Some people are  
always searching for the perfect opening

lines. Some things are simply obvious.  
Some things are teaching you how to get lost  
in the grass in order to be found. Some  
people are lost in heaven. Some people  
are lost in hell. Some things are telling you  
to just let go. Don't let go. Please. Don't let  
go. Hold on to me. Some people are telling  
you, don't be sad. I know. Some things are

dying. Some people are illuminated,  
but between us, I never believed  
you'd completely disappear from all moments  
going forward. Some things are already  
getting smaller. Some people are partly  
to blame. Some things are put into poems,  
being like a dreaming drum of hope. Some  
people will hear, celebrate it with us.

