Actual Reality

by Darryl Price

Travel into the beautiful swirling being you occupy whenever you get the chance. It's your right to seek the name of the most holy one in your deepest awakening. Then will you most likely find

fellow travelers splashing about in their naked auras

in the Milky Way's fist full of molecules like any other happy otters made of moon beams and eternal star dust. To look directly at

the universe is not an original sin, but it is or it

isn't a formidable, dangerous path to cross blue and red trains with at the next natural wiring station . Just because it's blessed doesn't mean it can't

be compromised or binding. Greed can bring a redwood to its knees. All you've got to do is accept the risk

with an open heart and quit mumbling, use

an open mind before you go in all the way and remember to always love where you are every living thing you encounter for its own shining soul. And where souls touch is the trembling truth being born again. Each form brings delight to the Sun.

But the darkness would rather crush you. You, however, cannot be crushed forever because nothing is extinguished; only hidden. It's okay to laugh. It's okay to dance.

It's okay to sing, to make music that others might consider noise. It's ok to not make sense. Ok to drum your fingers on the rocks. To dream. To imagine. To be a poem. To turn into a bird or a cloud. To wear a cloak of many stars. To return to yourself at last. Der dust,

dust, dust, dust, dust, dust, dust.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/actual-reality»*
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Bonus poem:

I've got nothing now, the same as the last time

we met. The stars have moved over a lot and
are shining down over a different field
of new people, people I don't even know.
I'll never meet them, but they may still meet me
I guess. I don't ever remember signing

on to be a ghost, but here I am. All day
long I drift through these rooms, inhabiting a
momentary wound up shape and then slowly
dissipating down the stairs, quietly out
the door sometimes. But I always end up here

haunting these halls again and again. Like I'm
the shy sun all of a sudden poking a
curious lonely finger or a long hot
knife through the sensible modest curtains, but
just as quickly slicing back out of the way
again and crouching behind a much braver,

bigger cloud, dreaming of a sailboat. I still
don't have any idea what I would want
to say to you. Probably because it's not
really a bunch of words I'd like you to have,
but a bunch of feelings that even though they

all seem to tie together somehow just leave
me feeling very sad. Nobody knows that,

not like me. Sometimes I even feel like a
child's picture of different colored crayon
canyons on a paper plate might be the right
thing to present to the world as proof of my

strangely continued floating-about existence, and
other times as many cubes of crumbling words
as I could cram into a morning's coffee
cup. You don't know any of this. You are gone.
It's only me still hanging about the place.