

Against the V(2.0)(revised)

by Darryl Price

There are simply no more words around me quite full enough yet to
sort of cancel out
these more than empty ones. I'm sorry. There might be some forever
fields left of
crowded purple flowers if you look hard enough but no mountain's
majesty
to compare them with or to and thus no fresh
brightly lit memories to be planted always on the anew only for you,
my love.
They'll cling to the revolving groundswells anyway I suppose ,
tossing and churning like one big opening
mouth ,chomping and chewing everything
in existence into a peeled
and empty waste-land, bad-ass smelling perfume.You're
so far away from what I'm feeling
 right now that I'm only vaguely aware
of a dot shrinking somewhere in
the vicinity of my lost dreamland's scraped forehead .
I might have probably only been resting my hot face on my
darkened desk all the day long
anyway. I can only remember
bits and pieces of my life before this.
The crunch of an apple. The wet of
a coat. The wind of a lake.So once
again I am like a lost & knackered toy
soldier (all alone) in an unfamiliar
world that maybe once upon
a short time we used to breathe about
 in, giving oxygen its northern
pathway to the stars, or so I am being
told by shadow after terrible, mumbling, grumbling
shadow. Nothing wants to ever hold

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/against-the-v20revised>»*

Copyright © 2011 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

me close like that again. I'm dropped through the through,
every sky I piece across, shot open,
colorless, empty and rolling easily off even
the greenest of bright blades! I don't move
much from this bottom layer as I will often
wade and disappear and reappear
among other things. The books only give
me their hunched and cold shoulders now. None will
look me in the one good eye. We used to be
such close friends. They hold their words gathered
in their tummy pages against the
hungry burglar in my eye. Each trapped
window warns me not to try and surface
from the days but I cannot muster
even a middle finger because
I am made of sedimentary
particles and cannot rise at all
unless stirred. Where I am going there
are no curious fish to create life-
giving (many) ripples against such open vastness.

