All the Places

by Darryl Price

we went to together are now, according to
you, not to be believed. A memory of a
thought of a memory, of an arrow. There is

no earth. There is no sun. There are no stars. All the
places we went to together are to be paused,
allowed to fade into never. The river is

to be hidden from view. Overgrown by an unfriendly
wild ride of leaves and spiders. All the places
we went to together are to be drained of

their magic and filled in with choking dirt, cobbled
over with rough stone and sticks. But, you see, as John
once put it: I think I disagree. I think I

will always disagree. Because, your own beauty,
rounded by profundity and shaped by all winds,
mighty and tender, does not neatly compare the

locked cage to a free sense of being. I believe
all the places we went to together are still
always willing to be found again; though they may

appear in different guises, they will be recognized
by the heart, accepted by the mind, welcomed by
the body. As in any good dream, love 'wakens.

Bonus poems:

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/all-the-places»*
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Cherry Life Saver
by Darryl Price

The sleepy head tells the bitter truth. It doesn't hide its wonders to behold because it doesn't have to do anything but love things as they are. The sleepy head
hasn't lied to anyone yet. The sleepy head still smells of a cherry life saver.
For some unknown reason. I don't need to question why there's no anger left on
my side. The sleepy head would be a nice final word for somebody. But poets

are just no good at letting things go by unnoticed. The sleepy head gives the sun
its rare chance to curl up and snooze. And it looks so content doing so,
doesn't it? Almost real. The sleepy head is sweeter than honey. Its curls are slowly unfurling like leaves, dragging out the dream light. Leaving sparks. The sleepy head will
rise, and when it does, the sky will fall on me.

The sleepy head doesn't see me cover up that pain. The sleepy head may never
let me shut the door, to tears, fade away, only wanting to hold on. The
sleepy head like a rose. The sleepy head drenched in dew. The sleepy head takes
everything from me, now and forever. The sleepy head silently waves, goodbye. Goodbye, goodbye. The
sleepy head ignoring my plea. My hurt. Here's your ticket. Sir. Take it and get found by somebody who loves you.

You Know What Will Happen
by Darryl Price

Here there is rain. You know
how people are. They drive
around like maniacs.
Everyone's on a phone
now, walking, eyes down, slow,
along the side of the

road or eating in a
restaurant window, doesn't
matter. Like I said,
rain. Two red birds on a
wet porch. I only mention
this because it has

become somewhat unusual.
At least in my
neighborhood. You know what
will happen if just one
madman decides to drop
his biggest bomb in the

middle of the silent
night. More rain, this rain, is
kind of friendly. It has
a heartbeat. I suppose
that's unusual too.
I think I've got the blues.

I'm pretty sure it's why
I feel so lonesome. The

rain has not let up. It's
been pretty steady, like
the fan at the end of
an engine. And yet, you

could say, something's burning,
doubting everything. You
can smell it in the air.
Why do we choose to say
air instead of wind? Are
we trying to pretend

something? I think this rain
is telling me to stop
pretending. You know what
will happen if you read
this with forgiveness
as light; we'll be alright.

Goofy-Looking People With Normal-Looking Dogs
by Darryl Price

You need to make a noise to have anyone hear
anything you have to say. It's all there, in the
one size fits all wind. Like fire. In the mind. Like ice. In the
eye. Like sun. In the stardust vibrations. Around

us. In the cloak and dagger silence. Choose your own
level and go meet it with the appropriate
gifts in hand. Make a noise by yourself, for someone
to love; they will understand. You need to make a

noise to let everyone know what it is you are

offering. It's there. In the broken heart shaped rain. In
the spirit sparkle of soft tall grasses. In the new
circumstance found at the tops of trees. Then maybe

moonlight. You need to make a noise. Nothing is that
simple. Like a circle then. Forget fences. With
whatever's available. And true. You need to
make a noise that says, I carry on, I'll carry

on with you, I carry on. With or without resistance.
You make a lovely, warm noise next to me, even
if you're sleeping with him a million physical
miles away, I will always wave to you. That's what this

is, what it's always been. Celebration. I'm here,
enjoying your generous, natural presence
in the disconnected present mindset of my
little room with yet another poem. Without cure.

No Shit Sherlock
by Darryl Price

If you're out there, I hope
you're okay. Love was slain. If
you're out there, I hope you're
happy now. Love was slain and
many good men were killed. If
you're out there, I need your

help. Love was driven into the
hallowed ground and vanished in the
smoking soil like trickling rain. The
whole picture keeps trying to come

back to me in a dream,
in dream pieces, like with a

damnable cardboard puzzle in a box. If you're out
there, make no mistake, I survived,
but barely escaped with my life.
Merlin was killed, too, without mercy,
by a gang of wicked, laughing
monks, hell-bent on keeping the lie

buried in a vault of sins.
They would rather torch the sleeping
town down than admit to being
wrong, or worse, that they committed
the rusty nails themselves to the
innocent flesh. If you're out there,

please hear my voice. It's all
I have left to reach you
with. To tell you you're love
is still real to me. Love
was slain, but still it stirs
within every strewn rock and broken tree.