All the Young Angel Heads

by Darryl Price

I don't think you understand. A sad boy
doesn't just die inside, slowly he becomes
withdrawn from certain types of lovely
youthful reasoning out loud, accustomed
to feeling what is expected of him, just
to be allowed to survive another boring

day. The missing life goes on. You're allowed to
get bored with being bored, the obvious self-inflicted wound. But
sometimes we can't wait any longer. We don't know what we're
waiting
for. Boys are targeted everytime they
must run or fly, which is almost always. You think you understand.
We were beautiful creatures. Unconditional

love is there for all for you and yours, not me, and
not for us. All things are speaking to you whether
they can defend themselves against your sharp
relentless onslaught or not. I don't think
you understand. Boys will never leave you
to suffer alone like the bastard men of means.

Things here are alive even if their green
angel heads are not all the way up the
elevator dream shaft to the sun, and the
moon kingdom's revolving restaurant at
the end of the next world is on fire. It doesn't need
explaining. Boys send their love any way

they can. It gets misunderstood pretty damned
quickly. I don't think you understand. I'm

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/all-the-young-angel-heads»*
Copyright © 2018 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

still waking up. Even now. Even here.
I don't think you understand. Strange hungry
eyes are looking back at us from out of
the joyless darkness.Boys grin and bear it,

but each one of us will bring his fists to
the final protection. It's what we do.
You may not understand. It's all for you.
Everything is love for you. There's nothing
else. I don't think you understand. We promised.
It'll be over when we're asleep forever. dp .

Bonus poems:

Human Heartbeat by Darryl Price

It's the same words just different people.
I don't know or care how we got here. It
doesn't matter. I don't believe we are
made out of nothingness and dust over
the terrible karmic rainbow again

and again and again. But the heartache's
real enough. It's the same words here being
realized. You respond because you hear
them in your own head and recognize the
voice as yours. Who cares if we've been sent here

before we are here now. It's the same words
begging at the freezing door, or selling bent wounded

flowers on the barren street.The same words dressed up
to fit your guilt or compassion. It's the
same words describing the blue sky as it

passes above your eyes. I do my best
to own it for them but you always insist on
looking for right answers. It's the same words in
the darkness as in the light. Suffering
tends to put the blame somewhere else but we

know it is on us.The same words haunt us. They
secretly follow us home from work. They
tap on the window with a dark tree branch.They
rain hard on the leaking roof. But we learned a long
time ago to use the human heartbeat

to start a good conversation with the
music-minded elementals surrounding us.Folks,it's
another myth gone haywire.But it's the
very same words drinking themselves silly.
It's the same words searching for some crumb of

consolation I suppose.Words jingling,
broken, soaking in a paper bag. Words left
by the side of the road. Words rotting in
the indifferent winds. Being born one
more time for old time's sake. Words hoping. Some

dreaming. But you've heard it all before.Words
trying to get you to listen. Wanting
you to touch them. Who knows what level of
tenderness will do the magic trick? It's the same
words once rejected by you when you were them. dp

Feelings by Darryl Price

You are the Earth's only hope
with your faith in love's friendship
with all beings everywhere.
You are the Earth's only hope

standing in the rain. You are
the Earth's only hope making
music on your computer.
You are the Earth's only hope

via email. The rest of
us have already turned to
flowers. Our shine is ringing out.
Soon the walls will clap no more for us.

You are the Earth's only hope
for removing the wires put
into our dreams. They can't stop
you from making so much noise
,
but they''ll try. You are the Earth's
only hope for remembering
that good feeling that comes
from being free. You are the

ones who love to dance. You are
the Earth's only hope to wake
again in the garden, to
leave our statued shells behind.

Come on. Open the gate You

are the keepers. Each one a
piece reflecting one together.
You are the skies on quick fire. dp

Doorway with Bicycle by Darryl Price

My writing career cannot be fixed. It's
already taken all of my time to
the whole terrible beauty of another
dimension. Already lured me down
strange paths in the forest that I felt sure
I knew how to return safely from. I'm
still trying to get home. My writing
has derailed every relationship that
might have been good for me. I had to watch others get
to that dream together without me. My

writing career has walked away without
me, has other grand plans. I'm always surprised
by those who overlap their creative
sides and their love for friends so successfully.
My friends were always us or it. That
usually meant choosing a way to
quietly present my love without it
ever being truly acknowledged as
having always chosen them. This leaves you
with only one option, the broken heart.

The poems don't care. They want to live. They
only want to see above the weeds, and
above the clouds, above even the stars.There they
explode,the ink runs into the gutters,
dries. The heart remains a broken bottle.I think it

might even be getting to me.But the
poor choice is already a faded photograph.
A pooh bear with a broken arm. A box
of old postcard souvenirs. My writing
career is almost finished. I wanted

to get it right this time. I close my eyes. I close
my eyes. The last parts I'll paint by faith alone in
to something that's probably not there--the
voice at last showing its smiling teeth. Yeah I could
really do with your smile right about now. You
might not think it's all that much fun, I'm here to say
it's always been everything. I can't help
that now or ever again. My writing career
became an animal of its own making. You
know what happens when the tiger gets so

hungry that he can't ever let it go.
This doorway is my portal into that
summer of my bicycle and you.I've
kept it hidden away all these years. But now my writing
career can't use it any more. The sun
here is a pinched pink dot on the corner
of a colorless sky. I am still in
my flannel pajamas. My writing is
nothing if not persistent. My writing
career , which wasn't much to begin with, looks out and sighs. dp