

# Answer to Your Question

*by* Darryl Price

What is it, I think about all the time? You  
know what? Whatever it is, I want to place  
it on a tray and drop it to the forest  
floor, walk away into another blossoming  
thought or two. I would have bet you and I

would make it past the onslaught. It makes me kind  
of sad that I was so wrong. I took that picture  
of you when you were absolutely sure  
you weren't beautiful looking enough to be  
photographed. Your smile proved otherwise, the small  
tilt of your head, the blue color of your new

paisley scarf, your softly rippling reflection on  
the green water next to the twin floating ducks.  
Those ducks were wild and free, but I saw you as  
the rarer creature. That was all the proof I  
finally needed to see to believe that

magic is real. In a world of a billion  
different people, I saw your shape, your size,  
I felt your presence the most clearly of  
any other. I didn't ask to see you  
standing on your own like that. The universe  
never seemed to listen to me any way.

It just happened, naturally, like a slowly  
brightening sun through a gentle wind, waving  
a great gaggle of green leafy hands at the  
incoming day's sweet and innocent laughter.  
Somehow I just wasn't surprised at all.

And then it started, erosions of the single  
light shining in upon you. Blind trust in  
a total stranger's grinning, fake flattery.  
The person in that picture wearing silly  
white puffy sleeves couldn't exist with the one  
in the mirror. That's what kind of fool I am.

