

Asking for Water

by Darryl Price

You were no woman at the well. The birds
all passed looking blackened by the sun. It

was in your eyes. Mine saw only you standing.
The pressing sun was a singular

frying experience between us (and
I suppose the searching birds). Identity

was getting harder to come by. But
everyone knows nothing lasts. You just get

the exact moment to fully choose or
forever lose it. Did the well disappear

that day, stop doing its duty, because
you had no true heart for it? Why should

we care? These words can make all the case they
want, but the main audience still won't stand

for being cynically bored to tears. And
neither will I. You probably thought being

a little tree, no matter how beautiful
and important, was the same as

embodying all misery behind
a pathetic mask of marked-upon leaves.

There was so much more happening all around
your head, but every bit of invisible

to you landscape made the story
want to give you its real, secret name. No

woman. No cry. No trust, but all heaving
shoulders. Isn't that how Bob Marley put

it? A mountain in the distance. But close
up, up close, the feeling of going blind.

