

Beauty Comes Trailing After Us

by Darryl Price

like a tear stained child because she doesn't want to
be left all alone any more. We can't help but
shun its winds of fire, but we're never the same
as before once we decide to offer it a squeezed
in place at the table of an already overcrowded heart. Plodding

along as we often do there's always been a brief happy
moment when the knowing smile escapes us like a sudden
beam in a mile of angry clouds. This means we are
fooling no one and no one's fooling us. Maybe we
should all just admit that the new junk doesn't make us

any happier than the old junk did. Maybe it's okay to
admit that maybe we like someone for no real good reason
at all. Maybe it's that kind of time. Maybe we're already gone, the
lingering is only a smeared spirit we get to feel. Maybe I've got
nothing
left to say to you that you'll ever want to hear

said out loud. I'm still thinking sun here. I still
can watch it snow and not think that the awful
killing machines have somehow stopped moving. They are
switched on by cold deathly
people. It's someone's poorly made choice every single time. Give
me
those hands now. Give me your lost buffalo ghost dances again
and again. All you've

got in your pockets and don't look back to gain perspective.
Maybe the fact that things
deepen if you let them means there is an opening
in the sorrowful night for lovers in this world after
all. Give us another try. Call out without remorse. Demand that we
play to the end.

Shine on us on purpose. Shine on your own path. We'll receive

the news somehow of your amazing spirit still being inside the
borders of

our town. They don't understand that it is inside them
everywhere.

That it's inside the snow, the sun, a certain understanding.

They want it to be over there, outside, but of
course it is written in the stars, warm and wistful.

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