

# Butterflies and Fresh Paint

*by* Darryl Price

For Pearl

So radiantly a threat to them  
are you, so radiantly a threat  
you present, my dear, but between us

there is still that unspoken pact; just  
one more song, please. So radiantly  
you fill their cups with the beauty of

leaves and grapes. So radiantly your  
small reassuring smile like a star  
from a dream. So radiantly a

wild threat--horses running away with  
our spare set of keys. Like butterflies  
and fresh paint. Like an arm hung over

the side of a boat. So dangerous  
and misunderstood, refined, ruthless.  
So radiantly a threat something's

bound to get torn like a kite. But to  
be fair it's a threat with shine on its  
side. So radiantly a threat you

make to them I want to join in. So  
radiant like I'll hardly laugh as  
much again. TV angels came down from

heaven for a commercial look.  
So radiantly a threat are you

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that it names you the best answer yet

to the boldest questions of why. So  
radiantly a threat to them I'm  
instantly blasted out of my shell.

Bonus poems:

Introduction to American Brush Painting/ An S.O.S. by Darryl Price

Whatever it is I was  
Supposed to learn, Master, I  
Have already forgotten it. Whatever  
Good thing could have come

From my being here lost  
Ground a long time ago.  
Now they line up to  
Spit in my paints with

Their fists doing the talking.  
My poems are plucked and  
Scattered or stuck into hatbands  
As a joke. Whatever it

Was that was meant to  
Free them only left them  
Angered and more. Whatever it  
Is I was going to

Become, Master, I am only

Me. I should be glad  
That I served no purpose,  
Changed nothing. You should have

Never put anything in this  
Care, Master. Why did you  
Trust me to deliver such  
A precious gift? I could

Barely open my eyes for  
The force of the winds  
Against me. Now it is  
Lost, a snowflake. Whatever it

Is I was supposed to  
Show up knowing took the  
Opposite path to wisdom and  
Carved a hollow walk for

Some very real tears. Now  
I'm back at your door  
With nothing to show for  
It but empty pockets and

A broken heart. Whatever it  
Is, Master, it's beyond this  
Protecting, the enemy's got it  
Locked in their brutish arms.

New Blank Book by Darryl Price

The hand is always reaching for you and me. We can't worry about that. You'll have a moment in time to say your piece. Then the whole thing gets buried beneath the waves like it never happened in any special way. The surface will simply be a new blank book.

But I'll know you put up a beautiful fight. And if you're lucky someone will have seen something flash on the horizon of their own dreaming and this will spark a revolution in their thinking. That's worth the try, and any-way the other way is a false start from the

dawn to the next day. The hand is a bunch of idiots, but not the good kind. The hand is black cloth thrown over a lamp. The hand is picking on you, what're you going to do? The hand is a liar. The hand is always throwing bombs. The hand

is an octopus, not the good kind. Its beak will tear you apart in your prettiest sleep. The hand is a trap door. A venom spraying worm. But that's its electric blue nature. We need to take blue back and give it to the children who thought we lost them

in the land of forgotten leaves. We never stop looking, but neither does the hand. The hand is a fire, not the good kind, but terrible tasting in its kiss of empty betrayal. Might as well tell it like it is. The hand is a shame, but not ashamed. The

hand is a prison, a bank, a zoo, a thirst, a stop in the progress of all spontaneous dance. The hand is around your throat. The hand is down your pants. The hand is holding a dirty dagger behind its smiling back, but you know all that. I'm just saying,

let's get out of here. Please. I don't want to do it without you. It gets so lonely. Silent and cold. I leave these words for you to find. I trust you to not misunderstand them. Use their power. Put that magic spell where it will do the most good. dp

