

# Cups for Saucers

*by* Darryl Price

They were everywhere walking right above us  
or so it seemed, back and forth,  
back and forth with their lousy, crunching  
heels making hollow chewed up noises that  
took all the sweet sounds left on  
earth and had them march along to  
one awful grumpy song. Something was broken.  
You could hear it. But the pitiful  
space I was in didn't feel like  
the end to me. Even in that  
thinly veiled bad situation I had wonderful  
hopes stirring inside of me for some  
crazy unknown reason. I'd managed to smile  
at her while her parents stared at

nothing but fear. Her eyes barely crinkled  
some tiny little bit but I saw.  
Oh yes. Probably more out of impossible  
expectation than anything else, but I didn't  
care one whit right then and there  
because I was in the best possible  
moment of my life at last, at least I had something  
else to believe in and hang a  
reason to live one more day on.  
You could say a frantic bat signal  
had been shown to the heavens above  
and received by clouds and answered in  
the very room we all shared, from  
that direst of situations ranging just over

our dirty frozen heads like burning hills.

They stomped their big soles over and over again on the packed snow for some reason we couldn't quite fathom and so we were showered with beautiful ices, but none of us were moved by these same threats to breathe even more deeply than before. No. We played frozen better than the roots of trees stuck into the ground so long ago. When I looked over at her sweetly dried and cracked face again her eyelashes were covered with little scattered diamonds. She crossed her eyes at me then and made

me grin in spite of myself. Thank God the human connection does not go out of fashion completely just because some new childish hatred goes on another stupid rampage across the pages of a now familiar book of life. As it will. As it always has done so forever, as far as I can see. Making us all feel so lonely for a simple crust of freshly baked bread. They don't build many bombs to feed the hungry anymore. We slept a little at a time, but not too much, unless we should never waken again to find each

other alive or see our true way home at long last and sometimes we even dreamed with our eyes open, but not of snow. We dreamed of blue and white cups and saucers, swirling us around and around in the greenest sunshine,

lifting us up to ever newer heights  
of laughter and a most satisfying deep,  
deep and lasting friendship. At least that's  
what I wanted to share with her  
ears only when our fingers did finally  
connect in the middle of another stormy  
day of impossible hiding under the open  
battle fields. I tried once to trace

her name on the end of her  
fingertip with my own finger, but the  
numbness made it hard for me to  
feel the letters making themselves appear as  
anything more than nudges. In the end  
I felt satisfied to lay my fingers  
on top of her poor cold fingernails  
to keep them somewhat warmer maybe. Underground  
like undisclosed bugs this secret refuge between  
us became our primary language, our own  
remembered country, just the two of us.  
We were the white foxes of our  
age. We had never been in love.  
We were the first. And the last.

