

Everything in My Head

by Darryl Price

that I thought I knew was
gone. Wanted me to be
the way I used to be,
when I provided my
own love light everywhere
I went. Now thoughts sit with

their arms crossed. It happens.
Everything in my head
is a path, or an illusion
according to
some. I'd rather celebrate
one hand clapping today

than tomorrow. Everything
in my head is
a fool and or liar,
if you believe the daily
wallpaper's sun stories.
Everything in my

head sometimes feels like a
smashed bottle, blue green glass
all over the place. Everything
in my head is
trying to work out how
to live in this dream without

dying of a thirsty
heart first. Stuff in my
head can't hold back the tears
for the dreamer. Everything

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/everything-in-my-head>»*

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in my head wants to
hear a saxophone player

going ballistic.
Everything in my head
is pushing against all
these perceived walls--like a
trapped bat--looking for the
canal to the moon's cove.

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