

# Feathers

*by* Darryl Price

The hoards aren't only coming, they  
are here. I don't care. And that doesn't

mean I don't care. The world is  
happening in a myriad

of ways all the time. That doesn't  
mean there aren't colors you can't see.

But I'm still going to the park  
today. It's free and the trees are

good company. Lately it's always  
supposed to rain, but sometimes

it's sunny. Something went wrong with  
my thinking I think. It does that.

Now I'm sitting down. Things just happen  
all by themselves. A hawk came

down in front of me the other  
day and stood there looking at me.

I said, nice to meet you, thanks for  
the visit, and he flew away.

I waved, but I don't know why. It's  
meaningless, but it's true. That's what

I'm wrestling with I guess. It's not  
a burning sky, but it still falls

around in pieces. Don't know  
how this is about you, but it is.

