Fibers(next:our world without ice caps/yipes!)

by Darryl Price

The light they love to hate so much is always pulsating within each life; the unbelievable color sword of what happens next when any two people find each other in their hearts and all pretense is somehow gone, for at least that one particular moment in time. The dove

some loathe to acknowledge so clearly is the mystery that begins at the very edge of another year's flower petals and continues all the way through to the insides of root pale, until you find yourself

(poof!)standing outside the pungent gates of Garden Earth once more.

How does this thing happen to us so continuously? Let me tell you something. Look. See. They will mash them to bits with their meaty fingers pressed into boulders of fury, and still it will not yield up one honey drop of its secret taste to them. There is no

good, they will scream at you. Life is only a lie, they will cry. Die, die, die, they'll demand, they will strangle it out of you then, all out of this insect world, but nothing will end the endless stream of pleasure that newly

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derives from absolutely nothing, of no hope, nothing to be gained from it, again and again. They will plant fields of sorrow and harvest the bitter grains and send them speeding on top of each other all over the world. There are still those greedy

enough to buy in if the price is cheap enough. They will also sow it like rainstorms into your thirsty dreams, weave it into your very clothing's fabric, lace your coffee and donuts with it, enough fear to bring down an elephant to

its baggy sagging knees. And still there will be a genuine laughter. And still there will be small bewildering acts of total benevolence. And still there will be poets singing about stars and the moon with its rivers of cloud upon cloud, and soft healing hands there just for the simple act of asking.

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Blast from the past:

A Ticking Situation

revised scrambled egg version

Beauty belongs in its own garden. How close the villains are!
Not all are brothers.

Beauty doesn't need to show

you her proof. How harsh these raindrops howl! We are not all water.

Beauty remembers nothing for long. There is no you and me. There's you. There's only me.

Beauty will remain under a blue sky. Bugs climb into one hand and out the other.

Darryl Price 041495--050610

There's Not One Single Word for you that I'd be happy without knowing. What you see before you is the squashed ball of my sad attempt to hold you to that moment-but each pictured mug begs for another; each air-conditioned sheet orders one more round of clouds, please, birds striking the seams of landscapes lending more line to a frenzied concerto already in progress, more wild wind upon more fresh leaf, with squawking children playing just below the hill and the sea itself crouching

down to the horizon-no matter the length left
to knot. It flows on at
every turn of the head
like a whistle on fire-becoming the season
before and after itself,
so that one's always

facing the flame from any sort of a blind direction. Like a sower then I cast my blank letters like gravel upon a slant tin roof finding joy in the sounds of failure to musically allude to even your name's start my love.

Pieces of heart may provide a few crumbs for birds moments away from their own unfortunate panes, thick trucks grumble deep into love fields and nothing is given a second chance to grow to seed, whereas you and I, we were once a dream that brought pure laughter out of thin air and pushed hands into each other's grateful places. We swept the world then all together and it was somehow safer; only the two of us the most likely to be in danger. D.P. 10/12/09