

# First Things Go First And End Up Being Last (the Big Enough Picture)

*by Darryl Price*

I don't have to show you how to fly. I don't even  
know who you are still possibly trying to be in this crazy grounded  
world. But the words make us family. I can't  
help that or what you might do with that public tweet tweet  
tweeting of a shadowy knowledge to come. There are  
many obvious betrayals available to the common man. All I can  
tell you  
is I've seen polar bears looking like they know something has  
changed  
forever. They see themselves growling larger than the milky skies  
at night and chasing  
the weirdly quick as a fat salmon walrus deep into its blue cold  
depths in a crazy dance of mad hunger and wildest purest primal  
animal enjoyment. But that simply  
doesn't last anymore. Some part of them knows what's coming.  
Everything's coming apart. It  
soon will be here. With us. On top of us. The ocean could easily be  
walked upon once. Now  
it is surely dissolving and doesn't want to play or look you  
in the face with its simple magnetic desires anymore. But sadly  
enough now that's not the main point  
of all this swimming swath of primary letters floating in a  
crazy crowded basin before us. You know better than  
that. If anything it's only me cringing back against the blackening  
walls they fling, hoping for

an echo of hope and fearing the answering throat's deepening  
black challenge ahead. What's changed? The killer  
wears better suits than us. They've changed furs. We must  
change, too.

When I was out walking the dog a short while ago it  
suddenly started to snow, very quickly, all around us. The flakes  
like

fully realized yet fragile box-kites made of minute  
bleached bones were about  
the size of thumb flipping quarters. At first I thought how  
beautiful that

I am now inside my own version of a snow globe, living larger in  
time

as any snowman should, but then it started to freeze my skin, like  
being caught by

a sharp pair of tweezers on the finger and I was not able to  
pry open

my eyes all the way without being stabbed by snowflake wielding  
winds

bent on my lost and silent, permanently blinding destruction. The  
perfect crime I

thought, except for someone's bound to blame the poor  
defenseless dog, after all the

final facts come washing in like dead fish. That's just how people  
are. But I saw the poetry in it,

like the sunlight on the grass of memory in my frozen stiff to the  
touch

body, found at last covered like an old tree stump looking like  
a lone, sprinkled and crumpled pirate boot without a match to be  
found anywhere in sight.

You'll only need to look once to get that soft picture tattooed on  
the inside of your brain wall. I had

to take off my gloves and stuff them back into my coat pockets

in order to get to the keys and numbly clutch and  
turn the doorknob with any kind of real force of entry.

And now, my only still reading friends, safely  
back inside my own bought and paid for igloo of wood and  
pretend  
glue I write some part of you this cryptic take home message to  
bring  
to the other listening parts of you from the other side of wherever  
you think you  
are sitting right now, besides being here with me. You don't  
understand what it was like, to know that say  
a Keith Moon or a John Lennon was also taking the same  
tiresome journey through the life-threatening mazes at the same  
time as you, spinning  
around inside the awesome gravity bowl with the rest of us, rolling  
over, splattering  
their new found passions like bright wet and colorful paint against  
the blank days and the awful smoke filled nights,  
leaving the impression of a life lived on wildest purpose and with  
fearless  
experimentation and immediate discovery on every other heart  
shaped one of us to boot. It  
mattered that there was a point at which all activities, a million,  
collided into one. This was our secret path with one another. It  
still is if you believe in something more than molecules and  
electrical  
firings in the brain canyons. We held hands across and over the  
sacred water, like Mr. Soul.

Bonus poem:

Lunch

I've noticed a lot  
of sparrows eat french  
fries. I like french fries.

