

French Fries

by Darryl Price

The point is always right there. The point of departure. The point of no return. The point of it all. The point that defines direction or discourse. Like the stars. Today I noticed the leaves are already starting to turn yellow again. The path was strewn with dead

and dying leaves, but it was still blazing hot outside. Hot as the dickens, Charles that is. Even that early in an end of the summer morning. After you get done adding up all the many points, can you tell me, is there a clear winner? What does the winner even get? Will anyone remember the special feeling they got

from being present at that particular point in twenty-four hours, twenty-four years, twenty-four centuries, without lies or embellishment? I'm not afraid of nothing lasting forever, I'm afraid of love, hate, bewilderment, indifference, war, politics, religion, all

the usual stuff. I just want to live, but I don't know what for. Most of the time, I don't know what to say to you because I've nothing to say. I've never liked talking in sound bites. It sounds like birds chirping over spilled French fries. Campers talking in marsh-mellow sleeping bags, sleep walking on potato chips. The point is always pointing itself up at the blessed sky, but what is the sky pointing at? Is there something pointing back? The point of personal contact. The point of closure. The point of when the lights come back on and we're just ordinary people again, heading home or

out to dinner. The point of a poem to poetry. The point of a gun, a missile, or an over the counter blue pill, just to name a few. The other thing I had noticed was

the consistent racket of insects, like someone mowing a lawn in an alleyway, totally oblivious to everything around him. I couldn't tell if it

was a happy or a sad sound, but I suppose it could have been either, or both. It never stopped, not once, in an hour or so of walking in the park through the trees. Still green, most of them. Let's give it one more go, shall we? The point of everything and nothing, as Mr. Borges puts it. The point of quantum mechanics. The point of certain spaces, in a highly symbolic way. The point of the lonely country of the heart. The point of sleeping under the stars, with someone you love, tonight of all nights. Why not? I'm not here to please you. That much is evident. If I could go back in time, right now,

I'd go hang out with Kenneth Patchen in his tiny squeezed-in backyard

and paint picture poems until we could no longer see to paint straight anymore through all the bats and bugs. The point of keeping

a book journal: a hummingbird's wings, but you'll miss out on all the fun, full moon in cancer, getting laughs with poetry, you can't force the world to be a better place, a vote against the blackmail of the audience, I can't reach you this way, Teri Garr died today, David Crosby died today, Ozzy Osbourne died today, Brian Wilson died today, Pee-Wee Herman died today, I want this love to always

knock you over and lick you in the face, the cat out of the bag, Sinead O'Connor died today, Marianne Faithful died today, Dolores,

Tom Robbins, here we go, Maggie Smith died, free toy inside. The

point of who you chose to be. I'm getting there. The point of getting to the point. The point of waiting for me. The point of whispering. The point of shouting. The point of not being afraid to cry, that's a road, too. The point of your wildest,

craziest dreams. The point of maybe knowing what love is like. Oh, but I've felt it myself only deeply in dreams. The point of continuing to reach inside yourself. The point of being alone as opposed to just a sad blues song. The point of listening to Cancionera by Natalia Lafourcade with headphones on. The point of really wanting to try. You know what I'm talking about, things going up in smoke, but still believing. The point is, I guess, how to end something that has no ending, without feeling stupid, betrayed all over again.

