

# Going Right At Left

*by* Darryl Price

Wishes are like beautiful fishing lines  
Pulled tightly around us. My lungs are  
Full of them I suppose, hopelessly caught  
On something rough and deep in all the darkened places. Your  
smile for

Me was one of those, if you must know. This swung high bell then,

That's the true story of a lonely ringing man's dream  
Trapped in a broken down cloud; you see  
It could have been a hole in  
The sky, there all along. Stars  
Like rising fish feed on whatever

Unfortunate thing happens to  
Fall helplessly to the surface.  
Every illuminated  
Hunger is life's timeless dancer waiting for you to partner with;  
That band eating itself around your finger now,  
Our lives' empty candy wrappers.

You won't look back now before a dark force as big as a spaceship  
cloud  
Settles onto your sunset like a stranger with a puppet.  
We'll not walk fingerprint to  
Fingerprint ever again. You haven't the  
Time for such foolishness now.

Bonus poem:

There's always a for instance

to be observed somewhere in mother  
nature. This time we have with us these

perfectly healthy green stalks  
with their gathered white and pink  
flowers up top for gym shoes as we

coast by on our bikes what could be the quick wink  
of the sun spreading its own  
fine new spring legs in a little

summer to come dance on the star-remembered  
ceiling of outer  
space from another's fisheye perspective, a timeless

point of view, one where we chance  
to visit those vast heavens ourselves  
in our pilgrim's coats and cast

our so called cherished dreams into the  
long line of light from our own  
ground floor apartment building windows

to the world at large. It meets the life  
within us with a force of  
its own making like an edge sent

to a corner. That's when the  
real gravity miracle  
kicks in the front door with a size

twelve magnetized boot or two. You can't just choose to  
be anybody else even

when you're pretending to

have many sides to your nightly performance. You still have  
To feel what's inside of you, wait  
for it, let it grow or let it die.

