

# Green Dots

*by* Darryl Price

"It just makes sense to be nice to everything that lives."--Aurora Aksnes

Like Aurora, my favorite color is moss green.  
Anything else is a lie told to throw  
you off the scent. You will abandon her.  
Just like you will abandon me. Green. We  
were walking through the thick leaves, looking for  
a way in. That kind of silence. We  
disturbed nothing, only because we had no harm  
in our hearts. It's you we are trying

to get away from, you we are trying  
to reach. You will abandon this message. You  
will abandon the one true gift as it  
is being given. It's only a matter of  
time. Green. We touched somehow. I liked the  
end tips of her fingers more than almost  
anything else on the planet. She may have  
smiled, but only because she felt at home. You

will abandon her lovely eyes. You will call  
her lovely skin nothing but mushrooms. You will  
abandon us to the wolves, which is what  
you were planning to do all along. We  
were hoping to fall through the earth and  
be swallowed up together. Alone would have been alright,  
too. She's good at being alone, because she  
cares so much for the small. Green has

to have its own sacred place where it

can read books, paint if it likes and  
write music. Isn't that what she said? She  
wasn't talking about books. She was talking about  
light. She didn't mean paint, she meant dance  
and make light. Play in light. Play with  
light. Notice light. Be of light. Welcome it  
to your home and heart. Magnetism is magnetism,

but it is also communion, telling yourself that  
you have not forgotten any living thing. Of  
course she is scared you will find her  
out and cause harm. That's why she wants  
to find you first. To offer you peace.  
Instead you will abandon all prospects for peace  
once you get to know her voice, because  
you are just that greedy. You will not

abandon your guns however. Even if she gets  
you to stop and listen. But what you  
don't know is how she is creating something  
beyond listening and beyond all the guns that  
ever were or ever will be. Beyond Green.  
It's an ancient story within a story being  
told by a dreamer, a thinker; for the  
first time again, we are being called upon.

Bonus poems:

That One Trick  
by Darryl Price

You've fallen for it, too. Thinking there  
is only one path to saying or  
hearing all is love. Gathering all

the clues you know nothing about, please  
open your eyes. If it were only  
that easy, everyone would simply

go home, collect their box of shit and  
stop being a fool and waken. I was  
always the last to know, I know, but

not in what I always am, believe  
me. See, it's the same. Some people can  
only see those they can't define as

sitting there being quiet. I was  
never one of those standing in the  
dirty sad ocean, waiting to be

taken under by a terribly  
dark mystery. I wanted to know the  
truth, what is pure. Meet it head on. I

don't think I'm sorry. You pushed me. Pushed  
us. Some of us can walk upright in  
our bedtime dreaming. It's where we belong.

You can't come in if you can't stay more  
awake than broken. That's the rule. Put  
your heads down. Grab an arm. Come this way.

When You Say There Is Very Little Magic  
by Darryl Price

left in the world, I know you are lying. Priests  
of old used it against the wrong citizens.  
Nailed them to trees and left them there to die. When  
you say there is very little magic left  
in the world, I know you are pretending to

be brave. To be asleep. Things out there will hunt you down,  
you say. But what once things have you maybe hunted down?  
Magic isn't careful. It's wild. When you say  
there is very little magic left in the  
whole world, I know you are hoping to not get  
caught in the act. When you say there is very

little magic left in the world, I know you  
have not grown a garden from scratch and seed.  
You have not walked into a forest alone  
and unarmed. You have not met a new rain on  
the lonely road on your way home from work. When

you say there is very little magic left  
in the world, I know you have not listened. It  
really doesn't matter to what. That's just some  
awful squeezing device they use to get you  
to say you are afraid. It doesn't matter  
of what. When you say there is very little

magic left in the world, I know you are full  
of hidden tears that need to be released. When  
you say there is very little magic left  
in the world, I know you are refusing to  
look me in the eyes. I know you are choosing

to be full of doubt. When you say there's very little magic left in the world, I know you are warning me to stay far away. You are made to. You are pulling your lips back to reveal your gums. You are showing me your longest teeth. You have now forgotten how to smile without

biting. It's okay. Because you don't mean it when you do. Your faith is in nothing. Except for hollow bread. The possessed holes. The end. But you do know a better conversation. When you say there is very little magic left

in the world, I know you don't mean it. When we were just children we played together because it was the honest thing to do. It was an uncorrupted apple we touched, tenderly, to share in a holy circle. Because we wanted to trust someone in a dream. It's like

that. When you say there is very little of the old magic left in the world, I know you have been seriously smacked on the head by monsters in a ramshackle cave somewhere. The clamp down neighborhoods can hide a lot of pain

inside your chest. Your pain is not your master. When you say there is very little magic left in the world, I know you have forgotten all flowers. I'm still your friend. You're still my friend. When you say there is very little magic left in the world, I know you have embraced regret.

