

Here is the thing. No one knows what it (actually) represents

by Darryl Price

beyond knowing that when it hits you, you've been very much run over, and flattened like a stack of cardboard pancakes. I've seen it all before, and it works all right I guess. But my oh my, my, my oh thank you Jesus, to the holy H, and also to the disarmed body of Christ in Heaven's vestibule T-- I'm sorry they hurt you--the very sad, sad, sad old heartache, surrounding the echoing crash it makes is like a vastly expanding ocean, within another vastly expanding ocean, maybe forever, oceans upon oceans, surrounded by an ever empty-looking desert of pouring tons of sand. You know

that can't be perfectly real, not in that closed off of an environment. No way. One feels tiny in comparison. All kinds of people get there in a grotesque parade of crazily fashioned funeral boats, I suppose, but only a very few can ever stay awake. George Harrison, maybe. They don't even have to turn around and head back to sea, out of a total lack of imagination, like the rest of us. They just all of a sudden find themselves alone again, out to the chop, chop chopping waves of time, like a bunch of migrating seals. Bunched up, and floating for absolute fun. A grand design won't

save you from the oncoming shock of coldness coming along either, by the way. You're the only one

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/here-is-the-thing-no-one-knows-what-it-actually-represents>»*
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that kind of thinking impresses, in the end. Sink or
swim, you'll have to learn to read the stars and
trust in something you can't even imagine is there, swimming just
below
your legs, to survive through the night. Then they'll spend the

rest of their ticking time bomb lives remembering a dream to
anyone who
will listen. I saw what I saw. I swear. It's
true. Please, just listen. Just listen. Electricity pooled out of a
floor plug like softly glowing air from a pressurized but
leaking inner tube of wire, and then shimmered into
pure nothingness right there before my own two
disbelieving eyes. Leaving no witnesses, and no wetness behind. Not
even the aftermath

and ash one would expect from such an unusual fireworks display.
No, that's just not the it of it. I'm talking about the center
of your being. Well okay. That's numb and dumb. Nothing names
itself
properly, I've noticed. I've already tried North and South. But back
to the big room chart we so love to colorize and hang on our
computer screens. No
dis-colorization happening here, of the already stained by years of
shoes and feet rug beneath our still sleepy little heads. Just a newly
minted

moon, dropped into the window frame, like a sticky old Mercury
dime, trying to
melt its own way out. Sooner or later, it manages. You
wind up seeing it miles away from the previous
spot it was in. Is it trying to tell you
something about your own moony self? Soon enough you're forced
to leave your

beds and see what waits for you just below the creaking of the stairs. He was there first. Thank God for just such small miracles in the good old neighborhood.

D.P. 020910

A Cloud of Feathers, as He Exploded
by Darryl Price

Everything changes into bursting colors before your eyes
--but not really--to a completely
newly named monster in your head, altogether real and not
so much like the same lumbering beast (often seen napping)
through a long past room's frosty windowpane. You
only begin to see that other
foreign land of fleeting beauty or
say endlessly erupting fearful wandering beasts on
yet a newly clarified surface from
a different settled point of view as you
gain momentum running full speed at yourself. That gives
you strengths in the ever shifting air
to renew your faith in the oneness
of your own bottomless bit of the harsh sky's kingdom. Guests.Go
on in. Just say hello.English's okay but music's a more universal
given here.

It's all in the constantly heating

up or slowing down of your golden brown
purposes. The TV trial is always
within yourself to watch. As much as you might
want them to be there's nobody in
there with you. You're the whole shebang on

some level. It's your reflection that
crazily glares or glows back from you
on the surface of the pond. All lives
overlap the pictured stars above.
That's all. So you're bound to have blurry
ticks on the shining tocks of sometime, some bleeding
out of the important colors. So what? You can't imagine history.
Understanding of any of this
doesn't change the facts of your atoms wanting to do the
fiery atomic dance with someone else.
The real world goes on destroying itself

with a volatile hunger that can just
never be truly satisfied. Not with a
simple bunch of decaying swaying bodies anyway, a fated
number of concluded years lie just ahead of us. You fly
yourself on out there now and stop whining. The short and the
long of it
are not so different that you can't name
them so in your anger if you wish. Doesn't work that way for us
miners.

Why go so much into it after it closes for repairs? When there's
heartbreak
enough for everyone to go around? Abundance
lies in the drooling as much as the
cool wind surfing. All that sunshine turns
into rain and all that rain gives a
thirsty skin its long awakening
stretch in the most silent nighttime. But the dreamer has still
to keep
it together, little otter bear.

Forgiveness should be the path's surface you are always
drumming on. It is easy to say let's
make a war because anger is so quick to

strike its own blow for shadow land and build a fire between us and those who do not follow our familiar way, but to honor the living's a much harder and clearer picture to paint on your cheek.

It can begin with our words here, yes but it will travel through all the worlds as our taken actions there. Even our bodies will take on the figure of your totem when we least expect it. Do not bear the awful burden of hatred even in your deepest medicine bag's crumbling corners. That's no power to be rolling dice with brothers and sisters unless you mean to sacrifice love's last beat to the blunt end of a very heavy hatchet.

There Is Still Some Old Magic Bean Dip

by Darryl Price

On the homesick tears thickening up in our sad eyes like an uncertain country about to go to war like a glazed & sacred donut On the urban pleasures we feed into like a nail head floating to the reflection in the mirror just like flaming wolf mouths

On the music you played on us like a trick something starting to dissolve like sharp ears bent toward the black puddles of just another day Or the broken glass that holds our drink like stopped sundowns another slightly wronged word on a stained tongue a star's unhinged

hanging arms Like skin on the hand vanishing
through one spoiled horizon after another like so
many crashing tree trunks signaling which way the
world goes berserk like blankets in the cold
dying air or the thoughts we are constantly
searching for over the mountains with their burning

lights to retain and imprison like helpless &
dumb fireflies or like guests slipping on glass
boats where all the best girls sink like
pink dolphins in love with the undulating color
green like standing on one missing foot on
the desolate number of times we attempt to

feel something on the dust and rain quivering
on the forgotten lips of our own lost
and ruined together season the brown coffee stained
poems painted on our kitchen-floor or the
weight of an orange the peeled Saturday afternoons
we shared alone like the madly barking winds

at cool night how like this particularly harsh
April might actually be ending for us now

Bonus poem:

The Last Time

we met you wanted to
be hungrily kissed in

the dark with a small moon
for your only pillow
and just stars for your billowing
 nightgown. How am I
to go forward with so
much sweet chaos in my
mind? I am wrecked upon
your lips like a delirious
 dilapidated
old sailor who embraces
the surrounding
sea like it's an arrow
through a sad and thirsty heart.

