

# 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

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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.

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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.

