

Here We Go Then

by Darryl Price

"Wake up and ache for your life."--Natalie Diaz

The wind isn't always a friend, but, you know, it can be, on a nice day. It doesn't play favorites is all I'm saying. Still, I do enjoy its impossible fun company anyway. Most of the time. You see the dusty trail is always begging for you to go just one more step in that direction, just to see what you can find; hey, what's over in that particular direction's way, I wonder? It's the loneliest flat surface in the sun, if you ask me, even if it is visited from time to time by certain walk about birds and crawling along insects. Ants don't stop to talk. That's a given. But a nice plump dog paw is always welcomed company I'd imagine. That's all I'm saying about the animals. Flowers,

however, always seem to have the best view of any natural parade. They can dance up a storm in the rain and stand stock still without laughing in the hottest sun for hours, And, yes, I guess butterfly feet do tickle on the soft landings. Looking for that frisbee that hit the tree and ping-ponged into the bushes by the grumpy tall grasses. I know it sees me somehow. I know it hears me pulling bunches

of overgrown leaves out of the way. Inanimate objects are very much alive.

It waits like a hungry, but tired passenger at the same bus stop every day.

I do like its blue translucent color though. Very nice. A good contrast to the enormous sky, which is now some kind of baby blanket blue, I suppose you could

call it. Oh, there goes a well-dressed butterfly, if I've ever seen one. Seems like a nice fellow, but always in such a sticky hurry. And last but not least, our friends, the multitudinous clouds, pretending to be napping, tucked away up in a tight, bright corner like some kind of lost stuffing from a child's toy, but they're tricky. If you happen to look away for even a very small moment, the next time you see them they will be half way down the path like a floating fleet of bales of dried hay. Here we go then. Playtime's over. Put your daydreams away. Don't delay. Life is pushing you back into the river. Let go. The river knows which way it's going. You'll catch on to something sooner or later.

