

# How the Plum Fell, and Not Necessarily Why the Apple Flew

*by* Darryl Price

A friend of mine is killing me  
With all of her lies. If I die tonight, you can bet it's  
Because of her. A friend of mine  
Is killing me with those lit eyes like  
Twin pyramids holding up her rambling  
Blue skyline. Look I don't have to  
Explain her choice in eyeliner  
Graphics to you. She's made her own choices, I've made mine

The observation in words into a  
Cartoon strip of my own. A friend  
Of mine is killing me with her  
Humanitarian aid to  
Hungry refugees half a whole  
World away. She will wear the same  
Sandals she showed me her feet in,  
The same hair style she grew older

In, the same cute lisp she introduced  
To me her boyfriend in. A friend  
Of mine is killing me with her  
Hawaiian pronouncement that  
Sharks are considered sacred to  
The island peoples. If I die  
Don't let them kill anything on

My behalf. A friend of mine is,

Let's get down to it, not showing  
All the love that is in her heart, who is?  
Is it you? A friend of mine is  
Killing me by not showing up  
To the poetry event, but  
Coming into my orbit much  
Later looking like someone in  
Need of just me as a real true friend, like

Someone with a case of the lamo  
Excuses. I sure hope I don't catch  
It. I can't afford to be so  
boring. I'm sorry. Is that too crunchy for you  
and cruel? Well so is skipping  
the heart event aimed directly  
at yours. A friend of mine's killing  
me. Shit. Shit. Shit. A friend of mine's

killing me without any fair warning.  
A friend of mine is killing me  
And I certainly complain I  
Guess a lot about it. A friend  
Of mine is killing me, one day  
You'll be dead, too. A friend of mine  
Is killing me — it is so easy  
To lose faith in whatever's out there,

Outside of the machines that is. A friend of  
Mine stood on a hill and laughed in  
My direction because she felt  
Superior and to this day  
Is still killing me. A friend of  
Mine is killing me like LSD, slipped

Into my punch. Like the nothing  
Taste of astronaut food paste. Like a

Beautiful bright lemon. Like a little art  
Band. Like a florescent small town lamp.  
Like when the plum fell into the  
Child's lacy outstretched hands and fingers and somehow rolled  
into the gutter anyway.  
Like the unlikeliness of true to form garden  
Lilies. Like so many shallow uniformed  
Men selling their souls for sex. Like the light  
From a tall window suddenly

Gone over. The just a baby  
Nude on a sunken horse's broke back. Like let's say the  
Tax collector in kaki shorts too big  
For his hairy legs. Like the glittering  
Wet wings of an early morning  
Moth. You know the ones. Like Chinese  
Crackers. Like green eyes with a certain sad lost  
Look, the kind that freezes you as you cough in mid-air.

Bonus piece:

Another ZOO Story/from a blog by Darryl Price at the Olentangy  
Review

for Pat Pujolas

A gorilla is a being, a very special being, if I'm not mistaken, an  
animal

being, an endangered being that as far as we know is unique to this Earth  
alone. The problem is that a gorilla is not a Human being, therefore he or she can be murdered in order to protect the children of humans. Some say, sadly, that there was just no way to know how this particular animal was going to react in the long run to having his environment being invaded by a human child

or to being tranquilized by a high-powered dart gun in the process, so naturally a violent death was called for by the authorities in charge. We must always show these unpredictable creatures who is superior and who is not before they start thinking that they might want to live in any kind of real freedom of expression without getting our permission first. Sound familiar? Racism, bigotry, Fascism, sexism, species-ism? Let me explain. This morning on the TV news I heard a usually somewhat sane lady newscaster saying, "The child must

always be protected." Maybe so. I guess. That sounds right. But what bothered me was the bluntness of her pronouncement going out over the airwaves like a dictatorial pogrom, and there was simply zero compassion in her voice for the poor dead gorilla (who she didn't even mention)—who certainly didn't ask for any of this. Did this animal want to die for a kid's mistake? He lived 17 years before he was killed for the slide of a

child into his home. How many years have you already lived where you are now without having to pay the ultimate price

for someone else's trespass? Would a bullet in the head make you a better person

for it? He had a name. He had a home. There were those who cared

if he lived or he died. He will be missed. Mourned even. All right, so

admittedly it's a great big terrible situation all around, and I'm sure the overwhelmed mother

feels deservedly awful inside about the whole senseless ordeal that her little wandering off boy

has caused in the civilized world today, but let me ask you this, did that

particular gorilla have a right to his own particular feelings on that day? Will you allow

that he even had his own set of genuine feelings at the time of the

awful incident, not just instincts? Are the feelings of a gorilla's life, even a captured

one, at least important to the gorilla? Was his heart in the right place at

the wrong time? What's a gorilla to do? What would you do? I'm not asking

Jesus, like those bumper stickers say to do, I'm asking you. And, believe me, I get it.

There are no easy answers here. Everybody's a victim here and make no mistake, the

Zoo, the keepers, the parents, the animals, the public. All the easy answers make me

feel uneasy, queasy, but we are supposed to be the good shepherds, for good or for

bad, of all the creatures around us. We do seem to have a  
responsibility to  
them and for them. They are not just for our amusements. Or are  
they? I  
guess that's the real question here, just who in the world are we?  
Do tell.

