

# I Like the Celebration

*by* Darryl Price

But please, don't let me fall into any more smaller pieces than I  
already have, before

I get to kiss someone again and really mean

It. I'm pretty sure I've always believed in something more  
positive than just hate. I've

Always felt its lovely hidden energy, just below the surface of all  
living things, I just don't know what to call

It that doesn't make it sound like just another boring-me-to-pieces

Storyboard afraid to die of an even more boring laid open march  
of stale and normal

Paragraphs, before it gets to change the world for the  
somewhat better off. If

I could take the dear closest moment at hand, I'd very much like  
to thank, yes,

You without a trace of any bitter irony about the nature of good  
luck, when I tell

You that I think you were wrong then and you're probably

Just as wrong now. All the fun things we cared so much

About are still gathered together in my active brain, and on the  
banks of my dreams, by the needs of my hopeful hopes, like a brown  
and polluted river of utter private trees. No one can live in Paradise  
without going crazy. I like

The wildest things in this world just fine, and the exact way and  
the where that they

Are happening to be at this very minute, thank you very much. I'm  
pleased as punch whenever a new modern dancer

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Just happens to spring up out of the latest nowhere, and then just as beautifully done as a rainbow on fire surrounds us with his all consuming tickling arms until we can't resist her many charms any more without being called out as liars by our own deepest revolving artful selves alive.

### We Are Eating and Sleeping Through Galaxies(a draft)

until the window's thrown white horses start digging such soft warm

hoofs into the floor's already dream-soaked flattened out back only makes

this gathering of exotic birds that much more obvious to no

one in particular. No wonder swimmers smile so gracefully. I don't worry about that. I have my own strokes to carve the wet hour with while waiting alone for communications to get a little

easier in the moist and weeded out soil. I'd like it to be beautiful, but

I think it must be already or not. I see what survives us everywhere I go.

True love's timeless beaches. There is nowhere else I can fly deeper than that today.

### The light they hate to love (revised version)

by Darryl Price

The light they hate to love  
is always (so very much!)  
pulsating; the unbelievable  
color sword  
of what happens when  
any two persons find  
each other in their hearts  
and all pretense is somehow  
gone for at least that  
one laughter of a time. The  
dove  
some loathe to acknowledge  
so clearly is the  
same old mystery that  
begins at the very  
edge of another perfect sky--its  
flowers-- petals and all-- and continues  
all the way through  
to the insides of root  
pale until you find yourself  
(poof!)standing outside  
the gates once more.How does  
this thing continually happen to happen to us?  
Let me tell  
you.Look.They will mash them  
to sorrowful bits with  
their meaty fingers pressed  
into boulders of fury  
and still it will not  
yield up one honey drop  
of its secret salve to them.There  
is no  
good to be had, they will scream

at you. Life is only  
a cruel enough lie, they will wail and moan inside a dead man's  
chest like the ghostly pirates they are and they'll demand; demand,  
demand,  
they will strangle it out  
of you then, all out of  
your throat, but nothing will  
stop the endless stream of  
pleasure that newly  
comes  
forth from doing absolutely  
nothing, no hope, nothing  
to be gained from, again  
and again and again. Amen.  
They'll plant sad awful fields  
and harvest the bitter  
grains and send them all  
around the world. There are  
those fools greedy  
enough  
to buy in if the price  
is cheap enough. They will  
also mix it into your  
fondest dreams, weave it inside  
your very clothing,  
lace your coffee and donuts  
with enough fear to  
bring down an elephant herd  
to  
its saggy knees. And  
still there will be genuine  
laughter somewhere. And still there  
will be small bewildering  
acts of total benevolence somehow.  
And still there

shall be poets singing  
about stars and moons with their  
long blue rivers of clouds  
upon more enigmatic  
clouds and healing hands reaching out of there like gleaming  
sailboats  
for the simple joy of asking.  
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There are those among us who are always going to be only out for themselves. They take, they don't ask, and if you get in their way they justify their actions with violence. These people are sad beyond repair, and dangerous to every forest creature, including man and woman. And yet, if there is love, and yet, something in the world will laugh at their folly, and refuses to give in to their childish demands for more and more of everything. It only takes one small flower to prove just how wrong they are and always have been. And always will be.

### The Ticking Situation

(revised-- scrambled eggs version)

Beauty belongs in its own  
garden. How close  
the villains are!  
Not all are brothers.

Beauty doesn't need to show  
more proof. How harshly these  
raindrops howl! We  
are not all water.

Beauty remembers nothing  
for long. There is no  
you and me. There's  
you. There's only me.

Beauty will remain under  
a blue sky. Bugs climb  
into one hand  
and out the other.

Inside a Past  
by Darryl Price

we held our weeping to  
wall after wall of trees.  
Scattering bones still spelled  
out home because they knew  
no other name. Savage  
time can only throw dice  
against the wall over  
and over again, it  
doesn't really make the  
poor rough animals stay  
less hungry for the soft  
beguiling moon above which they  
always seem to think is  
only resting in a  
shallow fuzzy lake just  
waiting for someone to  
bend inside the latest  
illusion of far too  
many stars and retrieve  
its glare at long last. It must

after all be the most  
delicious, singular  
fruit of all time. Who among  
us wouldn't want to  
wait for that fat wet taste to appear on our tongues?  
Plenty of us. Sadly  
to say a number stayed  
right where they froze and died  
in their lighted, vacant  
positions, not ever  
finally knowing that  
only freedom can guarantee  
ownership forever  
and forever isn't coming.  
The story doesn't change  
because it is the same as before.  
No matter how many times  
they hang you, we are the  
remembrance in all your  
deepest dancing senses,  
we are the spark that sets  
off the next new wave of rare  
feelings, we are the brightest  
upright fingers that will  
daily reach for the sun's  
welcoming face like train  
tracks to mars, we'll never  
stop, we will find your love if it kills us.  
Darryl Price October 29, 2012

#### Author's Note

The past is still with us, near, because of course it informs us of the continuation of all being, through sorrow, through joy, through tenderness, through the unexpected. We can't escape it just because

we put on new clothes. The game is the same. To survive, to find meaning before it all changes again. To reach out and find each other and deliver the love that means the most and bring it on home.

