I Was Supposed to Write This

by Darryl Price

I was supposed to write a history of the old world
and expose the selfish ones who use their best kept love for
evil against the good little witches of childhood, but
it made no sense to me to go after them in that obvious a way. They still
have to die in their own arms. I was given the finest
words to a poem in a dream last night, but I had to
retire those harsh things out of compassion for the poor haters

who hurt so badly inside that they can no longer see another way
to be touched other than to own everything.I mean I certainly
don't value the harm they've caused, but I've made enough harm
myself through my art's single-mindedness to sink a hundred
paper boats with a barrage of carelessly thrown beads and flung away pebbles.There's
no excuse for it. I'd rather kiss you deeply and mean it. That's
way more important to the stars I know than growing young again

by any means necessary under another disappointing race to the moon's basement,
if you ask me, and if it isn't I don't care. There are
tiny miraculous white flowers you haven't even begun to
listen to yet that grow in wide open spaces that are
already becoming fogged mirages because of you. Do we really have
the spare time to go after the ones who are coming after
us anyway? What will we meet them with? I've always smiled

at the knowledge that their fate is sealed. Your face in my hands

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/i-was-supposed-to-write-this»*
Copyright © 2013 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

is a lot more fulfilling. How many more ways can I break
this to you? I don't care if they read my poems in school. I care
that my poems talk about the soft skies of your eyes over
and over again. It's never enough. That's a truer
truth than all the warning bells about growing monsters and war.
Magic is under review, but I believe your song.