

# I'm Just Not Interested

*by* Darryl Price

in making your sad blown apart hearts rise up and squeeze out the kindness juices ever so sweetly anymore. Tried

that. Didn't work out too well, not for me, wasn't a BIG time of waste,

but did eat up some important wee hours left to just simply be floating about in my garden with the greenest of nice faint folk at hand. I've come to the

conclusion you should never do more than enjoy the true time just the

way it is. Just grab a hungry lungful and an bashful eyefull and go about your own small business plan, which I suppose is to eventually

leap over the garden walls and run like hell towards the unknown worlds. We kicked ourselves out. That's

what we do the best. Let all the denizens stay exactly where they are—you'll meet more and plenty. Only a fool would look up at the stars and wonder why we are still here all alone. I've got to say I believe in

something quite tangible, so why not this mental buzzing and inky pathway set down here before you? It's your own table spread before you as much as mine. It's as

good as any cloud for containing a bunch of rainyday dreams to come, and who knows it may even divide and provide an incredible slide show for all the kiddies? Nah, I mean

that's just way too cynical, even for me. You can have your monuments to fearful heavens. That's never worked out for me

except to make me aware of the loveliness of bells,

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the sadness of angels, and the wretchedness of most people.

Why are all the corners of the logged in world full of  
little old ladies polishing everything into a slippery mess?The  
good old  
point, the point that can't be gotten to so easily because  
it lands where it lands, and that's a different throw

each time you make it I'm afraid-no matter how good you are.  
That's why you don't aim. It's pointless. You  
just bring the two colliding world's heads together and bite deeply  
into  
the oncoming spark with all the gusto you can muster. What  
happens next? You are far-flung into a  
freefall, where you will either right yourself or feel like

your arms are melting off on a runaway speed dial whip of wind.  
Your father cannot save you then  
from such a glorious height. Only you can save you. That's  
the lonely flare on your own skin cells you'll be remembering. It's  
telling you right now  
that another piece is either gone or coming back home

again to complete your kit as you become your own journey.  
You're it. People know all this one way or another.  
They're not fooled by books. They just don't have the  
heart left for it half the time because they've already had

their own hearts eaten away in chunks by  
invisible wolves. Amazing  
how much of a missing song title will return to you in the many  
sad  
days to come, if you truly want it to, but you  
have to wish for it with your whole life at stake or it simply won't  
speak up any louder than as a small whisper,

refusing to self-manifest as more than a few quickly blown notes  
to the winds of time when you aren't looking directly at it. You  
will force yourself to  
live again on purpose. Rise up again on purpose. And again. And  
again. And again.  
And again. And again. Until you have fulfilled the ultimate

breathing at last to the sounding out of the life majestic living  
directly inside of you the whole time a note like no other and yet  
familiar. And now  
we come once more to yet another ending of one  
thing and the beginning of quite another for the both of us. You  
are going  
on from here to breach another shored up doorstep to the  
ultimate end zone, kill

another day with kindness or not, mold another soft hour to your  
bidding, add another ice cream cone to the eternal breakdown of  
civilization,  
another beached whale tied to the bricked wall, another city  
smothering in its own churning filth,  
another voice above the blinding din of crashing metal  
monstrosities, another after another after another. You'll find  
yourself either roughly  
shoved up flat against the tallest glass around or slipped just  
slightly under it. Everything torn

out or worn away or simply gone to make the  
road stretching so far in front of you that you  
can't imagine where it ever stops, how you'll even get there from  
here,  
but there it is, and here you are, like always.

Bonus material: a draft

They didn't know you could still exist like that  
from just this new morning,can't believe with their  
own two eyes that you've managed among them for  
even one more same day. Nobody's just a  
girl anymore. Maybe once upon a time  
they could teach you their scare stories while baking  
you up a gooey chocolate pie,but you  
taught yourself how to read the good ones on your  
lonely own time, now you know how to find that much more  
interesting kingdom in your own secret  
voice,and like the miracle that it is,you're  
quite able to share its doorway with many  
hungry others anytime you choose. They are  
surely going to have to spend a lot of  
crunch time convincing you otherwise, but they'll  
try, they'll try. It isn't that they don't want you  
to be full of your own magic,or to use  
that gold dust to fly,but only that they want  
your rare laughter to themselves for as long as  
humanely possible. It's an old way ritual,  
a first dance. You choose affection. No  
matter what they say,it's always your best choice.  
If they respected you they'd see it in a  
New Moon minute.They chose a more physical  
manifestation of happiness, one that  
belongs more in a museum than in a  
ratty old backpack filled with childhood's playful  
medicines. But why am I telling you all  
this stupid stuff? Because right now you are the  
one red button everyone has their hands on,  
press hard enough and you'll disappear forever

into whatever life you fall into  
as you slowly descend. Some love you for yourself,  
but only because you are beautiful.

Such an ugly word. It doesn't mean you. It  
means your time has come. Your essence is in the  
world at last. Even you will abandon that  
clothesline life for a walk into the nearest  
unknown just to drop out the door of your own  
free fall. Please remember to carry with you  
your one favorite Beatle record and some  
rubber bands and maybe a poem or two  
about wild horses and islands that you have  
already memorized but still love to read.

BONUS STUFF:

Think

by Darryl Price

There is a perfectly fitting ghost that is  
your rightful place in this world. The sore problem  
being that you can't fully step into that  
comfortable cartoon space until you're quite  
done working it out with this more mundane one.

Still it's a strange room of remembrances with  
your one name carved on its door like an exit  
sign. It does you no good to go to the church  
after the recent fact. There's no comfort in  
cowering in fearful hope all over again.

All ships sink. All angels have hearts of stone,  
unless you become one yourself and change the  
celestial rules. I like that idea.

Let's keep it in mind like a dream ace, like  
the ultimate feeling. You've got to present  
your ghost to the new, larger host, as is. Maybe  
you'll come back, but I doubt it. More likely  
you'll never leave us at all, not in the holy

way you're thinking about. So what's that exactly steer  
us with? Like any other obvious choice,  
the present body in motion I presume. You don't have  
to think about the cliffs or the rocks or the  
numbing coldness of the water, the breathless,  
last supper of liquid air, because it doesn't  
matter to that minute. Here is where you'll  
find poetry. Here is where you'll tingle to  
the touch. And here is where I see you every  
bit as enchanting as any tale of any  
miracle sent to save us from our own  
petty boredoms and ugly, violent crimes.  
Here there are treetops aplenty. What grows  
over there? Here, at least, I see your bright face,  
every reason for each new beginning day.  
Mr. Poetry

happily lived alone in his full blown head like it was an  
assigned bunk in a nuclear yellow submarine. It was there that he  
sought out any true friendships with this otherwise truly given  
life. To

be completely accurate, he was a dreamer by day and an animal  
actor by night, and in between these two sun-charged extremes  
he could

be found scribbling on various flat or folded surfaces of the  
physical

world his little marching words of love for love's sake. He was  
a brown man in disposition and a green man in demeanor and  
a blue man while driving and listening to the classical radio  
station.

He thought for sure that everybody else was experiencing the  
same shift

in cloudy rainbows on a regular basis that he was, but naturally  
no one knew exactly how to tell him otherwise. They assumed he  
would find out sooner or later just who his predators were and

who his friends were busy being at the same time. He reminded them of a friendly bug. They hoped nobody wanted to squash him. One thing Mr. Poetry liked very much in his lifetime was all butterflies, not that he wanted to be one, or even like one, but that he wanted to befriend them always for some deeply ringing reason. He sought no answers for this particular desire because he thought none required. He liked them and they liked and accepted him. This all started to happen quite naturally when he was around five years old or younger. He would very simply walk right up to one sitting spread-winged on a flower or bright purple bush and tell it to jump onto his straightened finger, it would do it, just like that. He could then carefully bring it up to his nose and look at it all he wanted. When he was done looking at its shape and notating every colorful flashing scale to his brain cells, he would thankfully tell it to fly away, it would. Done, simple as that. But of course relationships do ever change over time and so did Mr. Poetry's with his friends, the summer's many yellow and orange and blue and red and brown butterflies. They began to fly into his dreams and stay there with him, even on winter's loud runner's breaths, you might say. At first he thought nothing about this, what's the big deal? He liked them and they accepted him. So what was the harm in letting them flutter a little longer inside his memory if they wanted to? They were welcomed to fly along any time. He enjoyed their peaceful, playful company and always had. Mister Poetry thought nothing about his ability to make friends with these kinds

of woodland creatures, it was simply a matter of presenting a real non-threatening presence to their antennas through a vivid imagining of constant goodwill.

No big. Anybody could do it with a little conscious and consistent editing practice. One day while our Mr. Poetry was lost running around in a little jag of daydreaming splendor one of these butterflies, a tiny blue azure fellow with black and white stripes running up and down his feelers like some kind of Tim Burton barbershop pole prop, spoke to him through the hairs on his arm, saying. " We'd very much like to ask you to write something down for us, will you do this?" Of course, my friends, of course, Mr. Poetry answered through his wet eyelashes, you know I am honored to hear your actual vertebrates. He died with all of this leading up to that mythical paragraph added in a quick dark ink scribble to the end of his will in hand, but for you, dear reader, we shall know the last half of his understanding together. Here is what:

You think us as like grass, but we are witnesses to the day. You want to build your homes in our homes, but we welcome you. There's still plenty of room in eternity. We shrink because we will. We'll always fit the world. What we are doing is our duty, what we are being is our prayer. You think you have to dance alone to find your one true love, but it's the dance that is the one, dancer is present everywhere, making things happen...



