

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...

