

# It Always Comes So Close & Then Disappears

*by* Darryl Price

It's all down to you. To every new morning's baby crying.

Down to your blank notebook, all sides opening at once, hands  
like an ocean of birds. You standing  
there looking back at me from behind  
your chosen wall of love's newly made flesh. Your smile like blood  
on a blade of grass. That's  
such a lonely thing to do. You  
never fully believed in sending silly

hand puppets to the ancient citizen  
stars like I did, maybe once but not anymore. And I never  
pretended you're  
not really all there all the time. The damage  
gets quietly done. We make no  
best attempt to break the fragile  
peace into holy wafers. To shatter the cold illusion

that we are only worlds apart, into laughter that flickers on the  
faces of onlookers.

I hear your earrings for instance  
and I wonder what that might  
feel like in a cave. It's nothing false. That kind  
of damned longing takes all of my patience and then some. That  
kind of hapless wondering around  
for its own simple sake makes me crazy with bottomless grief.  
That puzzling of a faroff mystery bell calls me to many ancient tears.  
Sometimes

I think to myself I am

only a mirror you can comb  
your hair in. Check your teeth for misapplied lipstick.  
What if I came around? Met  
you on the other side of this overgrown forest of  
glass and sharp-eyed splinters? Would we simply walk away, free  
at last,

hand in hand, or would you disappear  
the moment I stepped into  
your personal sunshine? It's a tender trap,  
as they say, but the shock is a  
very real looking for some real found light upon only your face.  
You paraded by like remembered

visitors at a shadowy all-night  
zoo. All of you. One by one. The only thing  
I see on your stranger faces now  
is the hidden lunch schedules in  
your shut down heads. Still I tape my poems  
to the wind as I run out

of fresh lemonade and sweet dreaming and the ticking  
timebombs that jingle in my pocket. I thought you were my  
most beautiful  
dreaming thing to ever happen. Something's always running  
out on our friendship I suppose. Nothing  
new here. The sun goes down. And away it goes. Someday  
we'll walk alone together again. Private rain flares up and  
suddenly I'm soaked and spitting out real leaves.

