

# London

*by* Darryl Price

We were waiting for an unseen state of  
new mind, to be quite honest. It wasn't  
to be found in the fat bellied beer, although  
we tried. The amber colors did seem  
to mix well with the rain, if you looked with

only one eye open, into something  
else altogether, silly and possibly  
serene looking. I liked seeing all  
those bright styles of wet plastic coats of arms,  
walking around like slippery chessmen,

never really meeting, but coming awfully  
close. Swiveling this way and that,  
looking for the right paths in the dark lights,  
ringing like silent bells in between the  
shaggy youthful gangs of roving high winds.

We were like mice packed into crowded cardboard  
packages, stacked on top of each other,  
watching for something other than the  
somber nightly news to appear coming  
through that doorway, straight at us, to chase our

deepening blues away. The beer was disappearing  
faster than we could drink it,  
but we managed to catch up somehow. But  
the damndest thing was the color green, not  
just any green, but glowing, living in

a burning light of its own skin, manufactured  
from within, that could still be seen

heavily on fire everywhere you looked,  
as if it lived in a world of its own,  
thrown down and on top of every street's parkways

like heavenly confetti. It didn't  
just melt or stop beaming or begin  
washing away in any sense of the  
word. It simply waited, like a good dog,  
for whatever we were up to, whatever

we were doing, to end, so that we  
could once again take up the familiar  
gait together and get on with it  
all. Which we eventually did. And  
that color's all that's left of the story.

