## 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 damnedest 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.