Me and the Fleeting Glimpse

by Darryl Price

I worry about my garden. I know there are
larger concerns lurking in the stale shadows than my limp little
flowers, things more pressing to the meeting of minds
than thick lush green leaves might bring, but this is my own greenish way of
giving the world my answer back in roots, or at least in a sense of some sure
rootedness. If I could plant a redwood or a
whole mountain of rock I would, certainly I would do it, yes and yes I would-- just for

you to enjoy. The wild world creates its own fields and that's just fine with
me, and yet I have these new little yellow flowers to simply
enjoy as company today-- I bought from China-- that I'm trying
to keep alive in the world of my kitchen, standing right up there in the window sil
before me. I don't know exactly where this hope always seems to
spring from. Still I believe in its simple enough
elegant purpose—to be. That's what I like so
much about the poems. There're so many varieties,

and they'll grow just about anywhere—you never
know where you'll find one next—or what they might do to
you, if you should decide to eat one or more. Well, could be nothing.
Maybe, or something. Maybe that's up to you. It's not

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/me-and-the-fleeting-glimpse»*
Copyright © 2013 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

so much to go on, I suppose. I'm growing these
tiny yellow flowers, not for world domination,
not to get your rapt attention, not to
bomb you, not to take away your lands, not to fool

you in any way, not to rob you, not to trip
you out over a cliff, and they are so very sweet
to look at, with their softer than air floating petals, and
I hope somehow this makes a difference in the
way we go about our lives today. It already has,
for me at least. I've made the choice to give you some of my
flowers, inside these cupped words today. I hope you'll accept
them from me, and also enjoy their essence in your own homes,
right away.