Meet Your Happy-Go-Lucky Poet

by Darryl Price

"Time is an ocean, but it ends at the shore. You may not see me tomorrow."--Bob Dylan

They're writing poems, but not for me. Guess
I'll write one for my own. For nobody that
I know now. It's a pretty lonely world
for someone who sings, not you, not with the
easier life you know. You're Saturday
night. Hey, I don't know what day I am, but
it's probably a working day. Yeah I'm
between breathing something and something else.

All the good things we do are just for a
quick moment, like being shut in my own
room, inside of a dream. All the bad things
seem to linger and rot. It's not that fair,
but nothing is or maybe everything
is and we just don't like being put all
together here in the draining pool. It
makes me want to shout, too. That's what we're thrown

up against: a long sad mirror and an
even shorter set of butterfly-shaped
memories. One is an always changing
fleeting thing, the other's a ravenous
monster of fire, feeding on the ripest
stars in the cloud packed sky. I don't want to
play, the world is a heart-breaking place, with
the universal spinning top, that's what

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/meet-your-happy-go-lucky-poet»*
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lovers do. I am no longer a fool
gambling everything on tenderness and
a little affection. They're writing their
poems, must have pissed someone off,
same people, just different people that
seem to live inside those grandest wishes
available to humankind. Writing
poems. I don't know what I'm doing here

with you. I don't belong to them, but it
still hurts. You deserve better than me as
your passing poet. I told you this was
not going to last. But I would love a
love like you. But I'm sick of empty arms.
But they're writing poems, just not my kind.
But I've got nothing to say. But I'm still
falling apart. But I hope there is more.

Bonus poems:

How to Wear a Paper Mache Salmon on Your Head
by Darryl Price

I meant to do
something, like anything
at all, but I
ended up doing squat.
I could sing
up a storm when I wanted

to. You could say
I couldn't help myself
because waters were
cascading down a
a rainbow colored hill
of pearl handled

dreaming rocks and
I joined on in like a
madly in love salmon,
happy to just
be alive, swimming hard
against the odds.

A Million and One Ways
by Darryl Price

The problem is there's always so much more
to see when you open up your sleepy
eyes to the night now withdrawn. And any
one thing you pick out first becomes only
another sad illusion whenever

you consider the rest of the lost and
banished crowds pushed out to the margins like
so much squashed grass. Oh it's good to scan the
universal parking lot every now
and then with your own deepest feeling I

believe. You'll learn a lot about the at
best slippery nature of a truly
mysterious light. I reported on
what I saw with my own alone freedoms

because I wanted to share whatever

I got out of it with you. It seemed like
the right thing. I don't regret any of
it. I'd do it all again. It's just that
shared love has a million ways to become
a worn and vanishing photograph of

a dream that didn't come true. Why say more
about the sorrow that accompanies
our brief earthly lives without each other?
Because whatever they say, it matters
to me to tell you I'll always love you.

My Sister by Darryl Price

My sister died today. I used to
lie on her couch late at night
and watch detective show reruns until I
fell asleep. Sometimes I would turn off
the TV and listen to police sirens.
In the morning birds would be singing..