

Mirrors/srorriM

by Darryl Price

It's weird to be here. I wonder if you
are here too. You'd probably say oh that
was years ago. And you would be right. But
I like the things we believed in then. Some
of them I still do. You're one I guess. You
were so pretty and golden in your new
bathing suit. And I was too skinny from
smoking too much and eating too little.
But I was always up for writing you
another song. I don't know if we had

troubled minds. We had aching hearts. And there
didn't seem to be much relief for that.
But still we laughed a lot. And we knew how
to take care of each other. That's something.
I don't like to hear the people calling
other people monsters. It makes me think
of broken mirrors. Trees full of them. Stars
flashing them like knives. Windows on houses
where no one has seen a living face in
years. It's weird to be here, incapable

of talking with you without missing the
smallest things, except through a bunch of typed
out words on a computer screen. I used
to love my typewriter. The way it pressed
each letter deep into the paper's dough,
the crowded sentences starting to line
up like chattering concert goers with
thrills and unknown expectations in their
eyes. We held hands once and it seemed like the

only safe thing that made any real sense

to me in the world. Now I'm like one of those guys walking alone on the beach, no big dog, no favorite frisbee, just a goofy fishing hat and some sunglasses. Not wanting to know what time it is, but being able to tell any way by the color of the sand and sea. You learn a few solid things and try to forget everything else. It's weird to be here. I'm still me. I wonder if you're still you. The

you that was the most beautiful person in the room of beautiful people. I liked looking for you. And I liked finding you. It's weird to be here. Now is such a far away place to be. And here isn't much better. I wanted to say that I'm sorry, but I don't know what for. We had dreams that came and asked us to get into different cars. I didn't want you to go with them. I didn't trust them, but I

trusted you. It's weird to be here. The world is still as cruel as a snake. It hasn't gotten any kinder. I hope it has been kind to you. Weird. But not so wrong I suppose. You knew how to smile. Everyone said so. I admired that about you. My crookedly round face could only try to almost get it right, feeling mostly out of place in every place, except when I was anywhere with you. Not so much a

miracle, let them say, but we know, it
was our little secret. It's weird. I made
it into the poetry papers, but
you're not here to read them. It's weird to be
here. It's not where I thought I'd be. It's a
rotten town everywhere you go. But I
wouldn't call it a wasted life. We just
didn't know it would call us to leave each
other forever to the other side
of the moon. But I look up and I smile.

