My Two-Car Garage Heart

by Darryl Price

The world is weary. We have not made it any easier. It was
the most pleasant experience to actually see your real eyes. Nothing was painted
or hidden beneath drooping lids. All was alive within and without.
Journey's edge is not without calling, but what do you hear without me? For I see only

another mountain rolling toward another night. The world is weary.
It is not sleeping. We are moving, but it barely notices our shadows.
Wherever you are standing, that ground is blessed. It feels your weight and improves its own
surprising strength to carry you forward without me. Deep thought is always in your shape

and form. No wind can caress me again until you put your fingers
there. The world is weary of those beggars drunk with suffering fools. The
weary world is upon all our backs. Eventually, the parade fades into a
parking lot that wasn't there before. A rockface with no door to gain entrance. Looks

known, but not introduced by experience. It's the danger of the road. The
world is a weary place to be traveling from, back to the impossible
task of finding you, as you always were, home in my heart of
hearts. The world is a dreary dawn. I'll carry that weight. They'll try to dance

with you. World weary, I will not stop. I keep the secret in
the middle of my lake. They are dusty moths trying to get inside
lamp light. The weary world will sweep them up off the street, over

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/my-two-car-garage-heart»*
Copyright © 2026 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

and over, sooner or later. Don't be one of them. I have not forgotten. This

world feels so weary, gone wrong now. Love ruins everything you know. I
don't believe in their dead excuses. What more can I say? The world licks survivor's guilt on a stick. But, listen, mine for you never got old or cold. There's a beautiful Brussel's bridge to cross over together some perfect day.

