

# Office Visit to the Tired Faces

*by* Darryl Price

The air-conditioned window contained  
some China blue sky and mostly green  
overlapping trees. The wind rushed around  
and around my heart. One single leaf

fluttered continuously more than  
the others and caught my attention,  
more than the made-up white cloud face smirking  
behind it all, or the little

speckled bird I was sure must be turning  
his head side to side in there somewhere.  
It wasn't a broken scene, none of  
it was, just kind of multi-layered,

like a lemon yellow cake, or a  
perfect piece of film art. The room I  
was sitting in didn't feel good or  
unkind, it just didn't cause me to

feel anything enticing, like the  
circus tents of waving trees with their  
beckoning sky flags outside. I wanted  
to run away to join that circus

as soon as possible. The plastic  
frame had six hard-edged eyes that reflected  
nothing back to me, but gray  
metal and bright fluorescence. Nobody

tells you what to do about the  
cold loneliness associated  
with waiting to be seen and heard. The  
oblivious trees made no sound in

creaking protest, but I heard them bending  
and growing in my head space  
anyway. Later, winding the car  
towards home, I laughed at my own tears.

