

# Painted Pictures

*by* Darryl Price

We danced once. It was something to do  
that they couldn't quite shutdown without  
looking stupid and petty. We turned  
the lights down whenever we got the  
chance again. That's the point. We didn't  
stop looking for the experience,

feeling something beyond misery.  
Discovering something for ourselves.  
They painted pictures of it, they wrote  
profound poems about it, they sang  
mad and sad songs about it, but we  
kept it fresh in our hearts all the time.

We were alive with it, not regretting  
losing it, every day. Not taking  
it out on others. It wasn't a  
Hollywood movie, it was a new  
day unlike any other. That's what  
you can't go back and reclaim as yours

and yours alone. That's what they mean when  
they say you only have one laugh to  
live. As long as you're still here now, you  
don't have to be lost anywhere else  
in time. I watched them go, but didn't  
feel blessed to see them unravel so

fast after the party, one by one.  
And now, I'm familiar with the  
Gypsy sky, whether filled with heavy  
rain or thin air. Both as old companions

and silver birds as they pass  
the sand. I blame none for choosing to

live among the pretty red starfish  
over breakfast with a ghost, though I'm  
no weary stranger looking for an  
empty available room in the  
caring heart either. Your song is on  
the kitchen window sill as promised.

