Playing Horse in front of My Two-Car Garage Heart

by Darryl Price

The world's a weary place. We've not made it any easier. It was the most pleasant experience to actually see your eyes open. 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

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with you. World weary, I'll never stop. I keep our 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
and over, sooner or later. Don't be one of them. I've not forgotten
you. This

world feels worn down, gone wrong now. Love ruins everything you
know. I
don't believe in those 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 cobbled Brussel's bridge to cross together,
soon, some windy day.

