

Real World

by Darryl Price

The fruit goes bad if you don't eat it in
time. It has its time to complement you
with itself. When it does, when all's right, you
become the fruit and the fruit becomes you.
A real world reminder of how seeds work.

When you are the fruit, you may create strawberry
fields of vision. When the fruit is
you, it may look at the sun and sailboats
on the water and enjoy the view like
any other bird or a cloud. All things

respond to a comfortable wind with a
small hopeful smile. There can be jerks on sailboats
but I wonder if sailboats themselves
can be jerks? The Japanese believe inanimate
objects can possess a kind

of living spirit if they are pushed to
it. I don't know if magic is the right
word for it because they seem to be talking
about your broom as a kind of broom
person and not just a handy cleaning

tool. My albums seem to love to fall over
all by themselves sometimes. The world is
a funny place. Let's start there. When you go
acting on an adventure impulse everything
you do is a potential dangerous

deterrent to your making it
back in time for chocolate cake. You can

read that a million different ways or you
can pretend you only understand English.
When I was a boy I wanted to

tell you something I saw in the forest
that suddenly made everything make sense,
but you only laughed. When I was an angry
young man, I tried to find the right words
for everything everywhere, but the words

just couldn't begin to reach that far. Now
that I am here, I only wish I had
told you sooner that your spirit has been
a necessary and wonderful part
of my own world and journey. This story

is not private. I want you to see it.
Maybe it will get up all by itself
and dance around. Be someone. Animate
a bunch of words into a story. Tell
you a secret. Show you a meaning. You

never know. I've enjoyed walking through this
poem with you. We should do it again.
It's not too late as long as we believe
in the moment as something alive and
not just carved out of stone, something timely.

