

Save the Spinning World

by Darryl Price

or do we tickle each other's private
stocks of fancy instead? I know which one
I would choose, but so do you, and that's how
the question's always changing places with the wrongheaded
answer's velcro-lined vest, bullet to blasting point, so nothing's
ever

strictly black and white in our little bone of a town. Don't worry.
I've set the controls. We're free to roam the
interior of the poem at least
for a small while before it starts to wonder

where we've gone off to and starts to look
around for us with its webcam. See, that's
the risk you have to take when nature calls
you out to play a friendly game of hide
and seek. With its own stars for home base, it's
a con game to begin with. Everything
else is dealing with the risk and risking
its own neck in the pursuit of some good
old tasty meaning of life. Don't let them fool you
into thinking maybe its otherwise on the far eastern shores of
Mars.

We're all asking the big questions even
while we're floating on the immaculate surface of the bluest clear-
eyed suburban
pools imaginable, blown up like plastic donuts, daring
the universe to prove us wrong again. Do it.
Go ahead. I dare you. Make a great big honking noisy splash
right up here next to my ear, right here, and right now. I
dare you means I don't want to ever have to believe

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in being so alone ever again. Show me something invincible,
touching me besides the burning
sun on my skin, the trapped water and the tethered wind

playing let's rip the invisible band-aid
off and on that stupid male donkey's
ass for some quick laughs ; I sink my own day further into
a feverish dreaming of swimming for my life, but
away from what? Well for starters how about those
puttied together paper politicians
who cast their doubts into the crowds like free mint flavored
tickets to a sold out baseball game all
in the name of getting a good paying
job for themselves? They're not actually

going to help you in any way once
they are elected. They're going to buy themselves some nice, new
shiny

stuff. But I'm not going to waste my inches
making you another long list of things
that will always bother me. That's just no fun.
Leave it at that. Well we'd better be getting
back to our breath-taking seats. We've still got a job
to do. I just wanted you to know you
are among the good enough reasons to
believe in being here and getting there. Let's go show those crazy
stars a great big beautiful thing or two.

