

# Sea Bubbles

*by* Darryl Price

"I don't know why you say good-bye, I say hello."--The Beatles

Things fall from the clouds. Things fall from the  
floor. Maybe through, maybe all the way.  
Everyone argues for their homeland.  
Someday I'd like to hold your hand. I'm  
still dreaming. I hope it continues  
to rain today. Things fall sideways. Things  
might fall through other things. How far is  
this far? Am I supposed to care; just  
not care? Someday I'd like to walk with  
you by the water. It's a simple  
request thing. We don't speak, shouldn't have  
to say anything meaningful or  
too deep. Things fall over a cliff. Things  
fall on a forest floor. Coral falls  
in a sea bubble. Waves fall into  
nothing, more and more. But the world wakes  
up every day. Beaches come alive.  
The streets get smeared with people and cats.  
Over and over. Things fall from the  
Laughing crying skies. Things fall from the  
children's sleepy eyes. Voices rise and  
fall like birds. Someday I'd like to smell  
your hair blowing soft against my face. dp

Bonus poem:

The Audience in the Trees by Darryl Price

There's no music in my head right now, a little sadness, but I own it.

I don't know why some people want to write their own lousy story lines over

yours, especially when you are only being a silly guy, an idiot guy, who is

trying very hard, dancing on the hard linoleum floor of doom all by himself, to

come up with something clever to say and new to act out for the lonely

distracted girl behind the glass counter. Behind the water crushing wheel. Behind the ice cream

mirror. Behind the disappearing walls and floors. Behind the inevitable toll booth. Behind your rising

swinging carriage hanging on by a single fragile cable of faith in daring acts of

flying over the heads of unaware peoples without a pair of genuine leather bat wings.

Most of the time we are little more than raving baboons making no sense at

all to the audience in the trees. I've been on the other side; wanting very

much to put my arm around the poor guy's shaking shoulders and say calmly, loudly,

come with me if you want to live. The girl's seen it all before any way. She could probably translate the mangled message, the actual obvious missteps into something more

normal sounding, but why try, it's all so predictable and boring. She doesn't want to

misuse her powers exactly, she didn't ask for it, she doesn't really care, she just

wants to know how to turn the damned thing off and on. And be  
free,  
of course, to control the switch any time she chooses. I hope they  
never make  
me a king. Well, I wouldn't want the job any way, but I'm pretty  
sure  
I would suck at it because that's pretty much the job describing  
itself. Better to

be brave, to walk away. Say you've seen a thing or two. But you  
refused  
damnation on anybody else's terms. Death seems like a pretty,  
misunderstood concept. It doesn't matter  
what philosophy you challenge it with. It only matters that you  
see it. Then you  
may have a chance at some real life outside of the zombie zone.  
You think  
I make these poems up to impress you, but they are to step into,  
in my own way.

Extra bonus:

Our Beautiful Moments by Darryl Price

There's no telling where you'll fly off to, it doesn't take  
A tragic robot arm to detach itself before you hit the  
Ground running. You've already made the decision to fly whenever  
the  
Chance presents itself. Don't blame it on the cables in your  
Head. Not this time. I just wish you could feel something  
That's not being fed to you through a tube. Take it

Anyway you want to. I just wish someone would take all these  
Lies and burn them to the ground. I'd prefer that to

A life of silly putty parties. They're only copying the cartoons  
Backwards out of boredom. Listen and you'll see we only want to  
share what

We are already sharing with you. It's not complicated, unless you  
want to

Read it in that way. Like I said I find it amazing

That you've already buried your walking shoes in the solid  
ground. I'm

Not here to talk you out of anything. Or into anything.

It's not a tragic hour, it's a laugh, you and your  
lawyers all convening in your fears and hatred like little kids

hiding behind a fake burning bush. And what is it that you  
want? Simplify the answer. Again. Again. Again. Sooner or later  
you've

got to admit you're just as lonely and mystified at the human  
condition as the

rest of us. Don't worry. I'm getting there. It's just hard

to get past your petty cruelty to the tasty poetry part in  
the middle. But we do it. And we are beautiful doing  
it. We've had our beautiful moments together. This tells us  
everything we

need to know about the nature of the pendulum. As long

as we're here we'll keep on making it happen. It can't  
all be perfect mistakes. Sometimes that's just dumb luck.  
Something you

wouldn't take in even if it were one of those pitiful kittens  
you always seem to cry over. Man, I thought you were better than

that. You know you've proven them right, right? Every sick thing  
that

they tell themselves to justify the violence they throw at the  
streets. Why

you think they keep so many sharpened knives dripping with  
shadows downtown?

Like hideous shower curtains of so many unnecessary night-  
mares? It's not because they

don't know how to take pictures of their loved ones. It's because  
they don't know how to love. Period. And now you've had

your ticket punched to the paranoid side of paradise on earth.  
Jesus, it

just makes me sick. Enough to write you this smiling note and say,  
lighten up.

