

Sea by the Day

by Darryl Price

It seems appropriate, doesn't
it though? In she went. Through that particular
moon shaped door. Forests present
the same eye puzzle. It's there

if you look hard enough with something
more than eyes. The ragged enchantment,
the vision like a magnet.
I'm not sure we shouldn't follow.

I'm not sure we shouldn't choose that
crimson sail over others less
mysterious. I'm not sure any
of its cliffs mattered. She walked,

wading into dizzying heights
that turned into unimaginable
depths. I'm looking at it
and I get it in my soul. It

doesn't need words. Perhaps that was
her main incentive. I feel glued
down in a postcard, used like a
stamp. Like a drunken mandolin

playing ever so sadly for
only a moment. Like a smile
looking for a little cold sparrow
eating a brown French fry. I

guess I know that's dumb. I don't care.
She didn't care for any more

dumb things getting in the way of
really feeling something without

an overplayed name attached to
its chest, at least on her own tongue.
The taste was not bitter so much
as bland as a tofu sky. It

still seems understandable that
she might dance her way into oblivion
rather than face another
day of windy beaches,

full of kites like origami
gulls, upside down gravities, while
she fights back the tears. She wouldn't
turn away from the night's wailing.

