

Sea Floor Fever, or The Note that Came With the Stone to the Head

by Darryl Price

I'm dying but that's not
to say what you think
it says. I've crossed the
river of myself many, many times
before and wandered to the

shore, broken and drenched and
full of the fever of dying
dreams. Each time was a
kind of ritual mask, drying off the beat of
my newly born wings, to

try again to fly, some
people never want to fly away
I guess. They have no
use for their wings, but why
do you think we have

them? They mean something. I
think it has to do
with purpose and by that
I mean with meaning and
by that I mean being,

being free, being unencumbered, being
creative in the air we
breathe. I don't know. It

sounds silly, but you know
words don't know everything. Sometimes

I wish I could speak
in moments of wind or
through the mouths of certain shimmering leaves
or in the tiniest colors
inside the arms of an invisible

flower. Instead I rustle in
my street clothes and bang on
your door with my loud thought patterns,
but nothing much seems to
happen, except every now and

then I catch a glimpse
of myself reflected in the
trees or maybe the stars, if I'm lucky,
and I think maybe it
will be alright to be

something else. But here is what's
dear to me, too. It's
where I've discovered so many
beautiful faces and touched part
of the world that amazes

me. Anyway I'm aware, okay,
I get it, but I
don't think it's all that wrong to be
sad. I mean ring a
bell if it makes you

feel any better, but I'm here
to tell you, I'll be

busy bringing music home with all of my good
friends playing along. Because I can. Because
I do. Your not so secret adventurer loves you.

