

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

*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.

