

# Sea Floor Fever

*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  
dreams. Each time was a  
kind of ritual drying of  
my newly born wings, to  
  
try again to fly, some  
people never want to fly  
I guess. They have no  
use for 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 leaves  
or in the tiniest colors  
inside the arms of a

flower. Instead I rustle in  
my clothes and bang on  
the 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  
and I think maybe it  
will be alright to be

something else. But here is  
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  
sad. I mean ring a  
bell if it makes you

feel any better. I'm here  
to tell you I'll be  
busy bringing music home with all of my good  
friends. Because I can. Because  
I do. Your secret adventurer.

