

# Sees, Kindness, and Made

*by* Darryl Price

Sees

We fell to this lake together  
and traced the clean soft lines straight back  
to ourselves, with a carefree laugh,  
an embarrassing ease. This small  
miracle does tend to put in  
orbit something high flying besides  
clouds into the sky inside  
of our minds for a very long  
time afterwards. You simply trot  
around on clumps of roses for  
traveling shoes, carrying this

crazy dream of a painting with  
you wherever you may go. It's  
alright--the painting's with me. Can't  
be avoided. If you've got a  
working car you will soon drive it  
over to her new place, avoiding  
the many bumps in the road  
as you can just barely make out  
in the mind numbing darkness of  
overflowing time. If you have  
to go on foot you'll be forced to

shrink the hapless feeling down to  
a quickly jotted footnote in  
your hot little hands and hope that  
no one cares to know what's so patiently  
lurking down there in your pants'  
pockets. Robbers can usually

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smell a pretty dime from a  
good mile away.They're always converging  
on you anyway, but  
this gives them that extra incentive  
to puff their stuff in your face.

In the meantime you hunch over  
your stolen maps like a mad scientist  
in a too tightly worn  
lab coat and try to ever recalculate  
the exact earth where  
you first did meet. Is it gone or  
maybe still waiting somewhere on  
her angel face at the far lost  
world's woozy frontier? Oh, please, let  
it be her that takes me again  
to confront that holy presence.

Kindness

I didn't know that I was not being  
super invisible. I had no idea.  
I thought for sure you were much too  
busy talking to someone else's feverish  
imagination on the night's budding springs.  
That stupid jerk standing up there holding  
your hands at arm's length didn't even realize  
the hours of trouble you'd gone through

just to match the color of his dull eyes.  
He was brought up on a brutal farm I'm  
told by alien farmers but that's no  
real excuse if you ask me. And but so  
what? He painted in your private journals  
with nothing but a bark wet mudbrush so that

at least for that particular day there's  
nothing for you to see on the page but

his sloppy overgrown fingernails. You  
maybe shouldn't have said how you were suddenly  
being attacked by a wild animal  
that came charging at you from out of  
nowhere like a flying bullet. That you  
bravely fought him off as best you could, but  
he was still able to smear a little  
something sticky and on your best intended clothes,

too. I don't know. I really don't. I can't.  
You always seem to have your one sweetly  
sculpted tiny swan hand on the back of  
his fat little head, like if you didn't  
somehow steady his boulder skull for him,  
the poor,poor boy, it is bound to come off  
and roll away and be forever lost.  
Limitless time. At all times. And; always. That's the stuff.

Made

Birds await. They know the way the wind  
likely blows the sun. It's all second  
nature. They're curious but become  
just as baffled and bemused when you  
get right down to it by a differing  
song made out of some strange new circumstances  
as any one of us  
might be. When you reach the useless flathead  
summit you'll see at last, you'll get  
the same moon,the same leaves,the same stones,  
  
the same knowing awful realization

that was squishily fermenting  
in the pungent bushes a mile  
or so back on the tight grill of the  
tiger trail. Things smell pretty good and  
then they stink just as bad. Your own fabulous  
part of that stinkdom is your  
freedom calling you up to suggest  
you might want to stop and think for yourself.  
You only have this long to be

you. Be ready. That's all. Then you're expected  
to quietly bring your bought  
and paid for stack of disappointments  
back home with you and try to sell them  
on the sly to someone else who's still  
listening to lite Radiohead-  
like bands for all of the above answers  
to all of the above questions.  
What if you had all of the right ones at  
your fingertips--would you still be an

unhappy cheat and fritter your life  
away on sad unrealistic movies  
playing nonstop in your head?  
Let them have to deal with them telling  
us what to do for awhile. Go home  
by way of living out the journey.  
Us, we poets do it all the time.  
You'll be fine, but probably won't get  
as rich as a ruby this very  
moment sleeping somewhere underground.

