

Skin of Berries(2nd revised version)

by Darryl Price

Today the color of the sky
remakes my heart into something
less willing to break, or to judge,
and I am thankful to it. A
color not unlike walking chest-
deep in some ocean and seeking
beautiful clouds and thinking I
will come back. Dreaming that said sky.

Please stop lying. To me, a sky
shining like the skin of berries,
maybe my obvious lack of
composure here? The color, which
it is, much needed honesty,
or simply running away? They
say promises are meant to be
broken. Oh, for the tone choice of

no walls between us, would be my
wish. If only, of skies so blue,
so edible, bell-shaped, azure,
cobalt, you name it, Oxford and
cyan; O the slender shafts of
sunbeams, suggesting reflections
going off. Colors of the air
today like the perfect dancers

in complete control of the gifts

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/skin-of-berries2nd-revised-version>»

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of natural grace and timeless
storytelling. Solid hue like
no one can kill it, pollute it,
or ruin it in any way known
past forever. I know you are
going to be doing something
terrible with wind and rain soon.

