

Smallest Dreams

by Darryl Price

I know. I saw it, too. I heard
them afterwards. Hate was fired up.
It's nothing new. And there's always
a more beautiful chance than harm

to discover. There is no end
to what we will do for each other's

smile. It's the wings of a tiny
blue butterfly thing. You never
know what one small thing might accomplish

in the biggest of pictures.
That means you could add whatever

you are doing right now to
even the overall activity
on far off planets. Your
smallest dreams are themselves shining

a light among all those stars. When
you speak truth out of a loud love

and not such shy, quiet fear it
somehow joins the major conversation
in every wind's blowing

everywhere. It's not just another
sad song. It's us. All of us.

