

Something Beautiful

by Darryl Price

It's nice to see you,
but not always. The
park's hair has gotten
quite wet, but it still
manages to look
beautiful and inviting.
Anyway,
I'm out on foot, so
it doesn't really
matter. I've been here

before, in other
mixed seasons, but it's
only familiar
as a strange feeling,
like the mirrored edge
of something sharp. This
really is the best
way to discover
what is making all
those colors pop out

anyway. Long green
grass blades over small
celebrating grass.
Tiny bright ball clumps
of yellow flowers
and various brown
and tan stems. The sky,
as always, adds its
own chorus to the
whole proceedings. I

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guess, in my own way,
I'm also painting
a brush stroke of my
very own as I
pass. I like that fun
idea, but it
quickly fades into
the overall gray
background. Ah, there's a
little bit of sun

for you, but only
for a moment. The
singing rain insists
this is its parade
street to command. I
mean, that's some living
poetry there that
you either hear or
think is nothing more
than some blowing wind.

