

# Starting Something

*by* Darryl Price

It's kind of fun being on a  
big blue ball floating in space in  
the sunshine. That's astronomy  
for you. But what about inside

the light? I've seen things. Things that were  
having their own fun jumping in  
a river I couldn't see. If  
the stars are fish, do they know where

they come from? Where are they going?  
How far is it to get there? What  
are they hoping to find inside  
the belly of a yellow tiger?

Pay attention. I don't know  
what to do, but all these celestial  
patterns are making me  
so uncomfortably sick. Yes,

they are beautiful, but the men  
who cover the land and sea with  
their garbage filled lies are killing  
everything that moves. The blue skies

can't stop them. The ice caps won't stop  
them. Talking trees. Nothing disturbs  
their sleep. They accuse us of trying  
to start something they'll need guns

to finish. What is the color  
of blood on blue? And still we turn.

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/starting-something>»*

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I'm not standing in a shadow,  
if that's what you think. I wanted

to whistle so no one will be  
left alone. I guess I'm giving  
my positioned self away. Plans  
are made. This was mine all along.

