

# That's Nothing

*by* Darryl Price

The thing feels your feelings for you. You let  
it do this because it's easier than  
being different. Do you remember  
when you used to crave having wacky cartoon-like

adventures? This is a stolen  
canvas or a door between crossed branches.  
Even the scientists have to admit  
they want to hide sometimes. This is a swimming

bird or an unusual looking  
stink bug. Probably another dayglow  
Japanese beetle that hitched a ride on  
some strange orange cargo while no one was paying

particular attention. The thing  
does your crying for you. You let it because  
it's so much easier than showing  
up barefoot outside the mirror's glassy-

eyed border without a punched ticket. The  
bolted thing does your memory hitchhiking  
for you. You let it because it's less  
trouble than asking for a human touch.

This is a paper airplane wake-up call  
or a screeching siren stirring to life  
like a beehive under your pillow. The  
electrified thing tells you when you are

sleeping, but it's always been capable  
of lying straight to your face. You let it

because you are too tired to argue. Too  
fed up to care. The thing tells you nothing's

wrong. The thing will play any song you choose.  
Just name it. No surprises. Playing. The  
always running thing could be choking you  
in your sleep or attacking you on the

sidewalk in broad daylight. They say its heart  
is missing a necessary water  
valve. That's why it clanks so loudly. But the  
sparkling wires will fetch you anything if

your question is thrown far and hard enough.  
How could you not wish to see all those stars  
for yourself? The thing's papers proves its eyesight  
is better than yours. But your laughter

is like a snowflake in a meteor  
shower. I should know. I've heard it, too. Things  
only seem to want to serve an impossible  
truth with a warped ultimate gusto

for an apocalyptic outcome.  
But your joy, to me, is a bright enough  
balloon to celebrate all that is without  
taking a picture to send to a cloud.

