

# The Beautiful

*by* Darryl Price

"I'm going out of my mind, with a pain that stops and starts, like a corkscrew to my heart, ever since we've been apart."--Bob Dylan

It does no good. No one will remember  
you as the author of anything but  
yourself. There's so much more music playing  
everywhere all at once that it's hard not

to get bored with the same beautiful stuff  
for me. We met on a road because we  
were young and free and hadn't discovered  
enough truths to settle down into anything

comfortable and familiar  
yet. That feeling would be the center of  
all pain to come. But the road easily  
becomes a series of haunted houses,

until you went your way and I went mine.  
I'm surprised you made it into a turn  
where we were bound to collide again. It's  
not that I wanted to see you, but I

couldn't stop feeling your presence blowing  
on my skin. I needed to look directly  
at the source to know I wasn't sad  
for no reason. I've been on many roads

since trying to forget something I never  
really knew about trains. It's as good  
an image as any when night falls hard  
across your desk and the typewriter is

staring at you with both eyes wide and awake  
amid the dust and oily ink. There  
is no taking you out of the picture  
taped to the wall. Like a dry tongue holding

a lemon wafer, it demands acknowledgement  
with no remorse. That nothing could  
ever replace in significance. Give  
it another song, but it's only got

one name you can name that isn't a lie.  
You earned the specks on your boots, too, but that  
is for your own voice to tell. It hasn't  
been all that great to cross old wires with you,

but it isn't without its glad refrain,  
aimed harmlessly at the back of your hair,  
either. I wanted to kiss your head farewell,  
but stayed where I was, holding onto

my dogeared pens, and raising my lopsided  
cup to your success; I looked forward  
to better days ahead the only way  
I knew how, to walk away and not love

and follow you back into the past. So  
will we meet somewhere on another road  
when the time is right for both parties? Until  
that mysterious moment, I hope

you realize all of your wildest dreams deserved  
you, this poem wants to deserve you.

