

# The Best of Them

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We're just doing the usual rise and shine  
stuff. We're just doing something instead of  
practically nothing about it. I  
sincerely hope there's nobody listening  
because I no longer care. So what

if they can reconstruct the face of Mary  
Magdalene with a magic computer,  
and she is beautiful? Does this make  
you the better person? Are you more willing  
to do the fun thing these days? I fall

apart whenever you're around in my  
dreaming head, which is nearly always. I  
had a heart, too, once. It could beam out of  
a window with the best of them. It could  
search the sky and find your certain star at

once every time. Are you more willing to  
laugh inside your soul now? Who taught you that?  
There's nobody listening, even now,  
in the stinking nuclear age of deadly  
wasted time management in a cruel world.

We're just monkeys. We're just hardheaded. We're  
just somehow overcome by a broken  
heartedness we don't understand. I fall  
apart each time, as your train goes pulling  
out of sight. The lost and found are still lost.

