

# The Cliffs at Fayburrow

*by* Darryl Price

Whatever the world is it is also  
you. This leaves me smiling. I'm glad you are  
in it. I'm glad for the deepest color  
blue like the Mediterranean sea,  
for instance. Baby orangutans. For  
clouds and mushrooms and seahorses. Songs from  
treetops. Whatever the world has it has you.  
That's just how I feel. I feel your being

there makes all the difference in the way  
things might find their courage in this world. I'm  
glad for caterpillars who walk out as  
butterflies. Stars that can be used as maps  
to pin our ways home. But mostly I'm glad  
you are somewhere in the garden, too. And  
glad for musical instruments. Ours is  
such a little time together. This world

was also made for you. I'm glad for those  
unexpected spaces between branches  
where the light waves back at you. I'm glad to  
send you this letter. The bombs and the men  
who throw them want to destroy everything.  
It's nothing new. Remember, whatever  
happens you have known something wonderful  
in your mind. In your heart. In your body.

Whatever the world breathes in it's breathing  
with your lungs. Take in something good. Something

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pure. Like horses on a hillside. Like a  
yellow submarine. Don't wait. It's not too  
late. It's never that hard to use your self  
to open all the locks. They'll never know  
what that means. You know. That's my gift to you.  
Flower to flower. We're getting close to

the station. Whatever the world is it  
all comes down to a single kind act. Just  
one. I've had a good time 'cause I believe  
in a good time. I'm glad you are diving  
into your very own best life without  
me. This is as it should be. But I'm still  
feeling every bit my poem. I hope  
this finds you like it found me, dreaming wild.

6/4/2018

Bonus poems:

The Elephant by Darryl Price

in the room is secretly  
satisfied to be no bigger  
than a bread box. A shoe box. There  
are no bread boxes anymore.  
Hardly enough elephants. The  
one in the room is flying high;  
no one knows what is a trapeze  
I suppose. Welcome bowlers! Our  
elephant in the room would like

you to count all the sky bones--make sure they are still there. The you know what inside the room would like to

remain anonymous throughout these proceedings. The elephant in the room wants to know what is happening in your backyard. What are you thinking and believing? The elephant in the room needs you to stop trying to belong to a normal world order and focus on survival with some empathy on your dignity. The elephant in the room thinks you cannot be mere spectators

when love is at stake and lies have become laws. The elephant in the room, by his very fact, feels we must listen but we don't have much time. Let's talk out the front way then. Together. The elephant in the room explains: to give your gifts well is to make a loving person out of yourself, to not be angry with anyone. If we don't see each other just remember the good things first.

6/5/2018

## Someday

by Darryl Price

It's not near the end. It never is. This moment is just what we know now. They are always running a monstrous war against the very stars. How far do you think they can take that evil prejudice? The stars have never lost a battle. Someday they

just might. Someday we might remember what it is that we liked so much about each other. Someday we won't be living our fresh new story with all the beautiful possibilities at our disposal.

I've never been a big fan of equal lies.

They may get you something you don't really deserve, but like little devils they may also eat a part of your soul, which could be lost forever. I could go on. Like someday we'll have to get rid of you know everything. It won't matter anymore.

Someday our true and false words will be dried on the page. All the poets will have gone home to their tomorrow beds. I get a weird prickling in my head when I think of living life fearing life. I reject the culture of a Fascist Christ. How dare you?

A weird prickling for the poor Japanese-

American citizens rounded up  
into concentration camps, for profiled  
African-American citizens  
shot with their empty hands flung in the air,  
female-American citizens told

by old white men in gated suits their peer  
health care counseling is a crime, gentle,  
misunderstood lovely children whose tough  
gender identity issues make them  
a target for dumb bullies, immigrant  
families torn apart by war behind

them and official cruelty in front. I  
suppose I could go on. Well then, let me  
condemn the actual paranoia of  
hate. In machinegun hands. Your mad campaign  
to outlaw compassion, misrepresent  
kindness. Your mad threat to kill us all. Your

equally mad campaign to deny all  
further understanding, misrepresent  
hope. Your mad campaign to outlaw peace on  
earth, misrepresent masculinity,  
dreamers, anything you disagree with.  
Your literal love of death over an

organic, flexible way. Your love of  
death over humanity. Your love of  
death over poetry. Your love of death  
over joy. I reject your offer. I  
stand by all good men and women as much  
as I can, long as luck and grace allow.

