

The First Thing

by Darryl Price

The first thing I realized I was hearing
when I woke up from the land of nowhere was
the brittle sounds of little frozen rods of
rain crashing into the sliding glass porch doors
relentlessly and cracking into tiny
shards of split piles in the bare bulb light of new dawn.
I don't know why this scene of tiny frozen
lakes all cracking in unison entered my

glowing brain like that but it made a perfectly clear and
beautiful sense to me. I was back and
I had nothing else to focus on but this
song of melting wind chimes blowing all around me. I felt
thankful.

Right now I've been watching it snow for hours and
I get that same feeling. Then I turned on the key to myself.
I'd been sleeping on the couch, but I knew

what was being said. You're not done yet. You've still
got the gift of listening to it rain. That snowy beat's
ancient music's being carried on inside of you. It carries the sense
of the real

you. You must use this sound out loud. Pay it forward. Keep the
snow's language alive. Find a way. Speak like snow, as snow, for
all snow.. And so, on behalf
of the rain and myself may I request
the honor of your presence at this poem today.

Darryl Price

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