The Freshly Fallen Verge

by Darryl Price

I've always had a pretty hard
time accepting the sight of more
words. They see things I can't
see. They've been all over the

whole world. They carry the scars
of a life deeply lived. They
will outlive me. Everything, well, many
things will outlive me. As you

can see, this knowledge hasn't helped
me one bit here with the
fundamental things I'm trying to clearly
say to you. Now. Before it's

too late. I'm tired of trying
to make sense of feeling my
own pains for you. I might
as well be grunting or feeling

nothing. I am groaning, I suppose,
just a little, inside. To be
honest, I've gotten to that place.
It happens. The ghostly moans are

mostly still there, they're just silently
awaiting their turn, when there's nobody
listening. That could have been yesterday.
It just so happens to also

be today. You don't want to
hear about that. Give us beauty

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without mercy, they loudly exclaim! Give
us some truth, but don't get

involved in the screams coming out
of the other room or the
sudden outcome. You're just a poet,
puppet. You're just a puppet, poet.

What do you want from me?
I wish you could be here.
Thought I was over it long
ago. Something funny. Something ordinary. Oranges.

