The Generosity of Perishable Objects

by Darryl Price

"As soon as you're born, they make you feel small."--John Lennon

I cannot do anything about how
beautiful you are, my sour flower, but
I can tell you this much: Joni Mitchell
is better than all the cowards in the
world. They all chose to somehow make you go
crazy, they even legislated it.

They've been doing it since you were born.You
are not crazy. You are you. Truth is a
jelly donut. Either eat it or throw
it away. It lasts just as long. I can't do
anything about how beautiful you
are, who do you think I am? If and when

you've got to go, it's not that I don't care.
That's just something people say when they are
trying to be cool. Not interested
in being a label. I cannot do
anything but remember you. This is
what I'm feeling now. This is what I'll be

doing then. But if you think I can do
anything about whatever you are,
that is very generous of you. Truth
is like an apple. Take a bite, but be
prepared to want more of that later on

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/the-generosity-of-perishable-objects»*
Copyright © 2019 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

when the walls come crashing down/in. That's a
joke. You've got to laugh. Find someone. I mean
they're still trying to take over the world
in all directions. You are amazing,
which is something I tend to celebrate.

Bonus poems:

I'm Lost in this World
by Darryl Price

I'm only looking for a friend. I'm lost in this
wicked world. It's as strange to me as an alien
world's landscape in a Batman comic book. I feel like
I should be wearing an oxygen breathing helmet and be
on the lookout for any local carnivorous plants. But I'm
only looking for a friend. I swear. I've been here
before. A long time. How could a friend be
such a hard thing to find? Maybe it's just because
nobody wants to be friends with someone who is lost.
As simple as that. I don't know. If I knew

maybe I wouldn't be so lost. But here I am.
Lost in this world. A world where the people seem
to get all the love they need from a thing
called a television. A world where the stale is embraced
and the fresh is viewed with overall suspicion. I could
sure use a friend right about now. World where a
funny joke can get you thrown into an unfunny jail
cell. Where holding hands, any touching of another human being
at all, is subject to a bunch of puritanical rules

that have been manipulated, politicized and reprocessed so many times

over that they also end up poisoning the very environment
of love itself with a self righteous and sickening satisfactory
licking of the holy shit lips. Even Mick Jagger doesn't
want that kind of satisfaction. What's left of it. I'm
definitely lost in this world. Where bookstores are ignored but
fancy restaurants are crowded beyond capacity. Where music is streamed
into your crowded gullet without any consideration for the joys
involved in choosing it for yourself, in an attempt to
make you feel lethargic and useless to think for yourself.
And trust your own deepest feelings. The cloud will take

care of your every need--for a price--all your
needn't worries. You just sit back and relax. We got
you. Meanwhile on the world's stage Notre Dame cathedral's burning
to death in real time. This cold, cold place where
the masters are giant machines behind giant buildings that block
out the sky and belch out the end of the
kind and generous worlds on a daily basis, all for
the pleasures of a few Kings and Queens. While the
rest of us feel lost in their world, friendless and
expendable. Like tax write offs. Only we're human beings. And

we have other human beings with us. Children. The sick.
The poor. The elderly. We have the ancient trees of
the Earth with us. We have the last butterflies with
us. We have the moon with us--and she is
beyond frightened. And we need a friend. Not just any
friend. But a true friend. Like John was. You know
anybody? But this place is a sand box where we
can have all the guns we want, but hospitals and

schools just aren't in the long run budget for most
of us. I admit I am a little poet. This

is what I can offer you while we continue to
look. A little music. And a little companionship on our
way to the greatest battle for our souls. But remember
this. We are not helpless. I brought you to this
point in the poem only to tell you this. You
are the friend. For me and for yourself. That is
the message and the meaning.The magic and the mystery.
We may feel lost in this world, but that's only
because we have forgotten something important: as long as we
are here in any capacity we can change the world.

Jesus Wept(Happy Easter) by Darryl Price

At the end
of the world
you will
not belong

to Jesus because
you have made
him into
an idol

when he was
kind enough to
call you
his friend.