

# The Most Beautiful Truth

*by* Darryl Price

I still believe in the very slim chance  
I might say something lucky  
enough to reach your truest insides, your at home  
spirit, that you will hear  
and understand as  
care on my part, even  
if you can never quite  
identify me as  
its secret sender, that warm wind's  
exact direction being mine, that  
particular sun's position  
in the mind's endless sky,

that pinprick of that obvious  
of a star, the odd  
color of that flower's  
burst of smells, the meaning  
of that happy enough to  
smile without needing to know exactly why page of poetry.  
If only there were words  
clever enough to fly  
all that over to you--right now--  
zooming in like a kite coming  
in for a nice big slice  
of freshly dyed in the wool blue blue bluest sky. I'm the simple type  
of

string disappearing in mid air,I'm  
the knotted fraying tail,snapping and glistening in the morning sun,  
I'm the triangle of  
fragile diving paper swooshing  
above your wonderfully wasted

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heads, at least in all my best dreams so far, but I don't  
want to be the hero who  
hands it all quietly over to you, watches  
your lips moving in mock thanks, who shares  
that special movement within  
your smile with no other space  
to want to be falling into, but all things in

their places starting to go  
around only two persons  
like banded magnetized  
rings of pure delight, still I know the actual  
hour for me is getting pretty late.  
I'm older than you'll ever willingly stretch  
yourself into now to know,  
and younger than the one  
you're since becoming. That's the  
crack in our mirror, which means  
there can never be  
a clear enough picture for the both of us to inhabit in one space  
together.

Oh, you'll know it alright when you've got  
your hand on the hand that  
shoves the knife in. I've only  
ever wanted mine  
to say I am home in  
your fact. I close my eyes  
and see your face looking  
into mine. That's a light  
for me that drives away  
every darkness there is. Even  
on this blank page I'll seek  
that most beautiful revelation  
every single time I'm up

to the minute for a bat with an incoming flaming ball of rosey fire.

Bonus poems:

If the World's Still Turning Around

then I must have already  
been dropped off somewhere in a certain space and time  
but I've no idea  
which way is home from here. A field  
is its own person. Even  
I can see that. You  
bring out the many wild horses  
in me. Not sure if  
that's considered a good sign or a bad sin. Don't think so either way.  
Don't really care. It could be a  
kind of gross joke I guess.  
I wouldn't be so crass.

One day I'll spend the rest  
of my life trying to  
get at its sad meaning for me. Do you wonder who  
else might be viewing this side  
of this particularly shaded off to the one side moon and also who  
feels lost  
like a piece of drifting  
star drowning in a greenish brown bath  
tub? Probably the dream's own

air will become a most  
cherished memory,too.

As you might have witnessed I'm  
not so very good with all these words floating around in my brain  
here

that are supposed to somehow matter.As foolish  
as that sounds I've been trying my best  
to tell you something true about my real feelings,  
something very deep having to do  
with my being here and obviously also aware  
of your presence here too. Nothing  
masks the fact you're a  
good starting point to everything  
I am hoping for.  
If I dream hard enough, you are the  
substance of that thoughtful meaningful glow, the image within  
the image, the cloud

behind all other clouds, light that lights all other  
light. I don't know if you  
are listening,if I  
am talking. If the world's  
still turning, I am lost  
without you by sad default.

Fun and All

It's true even if in that one moment of doubt there's  
A freedom loving butterfly flying  
Its own spiraling kite of dancer's legs like fireworks  
Like shadow footprints across a flower field woven  
Map and the next only a dull bird

Sitting on a sun wrecked drain pipe alone. Oh  
It's true as you turn your back on the whole messy  
Crowd of us. And it's true while you practice hitting  
A pimpled ball into a tiny cupped hole

Better than anyone else in the office. It's true  
Even if I suddenly become only  
The dust of your once poet pal, Darryl  
Price. It's true when they spike your news with  
Reel poisons between the sound bites. It's  
True even as they pronounce that rock  
Is finished and dead. It's not. Art survives in us and with us all the  
time there is.

Our daily lives are full of the meaning of rock. Someone starts  
tapping the sad frozen floor tiles with

Their wrecked and wanting shoes. Someone else makes a  
funny looking face out of a bunch of

Old newspaper clippings and lost in drawers feathers and spit  
right on the spot.

Someone then invents a new species of jumbled animal  
Out of a handful of office supplies  
And it all works beautifully. It makes perfect sense too. Life can  
Be a moment of silliness from nothing. And the silly can make the  
Pain subside to the background a little or a lot. Or  
maybe someone decides to

Break the stupidest rules and gives a big old hug where a big old  
Hug has been long overdue, and needed the most. Well, knock me  
down you bunch of beautiful kangaroos.

It's true even if the poem fails to light.

Today I Met My heart

but she would not recognize  
me as herself. She felt stirred internally I know but  
not enough to acknowledge

the source as being in a direct line  
from my breath linked through time to hers;  
it was nowhere near lust,

closer to a foregone acceptance,  
some kind of absolute  
home without any consent required, deep and profound, a  
connection  
without a ritual, no first

trial; it just didn't fit  
their molds and that left us  
angry at the stupid world; surprised us both all night long and well  
into our tomorrow.

Weather Report

When guys wear  
red ties they  
look like walking thermometers.

Places Are Being Spoken Of

In exploding, spitting leaves this time of year. Another  
Language that like every other tongue argues for  
More existence please with lots of everything  
In small regular doses on it--sun and wind and  
Rain and room to throw one's full arms  
Around each new blossoming day, but a deliberate

Emerald will green from within itself. Greed gets  
You acquisitioned next to the wall. Someone  
Is bound to have a pair of cruel enough  
Scissors in their back pocket sooner or later with your name  
On it. Is this what's happened to  
Me then? I exploded over the allotted impossible time with

A beard twined with dozens of wild blue flowers and  
Swept the local moths into a volcanic  
Disappearance of dust-like proportions which choked apart  
Any chance of making new friends with  
The surrounding scenery? Too bad. I couldn't  
Help filling my legs up with all

That freshly boiled pleasures and carrying it back  
To the hive of my purest dreams  
For later offering to the Muse herself,  
An organic moisturizer she might easily dab  
On between gigs as a silvery pulsating  
Star or the mature breasts of the

Moon goddess. Let us celebrate moments like  
These that conquer us so elegantly. Why  
Let the circles close in all around  
Us when we are made of the same

Stuff that keeps strumming in the

Eternal one's palmed ear canals  
as she dreams of a deep relaxing sleep anyhow?

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