

The Place

by Darryl Price

The pages are cracking without any help from
you, waiting for the right wind with the
right teeth to finish the job. Every story
is torn apart at last as soon as
you give your love. Why do we do
it, retell the fable, rebuild the myth, restart

the argument when even the time of laughing
together is to be thrown completely into the
fire's falling down cave entrance and lost again?
The trees know something that is too sad
to remember. And if I go deep enough,
I know that same sorrow, too. Pages, like

the antique sails of great ships, sailing in
the hands of giant clouds, are not fooled
by any calm moment between sea and sky.
There is nothing more important than seizing a
blank field-like break in the paragraphs of our
lonely lives to sit down and make a

little lively music, laying our heads back against
all the billions of stars and dreaming of
something better somewhere. It's the only thing that
keeps the glue stuck into the seams of
the real and the silent potential of everything
else to go on, but it's all inside

one book. Still I whistle a funny little
tune to myself, as if the mountain were
not so obviously gathering flowers for a crystal
stream fed lover to smile upon. Every man

does the same dance before he is either
killed or swept away from the doorstep to

another eternity's beginning bite. Even if he says
he knows not how, he will become the
last dancer who alone can perform that language
on the place where he himself has landed.
Little red dots turn out to be colonies
of starfish, the open eyes of constellation dragons.

