

# The road is nothing but a blind beggar banging a tin cup against the sun's piled up with snow front door

*by* Darryl Price

alright, alright but not so much of a friendly  
little cigar-chomping companion-like a friendly  
ghost! That sweeping hair of longed for sleeping only  
awaits you once you've drowned too

many missed punches already into  
the feckless chin of a Mr. Faithful (TO KNOW YOU). That  
hanging lucky number seven is never  
anything but true to its written word. You don't

have to worry too much about that  
kind of thundering blues hitting  
you where you sit. They'll find  
you out. Just embrace the morning news like

you are alive somehow however  
it arrives. From that  
lonesome train window gaze out  
on the sea of possibilities

and don't let them tell

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you there's nothing on the other  
side of the end of the  
world. No matter where you are

tonight you are someone who  
might just as easily fall madly in love as not. There's stopped  
time in every minute you know. Have a walk around.  
Just know this one thing before you go—even  
if you win you'll still lose something very big

as you stumble upon  
your luck like a bundle of tied together magic  
sticks. The cold cold message is all  
the rage these days. Everything changes.

No love is really safe. This camping  
out in your wildest dreams in ditches  
is a kind of melting on false  
stars if you ask me, of long lost treasures, just memories,

of wheels marching up to make sure  
something runs straight on ahead into a thick brick wall. The  
endless fire  
is just the familiar cost of it all,  
of the roll of so many angel heads.

Again this is all worth it,  
I think, just can't be stopped or  
reversed once it's started. Hardly anyone anywhere  
gets to say goodbye anymore. That's what

always sets my own words apart  
from the chain—I want that  
late chance, even carved out of  
pure nothingness but a true physical

sensation in the cold night,  
sitting in a beat up room  
of my own making, waiting  
for the next sunrise to make

me admit to myself that  
no one is coming, everyone  
has left. This terrible racket  
is all I'm ever left with.

Darryl Price Saturday, August 10, 2013

Bonus poem:

A History of All Wild Growth Individuals, Mixed Emotions, Chocolate  
Bears

by Darryl Price

The door was open. Maybe we fell in.  
Maybe we were pushed. Maybe a silver-  
backed dragon pulled us in, hanging between  
his flying whiskers and baked enamel

like human spaghetti. They make up their  
minds to do something out of a complete  
trust in the symmetry between pale and  
dark the way we make up our minds to make

a joyful noise over the loudspeakers. It's all good, or it's all at least as much as we have time for before "the ravages" sweep us all down river. None of us were in

any big hurry to climb out. So don't pretend we knew something when we didn't. We just decided to go on from there for a laugh. It only got scary when

the dragon came back demanding moral compensation for some lost bit of youth. We don't subscribe to your religion we shouted together, but he soaked us with his drunken breath

anyway. This could leave a gaping hole in your heart if you let it or it could simply open another vault in your already oversprung minds. We preferred

the dream. Just for the freedom of it. That's the real story, but we know you aren't listening to that nonsense right now. You want that dragon to be slain, but we're tall

vegetarians who like to eat meat, too. So don't get us wrong. We like having dragons in the world. They may not have the best manners when it comes to household things,

which are not treasures, but they make up for it with their enthusiasm for play. That's all it takes really to realize you're not trapped anymore in an adventure--

you didn't know you'd started the moment  
you fell in love with everything. It all  
comes back to you, not them, not it, but you.  
You and a cardboard bar full of brand new friends.

They Don't Know  
by Darryl Price

what they are mooning about. They want to scare you with  
their caked on close up sinister carved smiles. They are pretty  
scared of you alright.  
They are so afraid you might not love them anymore.  
They remember love happening to them and now they  
are so cranky after the fact, waking up from that mind-numbing  
dream. They  
remember turning away love for spite. They want to say they  
are sorry that we were hurt by their prickliness back then. They  
are  
not very good with real words. They have used words as weapons  
to misinform and disarrange you all your life. They have brought  
this last  
supper upon themselves they will say through their many fallen  
tears,  
but that is a lonely penance and not good for much  
else than stone cutting. They were learning children once just like  
you and me.  
They still do you know deserve to give all you've got to the  
waiting world in your own way. They want to take your places,  
remember this, only if they are evil. They should  
immediately allow you to rightly take the  
world over without a world war of the hearts being started again.  
They can't

understand or accept the time is now. They live in  
their balanced haircuts like frozen cups of coffee offered to  
an ice queen on holiday. They live in front of their  
stolen money TVs like endless hungry gulls  
circling an open air garden restaurant all day and night long.

They are  
constantly pretending not to notice the holes in  
their shoes are letting in cooler and colder air. They  
really don't know what they are so mad about in the first  
place. They are sad and anxious. They still deserve your respect.  
They still must have dignity in them. They're soon to be gone.  
They'll  
become whatever we resurrect to take their places.

