

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.

