

# The Safety of Breakers

*by* Darryl Price

I could put on some music, but it just  
pushes me further away from you it seems. It  
takes me out far beyond the safety breakers  
and then introduces me to my own  
splashing two-fisted fear of swimming. You can swim through  
concrete—it doesn't have to be something  
like a squishy pool of tears I'm told. That's all I'm  
saying. Look, it's the motion you make that  
attracts and/or repels the sharks. And there's  
always tons of masked dolphins around to

make a big skittering difference in your  
screwed-up courage to just staying alive, staying alive  
to create a sharp contrast, even though  
they will always represent their own kind of  
hidden danger. Better to trust in the  
sweet luck of hanging out with some nice blue whales, I  
say. Still here we are in the middle of  
something like a song again trying to  
figure out a small chunk of the floating  
mystery, better left unsolved—it has

more of a beautiful sheen that way, and  
the raw potential for pleasure has yet  
to shrink to the size of an atom. I  
think I certainly could right now put on  
some interesting new music for you, I mean  
for us. As a matter of pretty fact,  
I want to, but not for the reasons you  
might try to nail me down to. I just like hearing

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other human beings make this much noise together.  
Even their attempts at soft noises pleases me. For

some unfathomable fun reason I can't deny, it  
really cheers me up, well not always all the way up,  
but it gives me a fine feeling of not  
being so pinched in my own cramped seat, alone  
in my own spinning head, so let down inside my own limping  
heart.

I want out of that sleepy nest. Yet that's  
about as close as I'm going to come to  
naming a feeling for it I guess, but it must have to  
do. I could put on some music and hum quietly  
along. It's unlikely though that I will

get up and dance under any crazy  
circumstance. Listen, I could put on some  
music, and in a funny way, it might  
even connect me back to you right now, but that  
won't save us from our own bad judgements on  
the nature of true art, or anything else that matters.  
There are several non-essential things  
I could say right now which are dumb and true.  
I've eaten way too much cold to the touch chocolate  
today. I've spent too much of my thin money. I've

spoken to people I barely know in fractured  
sentences that made (absolutely) no  
real sense to them, but sounded sincere, so  
the music would be a good thick blanket of pretense  
to crawl under and hide myself under  
for the foreseeable moment while I  
ponder what the fuck is wrong with me. I  
could put on some music, but (really) all  
I want to do is get my Bob Dylan

on and try to remember we're all still free to choose.

Bonus poem:

**HOW TO REMEMBER IMPORTANT THINGS by Darryl Price**

Save the whales. Save the dolphins.  
Save the bored housewives.  
Save my hands, so often cupped over the sorrow in  
being alive. Save the beautiful  
made-up cherries of delight  
I feel everywhere in your presence.  
Save the sprawling landscapes  
of late night cafeterias of the mind.  
Save the often forgotten radios of our flying dreams.  
Save the hand-printed love  
letters of early morning light. Save the inexhaustible  
curiosity of a small interior poem of silence.  
Save the naked air.  
Save the Spanish tongue of Neruda.  
Save the sparkle in  
the brushstrokes of a Picasso.  
Save storm and the rainbow.  
Save the North Sea. Save shadows.  
Save all hearts from  
beginning to break again.  
Save the ripped apart sky from  
the rain of so many angry bombs leaking inside.  
Save the secret handshake. Save the Pandas.  
Save the sea turtles. Save the roses. Save the last dance.  
Save the sailing boats and floating planes  
of melting romance. Save whatever makes

no sense. Save this feeling. Save the butterflies  
with passionate, provocative kisses.  
Save the question of imagination. Save the end  
of the poem until you really need it. Save the  
world from itself. Save your wild goodbyes.  
Save every word.

