

The Safety of Breakers

by Darryl Price

I could put on some music, but it just
pushes me further away from you, so it seems. It
takes me out far beyond the safety breakers
and then reintroduces 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 sharpened 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.

