The Stinging of Roses

by Darryl Price

You're the one who came here looking for me.
Okay, maybe I was waiting for you,
too. I hope I was. If so, I'm glad I
did it. But I don't know when the magic
we make together will get up and just
disappear on its own one day any

more than you. It's not completely up to
me alone. Of course, I may play my part.
The part that's always me. I refuse all
excuses. All us beings choose actions
as we go about our daily minute
by minute routine business, out the

door or into the fray. If you think the
so-called magic of life itself has no
discernable heartbeat, then you're someone
I don't need to know. All things can have their
feelings hurt. Even inanimate and
solid objects. Plants, trees, books on a shelf.

Use your imagination. All the bells
are ringing. All the bells are going off
at the same acoustic moment because
they've got a song to sing. A round to ring.
Stories to contribute to the central
on-going saga. Of course, we've some door

nail people stumbling through the galaxy's
jungle plumage who never see the smashed-
up lives beneath their own heavy feet. I
don't want to be one of them, although I'm

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pretty sure I have been. This makes me sad.
You don't want to hear about that. It hurts

like the beautiful sting of a rose's
unique hypnosis. You're the one who came
here on your own and I'm glad you did--I'm
forever grateful it was you and not
somebody else. That's what the poem means.
You're not too softhearted. Don't believe them.

